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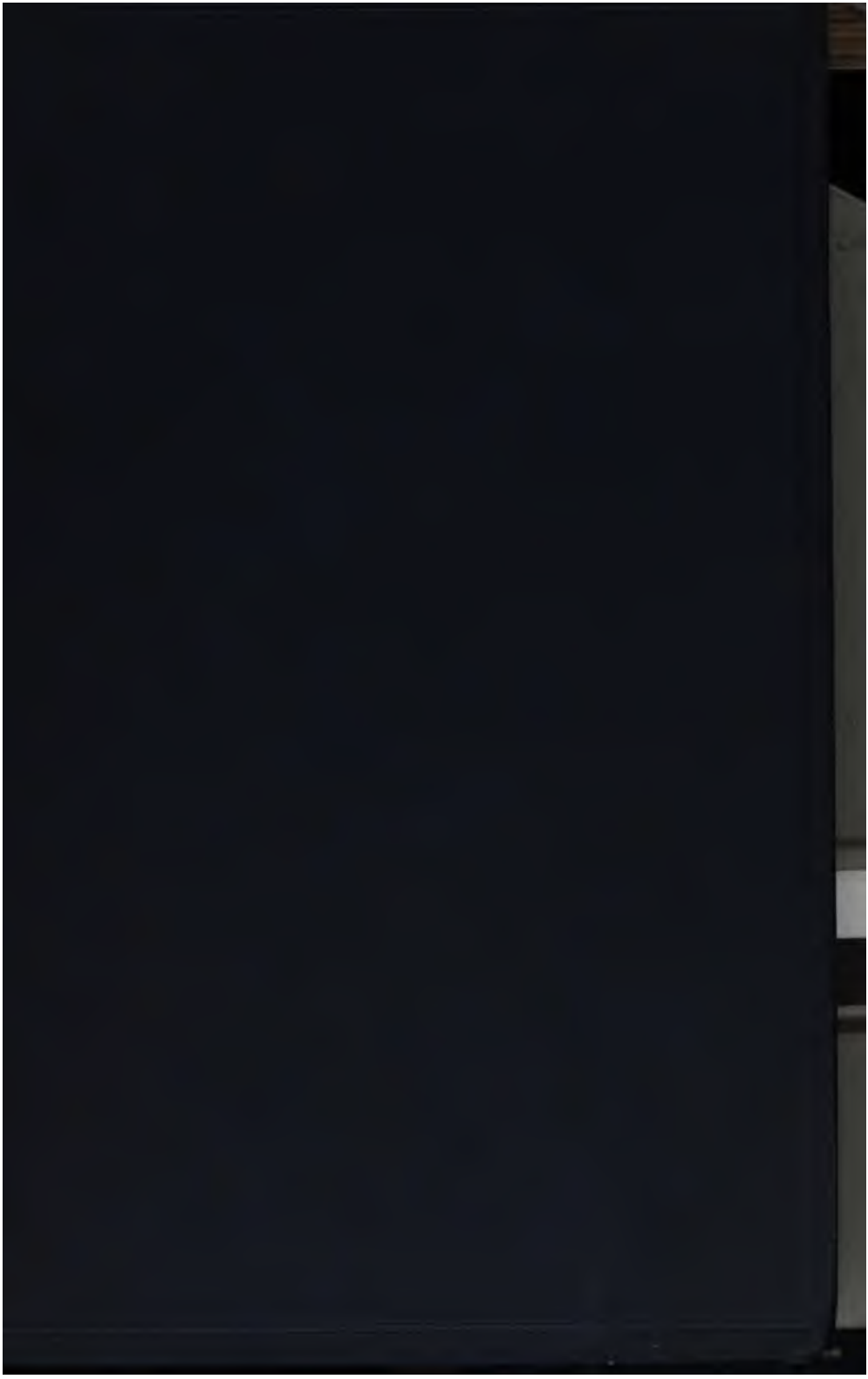

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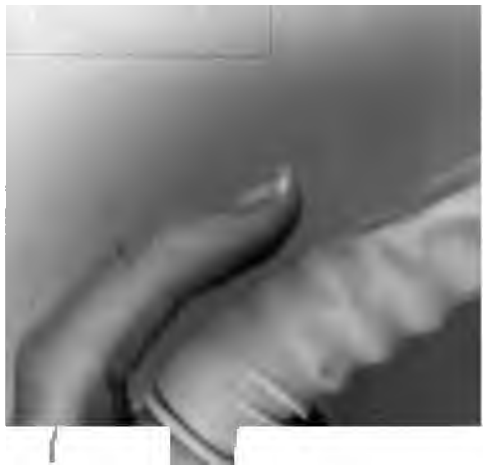

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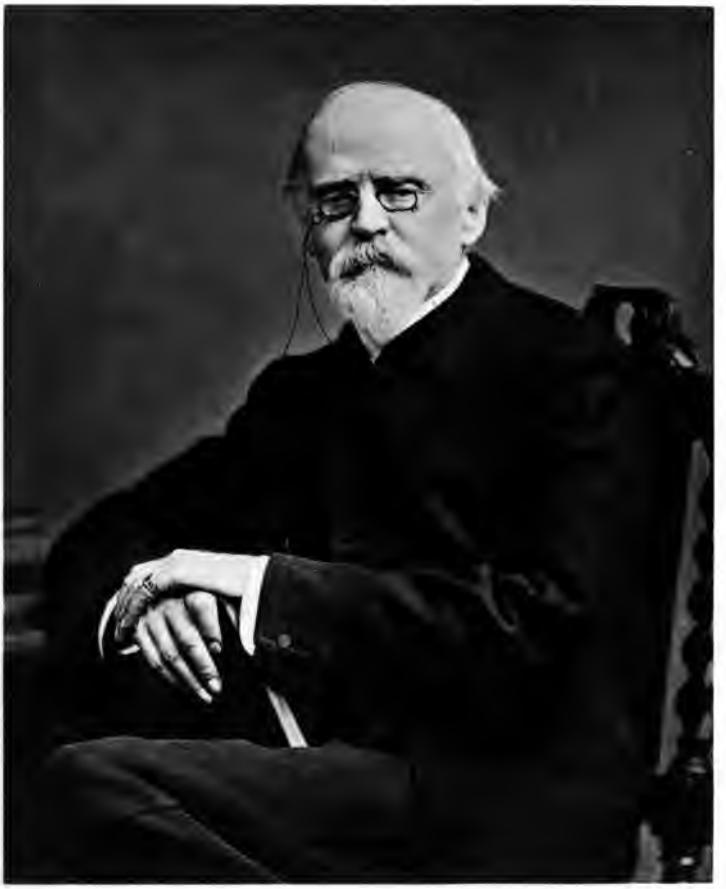

MEMOIR

OF

RUFUS ELLIS,

INCLUDING

Selections from his Journal and Letters.

"Gone into the World of Light."

"Ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ."

EDITED BY ARTHUR B. ELLIS.

Second Edition.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM B. CLARKE AND CO.
1892.

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PREFACE.

TO the many kind friends of RUFUS ELLIS, and especially to the devoted ones of his Boston ministry, this little Memoir is respectfully inscribed. If these pages recall to parishioners, wherever they may be, some pleasant memories of their old pastor, the life-record which is here printed is not in vain.

The editor is especially grateful to Miss Julia Clarke, of Northampton, for the use of an interesting series of letters which she so carefully preserved; and to Professor James B. Thayer and his sister, Miss Sarah Thayer, of Cambridge, for writing two charming letters describing Northampton days. Mrs. Susan Lesley, whose delightful Memoir of her mother, Mrs. Judge Lyman, is known to many readers, sent for selection a budget of

letters from Mr. Ellis which she had saved. Letters to the late Dr. Diman, of Providence, which were received through the kindness of Mrs. Diman, are quite noteworthy. The late James Russell Lowell sent a few words, which are of much interest as a tribute from a college classmate. Miss Maria G. Porter, of Rochester, New York, gives a valuable account of the Unitarian movement of fifty years ago in her city. My uncle, Dr. George E. Ellis, who helped me in the editorial work, wrote the following portions of the text: chapter on "Development of Liberal Christianity," and parts of three other chapters relating to "Maternal Ancestry" (Chap. I. pp. 6–11), "Call to the First Church in Boston" (Chap. IV. pp. 107–112), and "Pastor and Preacher" (Chap. IX. pp. 261–268).

A. B. E.

Boston, Dec. 9, 1891.

MEMOIR OF RUFUS ELLIS.

CORRECTIONS.

Two Editions of the Memoir have been Printed.

CORRECTIONS MARKED "2 ED" IN THE LIST WHICH IS HERE GIVEN HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE IN THE SECOND EDITION.

Page.	Line.	Read as Follows.
2. 2 Ed.	(14 from top.)	"William Vincent Hutchings," for "Thomas Lindall Winthrop."
28. 2 Ed	(Note.)	"was privately printed," for "has never been printed."
37. 2 Ed.	(7 from top.)	"the," for "*y^e*."
40. 2 Ed.	(4 from bot.)	"Van der Kemps," for "Van de Kemps."
162. 2 Ed.	(Note.)	"as defining the religious fellowship, or body to which he belonged," for "as defining his religious views."
183.	(12 from top.)	"Maj. Charles J Mills," for "Maj. Charles H. Mills."
188.	(12 from top.)	Insert after "1862" the following sentence:— "Immanuel Church was built in 1862 and Central Church in 1865."
199.		"Queen Square," for "Queen's Square."

199.		"May 2, 1870," for "Sunday [May 1, 1870]."
199.	(note.)	In place of the notes which appear at the bottom of this page in the first and second editions, respectively, read as follows:—"The original letters, which were missing when the first edition was printed, were discovered before the second edition was issued. It was thought best to make only one correction in the second edition. The opportunity is now taken to make other corrections, most of which are of trifling importance."
200.	(3 from bot.)	"plain talk," for "the plain talk."
200.	(3 from bot.)	"had," for "has"
201.	(4 from top.)	Insert "two" before "cathedrals."
201.	(10 from bot.)	Insert "of the Puritans," after "Puritan."
201.	(9 from bot.)	"would," for "should."
201.	(3 from bot.)	"Queen Square, for "Queen's Square."
203.	(8 from top.)	Leave out the "and" before "tigers."
204.	(2 from bot.)	"Macdonalds" for "MacDonald's."
205.	(4 from top.)	"Insert "as" before "Mrs. MacDonald."
205.	(4 from bot.)	"Whilst" for "While."
206.	(9 from bot.)	"or" for "[or?]"
206.	(5 from bot.)	Insert "that" before "they."
207.	(1st line.)	Insert "of" before "this."
207.	(8 from bot.)	"Brooke" for "Brook[e]."
207.	(5 from bot.)	"increasing" for "increased."
208.	(5 from top.)	Omit the word "real."
208.	(8 from top.)	"a choir" for "the choir"
208.	(14 from top.)	Insert "that" before "the minister's."

208.	(11 from bot.)	"*belle lettre*" for "*belles lettres.*"
208.	(9 from bot.)	Insert at end of paragraph —"We were very glad to have heard him."
209. 2 Ed.	(2 from top.)	"theistical" for "theatrical."
209.	(9 from top.)	Insert "to" before "the long walk"
209.	(6 from bot.)	"whilst" for "while"
210.	(1st line.)	Insert "many of the Queen's calves and" after the first "and."
210.	(4 from bot.)	Insert "old" before "city."
210.	(last line.)	Insert "I" before "have."
211.	(1st line.)	Insert "we" before "shall."
211.	(7 from top)	"of" for "[of]"
211.	(4 from bot.)	"'other men'" for "other men."
211.	(2 from bot.)	"those" for "[those.]"

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319.	(1st col. 6.)	"121" for "122."
320. 2 Ed.		Insert "Hutchings, William Vincent, 2, after Huntingtons, 71."
320. 2 Ed.		Ingersoll, Dr., 145, 146, 149.
320. 2 Ed.		Lowell, James Russell, 17; recollection of Rufus Ellis, 24, 28, ***note***.
320. 2 Ed.		Lyman, Edward, 170, 238.
321. 2 Ed.	(19 from top.)	"165" for "186."
321.		"Mills, *Major* Charles J.," for "*Major* Charles II."
321.	(10 from bot. 1st col.)	"173" for "196."
321. 2 Ed.		Parker, Theodore, 117, 168.
321. 2 Ed.		Peabody, Rev. Francis G., D.D., 240, 307.
323 2 Ed.		"Van der Kemps" for "Van de Kemps."
323. 2 Ed.		Welch, Miss, 78.
324.		Omit "Winthrop, Thomas Lindall, 2."

A. B. ELLIS.

BOSTON, April 30, 1897.

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MEMOIR OF RUFUS ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

1819. ÆT. 1–15.

SUMMER STREET.

IN the early part of the present century the town of Boston was a pleasant place of residence for the summer season. With its quiet streets and detached houses, many of them with ample gardens filled with fruit-trees and abundance of shrubs and flowering plants, it formed an agreeable alternation of city and country. The cool breezes from the harbor came unchecked by towering masses of heavy warehouses. There were many parts of the town which were specially desirable to live in, but none, perhaps, was more delightful than the neighborhood of Summer Street. Rows of fine trees, — elms and horse-chestnuts,—affording grateful shade

in the warm season, extended throughout the entire length on both sides. Comfortable dwellings, a few retaining provincial[1] proportions, stood in green enclosures. Business, which has since taken possession of the street, had not then got a foot-hold. Here was the residence of the courtly Governor Sullivan, later occupied by the famous merchant William Gray. Here lived such men as John Welles, Nathaniel Goddard, Dr. Jackson, Nathaniel Emmons, Horace Gray, Israel Thorndike, Samuel Salisbury, Henry Hill, Samuel Gardner, Benjamin Bussey, and William Vincent Hutchings. On the corner of Chauncy Place and Summer Street stood the parsonage of the old First Church, which Society also owned three houses adjoining on the same street. It was the period of Boston's commercial prosperity, before the manufacturing era had arisen to absorb and supersede all other interests. As in old Salem, so in Boston, which was beginning to cripple its ancient rival, fortunes were

[1] The word "colonial" was first written in place of "provincial," but, as was pointed out to the writer, incorrectly. The houses which were built during the colonial period were meagre in size, and it was not until the later or provincial times that they attained generous proportions. — Ed.

made by foreign commerce. On every hand was the venturesome merchant and owner of a fleet of fast and sound clippers, some of which might almost be seen at anchor from his front door, while others were ploughing in foreign seas. His counting-house was but a short distance from his home, on one of the great wharves where cargoes were discharged and delivered to future consignees without any further handling or intervention of "middle men," or brokers. With such surroundings and such pleasant neighbors there was no need of seeking a change of residence in the summer-time. It was necessary only to step into the garden and sniff the fragrance of the flowers, or perchance the salt breeze stealing up from the ocean, to enjoy all the pleasures of seashore or of country life.

Such was the birthplace of Rufus Ellis. At No. 25 (afterward 51) Summer Street, in the year 1819, lived David Ellis, — at that time a well-to-do merchant and ship-owner, many of whose commercial dealings were with Scandinavian countries. Among his vessels, some of whose names appear in "Briggs's History of Shipbuilding on the

North River" (Scituate, Mass.), is the "Josephine," named for the Queen of Sweden, who gave her a set of colors as a mark of recognition. The father's house was one of three which occupied the space between Chauncy Place and Kingston Street. It stood facing the street, with a driveway on one side. The large garden, filled with fruit-trees and vegetables, extended nearly to Bedford Street in the rear.

Writing of this period in middle life, July 19, 1861, at Rye Beach, N. H., Rufus Ellis said: —

Boston was quite tolerable during the summer in my boyhood, even for children. We had large gardens, many trees, few foreigners. Boston then was a charming watering-place. Streets which are now most forbidding were then most attractive. Fort Hill was fresh and beautiful and commanding. Sea Street had scarcely ceased then to be a desirable residence. Hardly an American family remains there now. I attended the funeral of the relict of one of the last of them a few years since, — a gentle Christian woman, who passed months together in a chamber from which on one side she could look out upon our pleasant harbor, whilst from the other side there was nothing to be seen but a wretched, brawling street. There are still favored streets and

beautiful squares; but we cannot all live in them, and for those who cannot, the country at this season is an absolute necessity.

David Ellis, the son of David of West Dedham, Mass., was born in that place June 21, 1765, and settled in business in Boston late in the last century. In the town records of Dedham, the family can be traced further back by those who are interested in genealogical pursuits. The first comer to this country seems to have been one Richard, from Dedham in England. The discovery of this name on the old parish record in that quiet place is communicated in a little account of a visit made by Rufus less than a fortnight before his death. His father was twice married. By his first wife he had nine children, most of whom died quite young. By his second wife, Sarah Rogers, he had seven children, of whom Rufus, who was born Sept. 14, 1819, was next to the youngest. His mother's father, Jeremiah Dummer Rogers, barrister and a loyalist, was the son of Rev. Daniel Rogers of Littleton. The Rev. Daniel had three ancestors in succession who were ministers; namely, a grandfather, a great-grandfather, and a great-great-grandfather. An-

other ancestor was John Rogers, President of Harvard College.

There are some matters of local historical interest connected with the maternal ancestry of Rufus Ellis which may be worthy of mention. This ancestry was derived from Nathaniel Rogers, a graduate of that nurse of Puritanism, Emanuel College, Cambridge. Driven from his ministry in England by persecution, he came to New England in 1636, possibly with John Harvard of the same college, and became the minister of Ipswich in 1639. He brought with him his son John, at the age of five years, who in due course graduated from Harvard in 1649. A vivid illustration of the day of small things and of close economies for the country and the college, when "country pay" was the substitute for money, is found in the college books in an entry of the bursar to the debit of John Rogers. It would seem that he drove a cow from his father's farm to Cambridge to pay towards the college dues. The bursar has a charge against him "by a pastor for his cow befor hir apprisall," — that is, for getting the cow into condition in the "Fellows' Pasture," before she would stand to his credit for her hide and carcase. The

youth studied both medicine and divinity, preferring the former. He was the first of the graduates to become the president of the college. Being chosen to that office in 1677, he declined it, but accepted a second election in 1682, and died in less than a year after his inauguration, leaving two sons in the college. The stock was fruitful in a succession of ministers, till we come down to the Rev. Daniel Rogers (H. C., 1725), minister of Littleton, who died in 1785. One of his sons, however, Jeremiah Dummer Rogers (H. C., 1762), chose to prefer the risky profession of the law to the safe one of the ministry, and came to grief in so doing. He became a barrister under the crown, and joined with many of his brother barristers and attorneys in an address of approbation and sympathy to the much-hated Governor Hutchinson, at the outbreak of the war of the Revolution. Having thus committed himself to loyalty, and taken refuge in Boston under the protection of the British army, he was compelled, when that army was driven out of the town by Washington, to cast in his lot with more than a thousand loyal refugees, and, with his wife, to go into exile in Halifax. More than

sixty of the graduates of Harvard went into exile at that time. Proscribed by Massachusetts as a Tory, never to be allowed to return, Mr. Rogers's property was confiscated. As he and his wife were the grandparents of Rufus Ellis, some further account of them, especially of the wife, may have interest.

Some of the harshest and bitterest experiences connected with our final rupture with the mother-country were those involved in the alienation, separation, and permanent estrangement of members of families, — parents and children, brothers and sisters, — whose opinions, sympathies, or apprehensions parted them to the two sides in the strife. This was sharply illustrated in the case of Mr. Rogers and his wife. A humorous reference to her before her marriage is found in a letter of her brother, Peter Thacher, from Cambridge, in 1769, to his friend Jeremy Belknap, in Dover:[1] "Bathsha [Bathsheba] has an humble servant, a classmate of yours, I believe; his name is Dummer Rogers, a lawyer." She was a sister of the writer of this letter, and daughter of Oxenbridge Thacher, of Milton,

[1] Belknap Papers, iii. 35.

an eminent lawyer and patriot. While this young wife, Bathsheba Rogers, was sharing in the confusion of the hurried embarkation and ocean voyage with her Tory husband, after the evacuation of Boston, her brother, the Rev. Peter Thacher, then of Malden, afterward of Brattle Street, Boston, one of the stanchest of the patriots, was delivering a glorification address at Watertown, on the discomfiture of the king's forces.[1]

When the parents sailed for Halifax, they left their only child, — a son five years old, of the same name as his father, — with their kindred in Boston. He was afterward taken to England by a kinsman, and received a classical education. In his mature life, being unmarried, he kept an Academy in the Park, Nottingham, England. The mother of Lord Byron, having brought her son from Newstead Abbey, in the neighborhood, to receive surgical treatment for his lameness, put him under the care of Mr. Rogers for classical

[1] An interesting occasion forms a fitting climax to what Dr. Ellis calls "the changes of family fortunes." In 1876, the city of Boston specially observed the centennial of Evacuation Day. Singularly enough, it was a grandson of Dummer Rogers, Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, who gave the oration on that occasion before the city authorities in the Music Hall.

instruction. Teacher and pupil held affectionate and respectful relations with each other, as the biographer of the poet testifies.[1] Mr. Rogers made a visit to this country in 1824, to see his relatives, — three sisters and a brother, all residing in Boston. He brought with him intense English feelings and grudges on the proscription and confiscation acts. He was a strong monarchist and Episcopalian. His relatives — among them his cousin, Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman — were all Unitarians; but he would not enter their places of worship, and a young nephew was his escort to Trinity Church. Harvard College, recognizing his family relations to it, and his own scholarship, gave him an honorary degree. He died in Nottingham in 1831, leaving a handsome estate. A mural monument to him stands on the wall of St. Nicholas Church.

Such were the fortunes of an uncle of Rufus Ellis. An older sister of Mr. Ellis's mother, — the late Mrs. Jonathan Chapman, — being a little uncertain as to her age, was wont to speak of herself as having been

[1] Moore's Life of Lord Byron, vol. i. p. 41.

"born in direful times." It has been said that, like a grandchild of Governor Hutchinson, she was born in the confusion of the embarkation in Boston Harbor. All the other children of the exiled pair — three daughters and a son, besides the one above referred to — were born in Halifax. That then rude place of habitation was crowded with the families of refugees from the States, most of whom had been in comfortable and luxurious circumstances. They were all dependent upon the resources and doles of the British government. Mr. Rogers and his wife having died in Halifax, their children, soon after the peace, were sent to their relatives in Boston. Three married sisters of their father received, respectively, one each of the three little girls, and gave them a home. The mother of Rufus Ellis found a congenial refuge with her father's sister, for whom she was named, — Mrs. Sarah Rogers, wife of Samuel Parkman, a prosperous merchant of Boston. So the old New England family was gathered again.

Of the infancy of Rufus there is nothing to record which is especially noteworthy, except, perhaps, one incident, which is told

by his brother George in his Memoir of Dr. Jacob Bigelow: —

> The face and form of Dr. Bigelow, as a near neighbor of my home in the same street in Boston, had been most familiar to me from my earliest years. An incident in my childhood had associated him in my mind with a sentiment of profound wonder and awe, which, though relieved of all solemnity as I met him in later years, always invested him with reverence for his benignity and skill. A brother, now the minister of the First Church in Boston, then an infant of one year, was choked by a plaything deep in his throat, and at the most critical moment his life was saved by the intervention of Dr. Bigelow, called in as he happened to be passing along the street. I saw the scene then, and it came back to me as I looked upon the reposing form of the venerated physician.

The plaything which is referred to was the silver top of a pepper-cruet, through which the breath of life entered the little body until the timely and necessary aid of the good doctor could be invoked.

As a boy, Rufus was rather delicate in constitution, and began to wear glasses — thus adding to his studious appearance — at a very early age.

Residents on Summer Street in the early part of this century had no excuse for neglecting Sunday services, if such a temptation had ever occurred in that church-going age. There were meeting-houses on all sides. Near by, on Chauncy Place, was the Old (First) Church, of which Dr. Frothingham was then minister, and whose successor was the then little boy Rufus. Across the street was Trinity; while near at hand was the New South, on Church Green. The Ellis family attended the New South, of which Dr. Alexander Young was the pastor. When Rufus was a boy, it was the custom for the minister to proceed to his meeting-house through the public streets in his ministerial dress, — black gown and bands, — perhaps accompanied or followed by some members of his family. What an impressive sight for the rising generation, and a reminder, if any was needed, that it was time to attend their pastor's service! [1]

During his school-days, his father, being possessed of ample means, judged by the

[1] There was then no robing-room in the meeting-houses; the minister went directly into the pulpit with his cloak, etc.

standard of those times, gave the boy the privilege of a private education. He was prepared for college at the Chauncy Hall School, then in its infancy, and kept by Mr. Gideon F. Thayer. His compositions, many of which have been preserved, show both in substance and in the handwriting with what care and neatness the tasks were performed. Here was laid the foundation of that studious and faithful career which was maintained through life. Two of his instructors — in the classics — at this institution were John and Henry W. Pickering, who thus have a good claim to having prepared him, in part at least, for Harvard.

The early records of the school have been destroyed by fire; but from the following scraps of information which have been preserved, it will be seen that he must have filled quite a prominent position as a pupil. On an old program of an "Exhibition" which was held in Athenæum Hall on Dec. 31, 1833, Rufus Ellis appears first in the list of speakers as giving a "Salutatory Address in Latin." The same name is attached to two other parts, making three in all. The other boys who took part were the

following: Benjamin Bellows Grant, George Weld Hayford, Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Austin Kuhn, George Lewis Deblois, Edward Bellows Grant, Isaac Winslow Bradford, Horace Cullen Story, Charles Frederick Howe, Charles Ellis, Andrew Townsend Hall, Greenleaf D. Norris, Charles H. H. Cook, James Parker Melledge, Eben Preble Motley, John Lowell, Aaron Charles Baldwin, Henry Bradlee, Lowell Mason, John Frazier Head, Lemuel Edward Pope, Charles Keating Tuckerman, James Lawrence, Eben Francis Parker, Daniel Gregory Mason, Charles Franklin Shimmin, James Jackson Jarves, Frederick W. Thayer, Joseph Coolidge Shaw, William Frederick Coburn, Fred. W. G. May, Benjamin Chandler Howard, Francis Parker Appleton, Benjamin Franklin White, Benjamin Fiske, Arthur Lithgow Payson, Charles James Higginson, William Henry Thayer, and Francis George Ballard.

Two manuscript copies of the valedictory, — one the first draft, and the other, with scarcely an erasure or interlineation, — dated July, 1834, and written at Sandwich, Mass., show what was spoken on the occasion. At the close of the rough draft occurs this

characteristic sentence, part of a little note addressed to Mr. Thayer: "I have not in copying this made all the corrections which you have made in the other, preferring to speak something of my own, although not so good." In both manuscripts he states that he has been connected with the school for six years, showing that he entered it in 1828, at the time the "edifice was dedicated."[1] Besides delivering the valedictory, he received a gold medal for "unqualified approbation."

[1] From a memorandum in his own handwriting, it appears that he entered the school in September, 1828. — ED.

CHAPTER II.

1834. ÆT. 15–22.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

COLLEGE life began in 1834, at the age of fifteen. The class of 1838 at Harvard numbered among its members many who have since become famous. It included James Russell Lowell, Henry Eustis, William W. Story, Charles Devens, George B. Loring, John F. W. Ware, and Edward Washburn. Throughout the entire course young Ellis stood at the head of his class, although closely pressed by Eustis, who, it is interesting to note, after leaving Harvard entered West Point, and there graduated as the first scholar in his class. In spite of marked abilities, it required no small effort to maintain such scholarship. But although devoted to books, outdoor sports were not wholly neglected. Walking and horseback exercise, of

which latter recreation the young student was especially fond, occupied vacations and other spare intervals.

One of the marked characteristics of Rufus Ellis, both here and in later life, was what might be called extreme diffidence, or distrust of abilities which friends recognized were of no mean order. In 1840 the Bowdoin prize for graduates was awarded to him for a "Dissertation on 'The Retribution of National Sins.'" It is signed Ἑρμησ, and the composition covers fifty-three pages. Writing to him in 1847, a classmate, William C. Tenney, thus pleasantly alludes to this achievement: —

I seem to hear your excessively modest disclaimer of merit. You deprecatingly assert that I overrate you. Don't you remember, let me ask in reply, I had to drive you up to writing for a Bowdoin prize? You were afraid to write, and after you had written, were ashamed of your piece; but you deposited it, and obtained the $50. I do not mention this to *patronize* you, or to lay claim to any portion of the prize, but to show you that your friends' opinions of you are sometimes more correct than your own. I believe, moreover, I once conveyed to you Dr. Walker's opinion of you. I will not shock your modesty by repeating it.

The following extracts from a letter written to his brother George, then in Washington, dated Cambridge, September 25, 1837, give a little glimpse of college life: —

To George E. Ellis.

It seems so long since I saw you, that I fear I may have deferred writing too long. You are certainly very fortunate to be able to attend to your profession, and enjoy travel, great men, and Washington City at the same time. There 's many a poor fellow rusting about with his white elbows, and $10 a Sunday, who would be glad of either one of the privileges. But I must open my news-budget. . . . Professor Longfellow has commenced a course of lectures to us on Faust. He translates the whole, adding his remarks. He read to us an account of an old romance on the story, in which it is related that the chronicle among other things informs us how the doctor carried three German princes through the air in a cloth, and how [one] of them falling out was left in "an exceeding dumps." Barrett says that the junior class is a very good one. I shall depend upon a letter. Some politics, if agreeable and possible. Come out and see me as soon as you come home. . . . Imagine me in my room, surrounded with books, with a Hasty-Pudding meeting under me, to furnish out which I am almost stripped of my chairs; our old acquaintance, the bird, by the

window, nine o'clock almost ready to sound, — and if these bring you any nearer old Cambridge, you are welcome to the information, and it is the last you will get out of me, at least for the present. . . .

Almost nine o'clock, — one lamp departed, by reason of being *gummed up;* has for some time looked as if in an exceeding dumps. You should have heard Professor Channing this afternoon. He was criticising a theme; and speaking of our forefathers, observed that they were a most bigoted, disagreeable, uncomfortable people. He was probably thinking of the lines from a poem entitled "John Birkenhead Revived," given in a note to Hudibras, —

> "All plumbs ye prophet's sons despise,
> And spice broths are too hot;
> Treasons in a December pye,
> And death within the pot."

But I must not forget that I had stopped talking.

During the college course the following parts were assigned to Rufus Ellis (an asterisk indicating that the original manuscript may be found in the college library): —

Exhibition, Monday, July 18, 1836.

9. A Greek version. "Extract from the Rev. Mr. Dewey's Oration before the Φ *B* K Society." RUFUS ELLIS, Boston.*

Exhibition, Monday, July 17, 1837.

12. An English Oration. "The Athenian Character." RUFUS ELLIS, Boston.*

Exhibition, Tuesday, October 17, 1837.

12. Mathematical Exercises. "The Theory of Descartes and others, that a Celestial Ether pervades the Planetary Regions." RUFUS ELLIS, Boston.

Commencement, 29 August, 1838.

20. An English Oration. "Life in the Chivalrous Ages and in our own Time." RUFUS ELLIS, Boston.*

Good old Dr. John Pierce of Brookline, that faithful attendant on Commencement Day exercises, has the following comments in his Diary, which has recently been printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society:[1] —

On Wednesday, 29 August, 1838, I attended my fifty-fourth Commencement at Cambridge. The day was delightfully cool, and the roads were free from dust, as it had rained on the previous Monday evening. A long procession was formed in the Library in such season that we arrived at the meeting-house at five minutes past ten.

[1] Proceedings (1889, 1890), 2d Series, vol. v. pp. 222 and 224.

Dr. Pierce then proceeds to describe the performances: —

20. The first yet concluding oration of the Bachelors, "Life in the Chivalrous Ages and in our own Time," by Rufus Ellis, gave lucid proof that this young man deserved the distinction conferred upon him.

A subsequent entry is not so complimentary, showing that the Doctor could discriminate, at least in his judgments: —

On Wednesday, 25 August, 1841, I attended my fifty-seventh Commencement at Harvard University. Every occasion of the kind, beginning with 1784, except 1791, on which day my mother was buried; so that I have now attended fifty Commencements in uninterrupted succession. The oration for the Master's degree, by Rufus Ellis, abounded in good sense, but was not adapted to electrify the audience. Indeed, there was less humor than common in the exercises of the day.[1]

The "oration" which is last referred to was "in English," and was entitled "The Claims of Good Learning upon the Professional Man."

[1] Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings (1889, 1890), 2d Series, vol. v. pp. 231 and 233.

During the college course Rufus Ellis was chosen a member of the Institute of 1770, the I. O. H., La Réunion Sociale, and Phi Beta Kappa.

Brief extracts from a letter written during a college vacation show, as was before stated, that, although fond of study, the youth was far from being a book-worm: —

To George E. Ellis.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, Aug. 4, 1837.

BROTHER GEORGE, — Having the vanity to suppose that you might feel some little concern as to the result of my experiment in pedestrianising, I would inform you, and all others whom it may concern, that I have succeeded in reaching the White Mountains without riding any of the way. We have been detained two days on account of the rain, Renouf's feet and Weld's leg; and these, together with Sunday, making three, we did not arrive here until yesterday after dinner, which by the way we took in the shape of a luncheon in the Willy House. . . . I camped out in company with some others a half mile up, and began to ascend the mountain very early this morning, with the prospect of a tremendous mist. By the time that I got to within about a half a mile of the top of the mountain, in the full enjoyment of cold and wet, I concluded that I was

a fool, and returned; had some excellent food at the camping-place; was obliged, together with the others, to walk home seven miles, much of it through mud, stones, etc., and am now congratulating myself that the rest of the journey has been pleasant enough to make up for this. This expedition will do admirably well for a *pleasant adventure.* The appetites we had were truly astonishing, to my mind a strong redeeming feature in the business. Crawford has left. We are staying in his house, which is very well kept by a man by the name of Fabian. . . .

The following letter was written by his distinguished classmate, the late James Russell Lowell, in answer to a request for some words of reminiscence of college days: —

J. R. Lowell to A. B. Ellis.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 3d Dec., 1890.

DEAR SIR, — After an interval of more than fifty years, I can give only general impressions; at least I can venture to trust only those. Several of them are especially clear in my memory. Your father was distinguished by a vigor of mind in advance of his years, by faithfully studious habits, by an unfaltering independence of opinion, and by a punctilious sense of duty. In short, he was already a man, and of a character maturely fixed at the highest level of personal integrity, while most of his classmates were

still boys. I never knew him to be shaken in an opinion formed, as his always was, on deliberate judgment, by any influence from without. His was not a temperament to make him boyishly popular, but nobody deserved or won the respect of his classmates more fully.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

The college graduation exercises occurred in July, 1838, thus closing a course of four years which had been given to the highest scholarly attainments. His brother George, writing to him from abroad, at Belfast, Ireland, July 25, 1838, says: —

You will receive this letter just before or just after your Commencement. It is a great disappointment to me that I shall not witness your reception of your high honors. You must, however, write to me a full account of the day, and send me the best newspaper about it. . . .

With the entrance to the Divinity School, which immediately followed college course, was begun a journal, which with some breaks, as the "mood" pursued him, was kept up through life. There are wide gaps in this record, and only occasional extracts will be

inserted in the subsequent pages. The first entry is dated Sept. 5, 1839, at Divinity Hall, Cambridge.

The most intimate friends of Rufus Ellis at the Divinity School and in later life were Frederic D. Huntington (now Bishop of Central New York), Dexter Clapp, John F. W. Ware, and James I. T. Coolidge. A frequent correspondent, as a theological student, was Edward Washburn, the late minister of Calvary Church, New York. The letters of Washburn, who was for a time at Andover, evince the kindly and cordial relations which existed between them. Young Ellis was reminded occasionally of the opposing schools to which they belonged, in a pleasant and humorous vein. Unfortunately, letters to Mr. Washburn, which must have been composed in a kindred spirit, such as one student would have written to another, have been destroyed.

Years after, in asking a favor of a friend, the following characteristic allusion is made to these days: —

> I hate to send you such a merciless bundle; but I don't see how it can ever happen again, as Mr. Ware was about my last friend, — except Coolidge, whom I would n't have "waked up mornings" if I had known

he would have become a pervert; and Huntington, who, being a bishop, must have, should I outlive him, a bishop's burial.

At this period of life, the speculative philosophy, as expounded by Emerson, Coleridge, and Carlyle, somewhat affected the current of his thought. During the summer of 1838, and later upon entrance to the Divinity School, in company with fellow-students pilgrimages were made to Emerson's home at Concord. The following references to these visits, — which, it may be added, did not please the young man's father, — are contained in letters to his brother George, who went abroad in the spring of 1838: —

Boston, June 30, 1838. Mr. Emerson, you know, preaches to the Divinity students. . . . Next Wednesday is the Fourth of July. I believe I shall not go to Dedham, but to Concord, with Washburn and others, to see Mr. Emerson, and pass the day with him.

Boston, July, 1838. I went up to see Mr. Emerson last Fourth of July, with Lippitt, Powell, Washburn, and Renouf. We had a delightful time; took breakfast, dinner, and supper with him; talked with him, or as was most proper, he to us. . . . "Brazilian" [Frost] invited us to come and see him,

but we had no time. We got back to Cambridge about eleven o'clock at night.

Cambridge, October 22, 1838. I paid Mr. Emerson a visit last week with Washburn and Atkins, who are going up to Burlington to study metaphysics with Professor Marsh.

As these college letters contain a good deal of news, a few more extracts are quoted: —

Boston, June 30, 1838. . . . Dancing round the tree [on Class Day] is to be dispensed with at the request of Mr. Quincy. Our Class Supper, over at the Maverick House, takes place on the evening of the day. . . . An Antislavery Society has been formed at college.

Boston, July, 1838. . . . We have taken our leave of the college, and have only to return at Commencement. Coolidge's oration was very good, and the day passed off very well, although the poem was omitted.[1] Instead of dancing round the tree in the afternoon, we listened to a band hired by the college, and some of the students danced upon the green with ladies who were present. The president and faculty, young Henry Ware and the dean, the deaness, and

[1] James Russell Lowell was class poet, although, being suspended at the time, he could not attend the exercises. The anonymous poem which Mr. Lowell wrote for the occasion was privately printed. In mature life, the author, thinking the composition unworthy of preservation, wished that it should be forgotten. — Ed.

deanleins, were also present, — a very different and much more agreeable scene than heretofore. The exercises of the day, and the leave-taking, cheering, and "Auld-Lang Syne" singing were very interesting. Last Sunday evening Mr. Emerson addressed the senior class of the Divinity School. His address was very singular. He took no text, and commenced with praising the beautiful summer which we have thus far enjoyed. I believe he passed from Nature to the moral sentiment, and from this to some hinderances to its advancement, some deficiencies and defects in the means employed for its maintenance and spread. He thought that men had lost much of the substance of Christianity and retained its form. Thus, he said, Jesus, conscious of his union with and likeness to the divine mind, said, "I am God." Instead of seeing the beautiful spiritual meaning of this, men frame the doctrine of the Trinity. Christ, he said, was unique, the only man who had ever duly appreciated the power and worth of man. He spoke against forming any opinions upon those of Paul, and others, as if he did not consider him inspired. He said that our churches would not hold together in their present condition. A few preachers were alive, and able to interest the people; but most were altogether uninteresting, and that many were signing off. He said that it was impossible to discover from their preaching that they had ever lived, had any of the experience of life. He sometimes heard preaching that made him almost resolve never to go to

church again. . . . He said that preaching must recognize the value and worth of the moral sentiment in man, and would take its appropriate form. He intimated that a new Messiah would arise in the western world. The impression seemed to be that Jesus was elevated above his proper station by the ignorance of those among whom he lived. I heard that Mr. Ware said that he might as well deny Christianity at once. Whether true or not, we have something to think of. A copy has been requested for publication. I give you the general impression of it which remains upon my mind.[1] . . . I have the first oration for Commencement. . . . Eustis has the second oration, Lippitt the third, Atkins the Latin oration. Lippitt, Coolidge, and myself are to enter the Divinity School. . . . Father is prophesying about coming leisure, but it is doubtful whether much will come. . . .

Boston, Aug. 6, 1838. . . . I am very glad to find that you were so favorably impressed with regard to Carlyle. Was his wife's ignorance remarkable? Could she be expected to know much about our territorial divisions? Two volumes of his miscellaneous writings, as you know, have been published here, and I suppose two more will follow. Mr. Emerson stated that the only money he had received for the "French Revolution" at that time was some sent to him from this country; he lectured merely from necessity. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland

[1] This famous Address was delivered July 15, 1838. — Ed.

called in, about a week ago, — she, principally, indeed solely, to find if we had any account of what the Cabots wore at the drawing-room presentation. . . . My part for Commencement is done. I don't know exactly what to call it, — say, "The different Embodyments of the Romantic Spirit in the Chivalric Age, and in our own;" that's the idea.

Divinity College, Cambridge, Sept. 5. I write you as you see from Divinity Hall (No. 20), nearly opposite your old room, and I believe the room which Stebbins occupied. . . . I am situated very pleasantly here. We have hardly commenced studying, but have an exercise in Biblical criticism for next Friday. Indeed, there are at present only four of us, — Lippitt, Coolidge, Caldwell, a lame man, who has been out of college as much as ten years; six Mr. Ware knows of. Fourteen or fifteen were at first expected, but they have dropped off one by one, — concluded to stay away a year and the like. . . . Commencement went off, it is said, very well. The church was filled to overflowing, and very many could obtain no seats, a thing which has not happened before for many years. We had quite a large company at Stoughton 28. We thought it would not do to mix people, and therefore did not *extend it* much. After the body of the company . . . had departed, there dropped in from Commencement Dinner old Dr. Pierce, Mr. Brigham, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Thurston, Mr. Young; and so passed off the day. Mr. John Pickering, Jr., came up at the first, and stayed a reasonable while. . . . Mr.

Stetson was quite amusing and quite sensible and quite eloquent, before the Φ B K's on the subject of Utilitarianism. He was quite amusing about the men who, as he said, are astride of one idea, the Grahamites. It is said that he said at the dinner that if Dr. Alcott did not stop dieting he would (*die eating*). . . . To-day is the Andover Celebration, Sept. 5. Three of the students have gone to attend it. I shall wait until next year. . . .

N. B. That easy-running barouche, so sadly neglected by Miss Harriet Martineau, has appeared two or three times this summer, drawn by a pair of little horses or colts who have succeeded the last one. State the fact to the above lady, if you meet with her, and beg of her to qualify her remarks. One of the animals, by the way, is a pretty fair "saddle beast." Another improvement is a refitted back parlor. Ceiling scraped and whitened, walls colored, room painted, chimney glass framed, doors varnished, "Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."

Divinity College, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1838. I received your letter from Belfast last Friday evening. I have already sent you some account of Commencement in my last letter. I would, however, say in addition that the exercises were thought to be very good. They were praised more or less by different papers. Coolidge, and Rufus King from Cincinnati, according to the "Post," stood pre-eminent. Eustis, Coolidge, Howes, and some others were praised in the "Transcript." Lippitt, as democratic, was praised

in the "Advocate," and also Shackford. The subject of the latter was "Democracy's Banner," — a piece somewhat in the new style of thought. Your humble servant, with others, was slightly puffed in the "Advocate," — "acquitted themselves handsomely." . . . We have attended two recitations with Dr. Palfrey. It is exceedingly comfortable to sit and hear him wind off his parentheses; but so far as we have yet gone, and judging from a statement of his own making, Biblical criticism does not look important now. He said that only three disputed texts were of any importance. But I must be mistaken in my conclusion; perhaps the trouble is to be able to make Dr. Palfrey's statement as the result of your own inquiry, — *hic labor, hoc opus est.* I have busied myself to-day in reading a hundred pages of the "Ars Critica." Charles Hayward and Nichols have joined our class, so that we are six in number.

Cambridge, Oct. 22, 1838. . . . Mr. Norton complains that there is now no Unitarian denomination. I always thought that the aim of Unitarianism was to break up *denominations.* Where is Carlyle now? Mr. Emerson said that he wrote to him last July upon business, but as yet had received no answer. . . . If you purchase any book for me, I should like a copy of Plato, — not all encumbered with various readings and scholia, but a fair page easily read. Would not De Wette's works be valuable? . . . Frank Palfrey is in my class at Sunday-school. He

asked me yesterday where the other Mr. Ellis was; he said he wanted to see him. The rogue uses, he says, Griesbach's edition of the New Testament. He gets his lessons by standing up by his father and asking him. . . . You see things are wearing on much as ever. Cold, *Thanksgiving* weather coming; dry leaves on the ground; hens standing curled up in a bunch, and making a comfortable half cackle; everything around has the gray look of a New England autumn. I know I shall make you wish to be here, although when you get this you may be in bright Italy or La belle France. We shall be glad to see you whenever you please to return.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1838. . . . With regard to theological matters, I do not know that there is anything interesting or important. Mr. Emerson, the great bugbear, now is suffered to remain in peace. He, however, begins his lectures to-morrow evening on "Human Life," and perhaps the constituted defenders of the Faith will attack him again. Mr. —— stated the other evening in ——'s parlor that he had read through Mr. Emerson's address and got *not one idea* from it; afterwards he admitted that there was one. When a man talks [thus] we should rather charge him with a dull eye than admit that the page itself was dull. It was, however, after ten o'clock when he read it. Now, without admitting Mr. Emerson's conclusions, we may see beauty and truth in many of his views. Bellows preached last Sunday morning for Dr. Channing; he is very popular. He

is soon to be ordained as an evangelist, and I believe is to preach a while in New York. . . . We are quite thin at the School. Lippitt has gone home for the rest of the term, and Nichols has been absent a month or more; so that for a few days we are only three in number. The other morning Coolidge and myself were in town, and the dean had but one pupil. He heard him recite a few verses, and then told him [about] a dean somebody who generally prayed, "Bless us;" but one day when the clerk was his only hearer, prayed, "Bless the clerk and myself." The dean said that he began to fear that his occupation was gone. The old Doctor [Ware], with the exception of his eyes, is as well as ever, and cheerful. I went to see him the other evening, and he was cracking a joke upon Mrs. Ware as happily as could be. George Ware is an assistant in the public Latin School. One of our classmates went in upon him the other day, and found him calling "Silence!" with great decision. Coolidge gave him quite a lift by warning a little boy of his acquaintance not to excite him, for he was terrible when provoked. . . . We shall be quite alone this winter, — father and mother, Lucy and Charles, as Joseph goes off in the "Neptune" [one of his father's vessels]. However, I imagine we shall get along very comfortably. It looks now as if we were going to have some sleighing, and there is a good sleigh and two good horses in the barn. In the long vacation I shall miss you, but I shall take to reading, of which I expect to accomplish [much].

But it is growing dark, and I must conclude. Nichols has returned, and is writing in my room, while your old No. 17 is warming.

The following extract from the diary closes the Divinity School period. It should be borne in mind that the writer was not quite twenty years old when he entered the School: —

Sept. 5, 1839. I make known to all those whom it may concern, that, with one or two exceptions not worth mentioning, this is my first attempt to keep a species of journal. The manner in which it shall be kept, must depend upon my mood at different times. It shall be my duty to make it conducive to my progress as a Christian and a scholar, — two ideals which I would ever keep in view. I shall [not] confine myself to any plan, but shall make this diary a general receptacle of miscellaneous thoughts and speculations. Without further preface, let us to the work.

Little that is remarkable in any sense has happened to me to-day; I should rather say, nothing remarkable. I have read Hebrew grammar pursuant to my plan to study it thoroughly, so as to increase my present small stock of the article. I have noticed again, what I have often observed before, that many studies that pass for dry, below the usual "dew-point," once commenced, and reso-

lutely attacked, are quite interesting. If one is obliged to listen to a dull preacher, it is much better to fall into his track and follow him through carefully, than to fret and listen, and listen and fret, alternately, and wear away the body without hearing anything. The order, at least, maintained in the discussions will please. Madame De Staël, her "D'Allemagne," finished the morning, and Sherlock's "Tryal of the Witnesses" the afternoon. This last has been much commended, and as it seems to me, also (great me), is an excellent performance. He states the doctrine of miracles very clearly and forcibly. He meets well the objection of fraud on the part of Jesus. This evening I must attack some lectures of Schelling on Academical Studies, the method to be pursued in them.

In August, 1841, after graduating from the Divinity School, he went to Bangor and supplied the pulpit in Dr. Hedge's church for two Sundays. The actual work of the ministry was thus begun before arriving at the age of twenty-two.

For about seven or eight months, — namely, from about Sept. 1, 1841, to the early part of April, 1842, — Mr. Ellis supplied the pulpit in Northampton, Mass. In Mrs. Lesley's memoir of her mother, Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman, is the following brief mention of the fact by S. H.:

One Sunday, just as we were getting ready for church, the fire-bells rang, and C. hinted to me privately that we would slip off to the fire, which we did instead of attending the sanctuary. Mr. Child was at your house to dinner; and I remember how crushed I was when your mother satirically introduced us to him as the "fire worshippers." I had no idea that the stigma would not cling to me for life. This was the only reproof we received for what was then considered a most improper thing. Even in those days a good deal of the Puritanical observance of Sunday was preserved; and, at that time, Mr. Rufus Ellis was preaching as a candidate at N., and it was thought even the youngest ought to rejoice in such preaching.

CHAPTER III.

1842. AET. 22-23.

ROCHESTER.

AFTER the visit at Northampton, which, as soon appeared, was merely the forerunner of a settled ministry, the young man in the twenty-third year of his age went to Rochester, N. Y. How far off this infant city seemed fifty years ago can readily be recalled by many a New Englander. It required no small amount of zeal and determination to attempt to build up a society in such a comparatively new settlement. An extract from a pleasant letter written by a prominent member of his congregation,[1] which was formed after a year of successful endeavor, shows with a quiet touch of humor how bold such an enterprise might be regarded in Boston at that time: —

[1] George F. Danforth, now Judge of the New York Court of Appeals. — ED.

Boston, Sept. 21, 1842. I saw your brother [George] yesterday. He thinks it *unfortunate* that Rufus engaged for *so long* a time. Should you live through it, and return to your friends *alive*, expect to be shown up at the Museum with the live Mermaid, the giant, and the dwarf. You will be pointed at in the streets as *the* minister who lived *a year* at Rochester, and probably be the lion of small tea-parties and ministers' conventions.

The city of Rochester was founded in 1812. In the region in which it was situated, vast tracts of land had been purchased originally by a company in Holland, through agents who came over for that purpose. These Dutch settlers were the progenitors of a fine race of landed proprietors, who became identified with certain localities. They were men whose names were guarantees of solidity, as liberal in their views as they were large in their ways. Their descendants maintained the same characteristics. Such men as Ira T. Blossom of Buffalo, the Van der Kemps and Mappas of Trenton, N. Y., and Mr. Huidekoper of Meadville, Penn., were recognized as heads of the communities in which they lived.

From early times enterprise and thrift were the inheritance of those grand old Dutch settlers. The whole country seemed to feel the spirit of growth and improvement.

It is stated that in 1810 there was not a house on the site of the present city of Rochester. The construction of the Erie Canal gave a tremendous impetus to business. Population had so increased in 1834 that the town became a city. The great Genesee Falls — over which Sam Patch, one of the early victims to a craze which has survived until the present time, made his rash and fatal jump — supplied the power for large manufacturing industries, especially for grinding wheat. The first quarter of a century in its history was a stirring period. During that time it numbered among its inhabitants one William Morgan, who became famous for an effort to expose "the secrets of free masonry." Before he could issue the publication, he was arrested on pretexts by brother masons, and finally, after a lapse of time, was carried away, and, as has been charged, lost his life at their hands.

As with material so with religious growth, a new light seemed to dawn. It spread as

far West as Louisville, Kentucky, in 1833. It appeared in the pages of the "Western Messenger," which was edited by James Freeman Clarke, at Louisville, two years later. In western New York, the descendants of the early Dutch settlers and recent comers from New England aided in the establishment of the Liberal movement. It found its supporters in the new and growing city of Rochester in 1842, when Rufus Ellis was there to kindle the flame.

His letters to his brother George, who had visited him at Rochester at this time, are full of bright and cheering accounts of the progress which was being made in building the first Unitarian meeting-house in Rochester.

To George E. Ellis.

Sept. 1, 1842. Since you were with us, we have gone on bravely with our preparations for building. We have subscriptions already to the amount of $1325, and have the best reasons to expect much more than this. Eben. Watts, the Episcopalian, has put down $100, and expects to give more if we go along well. It has been thought best to build of brick. . . . The subscriptions are to a considerable extent in materials. We shall get along finely, if we can get some aid from the East, especially some ready money, to pay for labor. . . .

September 15. The lot has been purchased. There is none finer in the city. It is upon Fitzhugh Street, where the Methodist (of stone at the corner) and Baptist and the brick (Presbyterian) churches are located. It has been obtained for $2800, inclusive of a brick building now standing upon it, and a considerable quantity of stone, — the foundation of an old jail, destroyed by fire, sometime since. These materials will be worth $200, besides the expense of tearing down, and will work into the new building. For the first year we shall be required to pay the interest of the purchase money, and are to have four years to meet the whole payment. Of course we shall be obliged to trust to the sale of pews. We ought to be able to sell them, if the cause is worth sustaining, and no doubt we shall be able. . . . They wish me to go East and intercede for them, by preaching to some of the societies. I have, of course, no very lively wish to engage in any such enterprise. My begging faculties have never been developed. . . . But if anything can be done, I am willing to go *about* (Father will think that it is not *correct*, and will ignore steadily all explanations). . . . I am not with Dr. Brown. My room I was obliged to give up, on account of a sudden and overwhelming inroad of aunts and cousins, *et id omne genus*, . . . so that I am with Captain Briggs. I am very well situated (the C. and his lady are very good people), but of course I much prefer to be at the Doctor's. Mrs. Brown and David leave for Boston to-morrow. . . .

Mrs. B. will call upon mother, so that you can readily ascertain her whereabouts. She is one of the best women in the world. . . . [He then refers to Northampton.] How are the Churches? Do they still wonder at all things? If Mrs. C. asks you to engage in a tea-fight, give her a decided answer, or you will cause her much pain. Remember me to them. They are the best neighbors in the world, and "never make no fuss with nobody." Is it right to say *done* for *did?* Everybody says it here, except the Browns,—and I am almost forgetting which is right. Remember me once more to all my friends, all who trouble themselves to inquire,—all who would say as much as "indeed," in case they should hear that I had broken my neck. . . . If I were to be in Boston the first Sunday in October, I might meet you in cars the Tuesday before. I shall probably travel in the second class,—the *hyenas*, as they call them. The church lot is staked out to-day. Ground will be broken to-morrow.

The following extracts are taken from a letter from his brother George, dated Sept. 23, 1842. Speaking of a recent visit at Northampton, he says:—

They, and all others that I met with in the town, are warmly attached to you. Indeed, so much do the people long to have you with them, that they have made no arrangement for the winter in the hope that you might yet be induced to come.

He adds: —

Father, as you may suppose, is very uneasy at having you at Rochester while he thinks there are desirable places here.

In December, 1842, his brother George received another letter: —

Since I returned [to Rochester] two families have been added to the Society, the head of one of them a $100 subscriber. We have enough to pay for the church completely, and shall have, with what subscriptions Mr. Allcott the indefatigable is still picking up, blinds and a nice fence. There is a good furnace for coal in operation. I know of many who have agreed to join.

Since I heard from you I have received a call from N. It is unanimous, — male and female. They offer me $600 per annum, and such other sums as can be raised above the contingent expenses. They wish that they could hold out greater inducements, but think that I can do a great deal of good there, "if I am willing to make the sacrifice." They have a meeting in Jänuary, the first of January, to await my answer. The place is delightful as a residence. . . . $600 is a small sum, but it will support a single gentleman like myself, and perhaps under faithful care the parish and its resources may increase. Besides, it is [an] easy thing to have a quiet beautiful home, and freedom from

the cares of a very large parish, for study. In a few years I might supply my pulpit and go to Europe. I can have exchanges with Deerfield, Cabotville, Springfield, and Northfield, and with friends in Boston. Besides, I have a plan for starting a missionary among several weak parishes in the neighborhood, parishes which together might well, and indeed would, be glad to sustain a minister. Perhaps Unitarianism may be revived in the valley. . . . I am interested in the parish, and think that I can enjoy laboring among them. My impression now is that I shall go.

The Rochester church appears to have been dedicated in March, and not May 9, as the little sketch of its history prepared by Rev. Newton M. Mann, the minister in 1881, states. Writing to his brother under date of March 24 [1843], Mr. Ellis says: —

Since I wrote, the church has been dedicated, and I may truly say that nothing can be more encouraging than our prospects. Forty-five of the pews are already sold or rented, and are occupied by "correct" people. The church has thus far been well filled (on the evening of the last Sabbath as full as upon dedication day), and the people evince a strong interest. Many persons, including several young men, have joined us, whose names even I had never before heard. Every one is pleased too with

the church. There is no doubt that more pews will soon be taken. There is no reason why this people should not have the very best minister at liberty; there is work for such an one, and everything to secure a happy issue for his labors. Storer and Hosmer regard our prospects as exceedingly flattering. The post is a very important one, and should be well filled. Were it not for my engagement at N., I should consider myself highly honored in being permitted to occupy it.

Finally, in April, he writes: —

Everything goes on well here, and I hope that this will continue to be the case. I know of no better opening for a strong, independent society. Last Sunday we had excellent congregations, and no one now doubts concerning our success. The people are correct, — many young men have become interested. This year will be a bright spot in my life, unless things take a very unfortunate turn.

The ministry at Rochester closed with the call to be ordained at Northampton in the following month. The young man made many and dear friendships during his brief stay. Letters which are preserved show with what interest and affection he was regarded. But after repeated writings, interceding with him on the subject of his impending separa-

tion, and complicated correspondence between the two parishes, one wanting him to come and the other wishing him to stay, he finally settled in the beautiful town in the Connecticut valley.

Years after, when the pastor of the Rochester church was preparing the little sketch above alluded to, Dr. Ellis wrote the following letter of reminiscence:—

To Newton M. Mann.

BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., July 7, 1881.

DEAR MR. MANN, — Of Rochester I have only the most delightful memories; and if I were not now intolerably lazy, you would receive from me more than you would know what to do with. I went there in the spring of 1842, at the age of twenty-two, after having had charge of the Unitarian Society in Northampton for some six months. I believe it was understood that I was to remain in your city for a year. Our services were held morning and evening in a small wooden building which belonged to the Christians, and in which they had an occasional meeting, — a meeting that I found an awkwardness in announcing, as they did not like to be called *Christ*-ians, and to say that the *Christians* would have service in the afternoon seemed to imply that it had been occupied in the morning by persons *not* Christians. We were in formation. Messrs. William W.

Allcott and James H. Watts were at once sextons; and, what I am sorry to say, sextons in a more artificial state of society are not always devoted members of the congregation. Our chief singer (I am unable in my ignorance to add whether he was a *basso* or a *tenor*) was Mr. Louis Thies, since dead, — a man of fine artistic tastes as well as a thoroughly taught chemist. I remember buying of him a German copy of Strauss's *Leben Jesu;* he was afterwards in charge of valuable engravings at Harvard College. I think there must be some remaining in Rochester who will recall my noble old host, Dr. Matthew Brown, then seventy years old, one of the founders of your city, a man of large mind and large heart, and of most unstinted hospitality. The house was not many-storied, and what stories there were were very low; but it covered a large piece of ground, and took in a multitude, the Doctor's own household and strangers too; and it was a charming home for all of us, the Doctor's wife and her sister the ruling and regulating powers, and a small boy (who *should* have been called Benjamin, "child of days," but *was* called David) kept us well alive. Rev. Henry Colman, and that dear old lady Mrs. Colman, with others older and younger, were inmates of the house. Mr. Colman, who was at that time editing very successfully an agricultural newspaper, was still very helpful to the raw parson in the way of criticism and good advice and encouragement. The Society did not get much from me, but I got a great deal

from them, — not to be sure in money, though of that I had all I needed, besides the best of homes and friends, — but in fellowship, discipline, and stimulus. I learned to go about in the forming parish, sometimes with the companionship of Mrs. Brown upon her charitable and other errands, and aided by an old white horse, which got us over the ground about as fast as we could have walked. I kept no parish list, unfortunately, and names have faded; but some remain. I will not set them down, because I have a very lively and pleasant recollection of several men and women whose names have gone from me utterly. Allcott, Danforth, and the minister did most of the plotting and planning. The result was a very pleasant house of worship, which was dedicated during my year, and which I had the honor to occupy for several proud Sundays before my return to Northampton. Strongly as I was drawn to Northampton, it was very hard for me to pay no heed to an exceedingly kind invitation to remain in Rochester. I had become very much interested in the people and in the work. My opinions had become a faith, and gained to some extent a tongue. There were some very encouraging elements in the Society. We had worked together; they had made sacrifices, and I was ready to do so had there been any need, as there never was for one who could live at Dr. Brown's as one of his household, and find very agreeable companionship in many other directions, and be heard by an increasing company in a cheerful church twice

a week. There were opportunities too for occasional missionary work in the country around; and I recall the satisfaction it gave me to hear the comment of an old farmer on one of my boyish sermons, — "Yes, he liked that, for he never could believe in a *disappointed* God!" I was very sorry to hear that the house of worship was burned, but trust that it has been replaced by a building which answers your needs. I could wish a young man no better fortune than my year at Rochester; and although I can never regret my ten years at Northampton, I am sure that I should not have made a mistake had I remained in your city, — though as to the effect upon your Society, I would not venture to give an opinion. I am sure that the congregation was animated by a high purpose. . . .

With kindest remembrances to any who may recall me, I am your ante-diluvian, if not pre-Adamite, predecessor and friend,

RUFUS ELLIS.

Miss Maria G. Porter, old in years, eighty or more, "but very young" otherwise, so the editor is informed, and one of those persons so well known and respected as to be called "Aunt Maria," writes as follows: —

The nucleus of the Unitarian Church in Rochester was a group of little more than a dozen persons gathered in the parlors of Dr. Matthew Brown,

and first addressed by Mr. Storer of Syracuse. The newly opened railway had turned a tide of travel westward, and the Unitarian Association found it easy to arrange that ministers on their way to or from Niagara should spend a Sunday with the new-born congregation. Thus it came about that Dr. Farley, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hosmer, and others since prominent in the denomination, occupied the teacher's desk in the small schoolroom which had become their place of meeting. In the absence of such outside help they were always able to fall back upon the cheerfully rendered services of Henry Colman, then a resident of Rochester, and already eminent as preacher and scientist. It was after a year of these desultory services that the little body of Unitarians felt itself strong enough to form a permanent organization, and attempt the building of a church edifice; and it was then that Rufus Ellis, fresh from the Divinity School, was invited to help them in their work. The town had just been swept by the whirlwind of the famous Finney revival, and the community at large looked with mingled amusement and indignation upon the effort to build up a Unitarian church in the existing state of religious feeling. But the time was less unpropitious than it seemed. The enthusiasm of affirmation had bred an enthusiasm of dissent, which naturally rallied about Mr. Ellis. Many consciously out of sympathy with the Orthodox bodies [felt] the influence of the quickened spiritual life about them; and many hitherto

acquiescing members of Presbyterian and Baptist churches were stung to revolt as they heard the dogmas of their creed set forth in the livid eloquence of the great preacher. These, with the handful of original Unitarians and a reinforcement of Hicksite Quakers and Spiritualists, made up a curiously motley assemblage; but it was an earnest and active one. The needed building fund was raised, and within his short pastorate of fifteen months Mr. Ellis had the satisfaction of laying the corner-stone, and witnessing the completion of his people's new church home.

During his stay in Rochester, Mr. Ellis was indefatigable in study and in pastoral work. His ministry was notably directed to the *minds* of his people; and he never missed an opportunity to guide conversation toward intellectual matters, or to recommend books to all who had time or inclination for reading.

His old parishioner remembers him with a deep personal gratitude. She had just been called to assume a heavy burden of troubles, not her own; and Mr. Ellis's ready sympathy was quick to divine the dreariness of her surroundings, and to render her the best of help. Many an afternoon he made a happy holiday for the little nieces of his host, Dr. Brown, by bringing them with him for the long walk, and sat reading and talking for two or three hours together, — leaving behind him a priceless memory of unspoken kindliness and mental stimulus. Family reasons, joined to a half-made promise to the people of Northampton, brought Mr. Ellis's ministry to a

close soon after the completion of the new church; but we know that he left Rochester with heart-felt regret. His successor was Rev. Frederick W. Holland, who came as a temporary supply; but who, finding the foundations laid by the labors of Mr. Ellis so broad and deep, and worthy to be built on, eventually remained through a pastorate of several years.

CHAPTER IV.

1843. ÆT. 23–33.

NORTHAMPTON.

IN some households tradition has handed down certain treasured sayings, which have a rare attraction from their connection with one's kith and kin. To the older members they bring back pleasant memories; to the younger ones they seem to place before them people whom some of them have never seen, but about whose peculiar ways and doings they would like to know more. How delightful to have these lives and characters revealed with all the charm which attends a personal interest in the narrative! Such a service has been done for Northampton. In the days of stage-coaches and post-roads, this old valley town had certain advantages of natural attractiveness and fascinating retirement which modern growth can never supply. It is this pleasant period of its existence

which is associated with the ministry of Rufus Ellis. In her delightful memoir of her mother, already mentioned, Mrs. Lesley tells the story of her native place with a wealth of anecdote and reminiscence which cannot fail to interest even the ultramontane inhabitant.

Rufus Ellis was ordained minister of the Second Congregational Society in Northampton June 7, 1843. J. A. Buckingham, G. E. Ellis, W. B. O. Peabody, Alexander Young, and O. C. Everett took part in the service.

The Unitarian Church in Northampton was formed about the year 1824. Its founders, as was not usually the case in New England parishes, were obliged to leave the old meeting-house and find a new place of worship. At the present time it is hard to realize how much such a separation involved. To give up allegiance to an historic and time-honored institution, under any circumstances, even for the boldest, was a matter for the gravest consideration. The spell of the old religious influences, although seemingly antiquated, could not be dissolved without a great effort. For many years the old meeting-house had been the place of worship for the entire community.

It was the parish which had formerly been ruled by such men as Solomon Stoddard and the famous Jonathan Edwards; it was, in short, the very stronghold of Orthodoxy. Whether in times of great revival, as for instance when Whitefield and Edwards roused the community with their pulpit eloquence, or on more peaceful occasions, the people flocked from far and near to unite in services. On Sundays, both morning and afternoon, the neighbors gathered, — those coming from a distance bringing their dinners with them, and putting up their horses in the sheds which clustered about the old church. Between meetings, secular subjects were broached; remarks about the weather and crops, and various friendly greetings were interchanged between people who did not see each other during the week. Any disturbance of these pleasant relations would be disagreeable. To people of sensitive temperaments the consequences of a severance of church relations would be specially severe, as any "falling from grace," as it was called, rendered the offender liable to discipline and social ostracism. If all other considerations failed, business interests could not but have a deterring influence.

In her memoir of her mother, Mrs. Lesley gives a good account of the state of mind which prevailed at the time. Speaking of the canting Orthodox who made religion so uninviting, and thus made a separation seem more desirable, she says: —

> In revival times, the evidences of conversion were discussed much as the symptoms of a fever would be; and the deep things of God, — the soul's union with Christ, the "obtaining a hope," as it was called, — were banded about without reserve and without joy. In infant schools, babies wept over their "wicked hearts;" and the children in older schools were separated into "sheep and goats," and sat on "anxious seats." If they died early, the little prigs had their memoirs written, in which they implored good old people, who had borne the burden and heat of the day in faith and patience, "*to come to Christ.*"
>
> These things have passed by; the Orthodox of to-day would feel about them as the early Liberal Christian did then.

One who thus studies the situation can realize how the forces had been working for and against a separation; how, for many years prior to the actual severance, a restless and perturbed spirit had been spreading among the better educated and more en-

lightened members of the established body; and how, rather than provoke dissension among the faithful, the dissatisfied brethren preferred to remain in the old organization, true to the church of the fathers. Mrs. Lesley shows that besides these considerations, personal regard for old Parson Williams served to postpone the movement. The old gentleman, who in many ways must have been a reminder of the past, was specially endeared to her father as a friend of his youth.

An opportunity was at last afforded, so it seemed, for some relief. On the occasion of the selection of a colleague for Parson Williams, it was determined to secure an agreement from him to exchange occasionally with some of the Liberal preachers. The man who was settled, Rev. Mark Tucker, entered into such an understanding. The outlook seemed favorable. At the ordination dinner, Judge Lyman, referring pleasantly to the new-comer, exclaimed, "Mark the perfect man!" — not, however, filling out the full quotation. But it soon appeared that the plan which had been so carefully laid and promised so well was doomed to failure. The arrangement for

invitations to some of the more liberal preachers was frustrated through the opposition of a stanch old Orthodox parson — or bishop, as he might be called, as he assumed a certain prelatical control — of the neighboring town of Hadley. If asked to exchange with some minister of the new school, — for instance, Dr. William B. O. Peabody, of Springfield, — or to invite Prof. Henry Ware, of Cambridge, who was at one time staying in Northampton during a vacation, he would find some plausible excuse. "He had no horse," he said, "to drive to Springfield," and if offered one would contrive to avoid the dilemma. Finally it became apparent that this state of things could last no longer. The ties must be broken, gently, but irrevocably.

Mrs. Lesley writes as follows as to the separation. She mentions as "prominent" among the seceders her father (Judge Lyman), and uncle (Judge Howe). She says: —

> All they asked for was the privilege of hearing some ministers of the more Liberal school for six Sundays out of every year, and this privilege the vote of the town gave them; and at the settlement of the Rev. Mark Tucker as colleague to Parson

Williams, it was well understood that this would be the case. But Mr. Tucker declined to exchange with Mr. Peabody, of Springfield, and other Liberal preachers, for the allotted six Sundays; and my father and Uncle Howe, finding remonstrance of no avail, at last "signed off" from the old church, and with a few families who shared their convictions they worshipped for some months in the town hall, hiring a Liberal preacher to minister to them. That it cost them something to part company with old friends and neighbors on a question of such vital importance, who can doubt? Or that the stigma attaching to their views was hard to bear? But my father and Uncle Howe knew what they had undertaken, and why; and having put their hands to the plough, they did not turn back. . . . A friend who was at our house during this period recalls the glow of my mother's face on those beautiful Sunday mornings, when, having finished breakfast with the large family, she called on Hiram to take the horses and carriage and go to the outskirts and gather up a few Liberals who had no means of getting into town; then busied herself to collect the children's silver cups and her old tankards, which she gathered into her large apron and carried to the town hall, to prepare the communion table; how she dusted the table, and then tucked her apron under the seat, and looked round thankfully on the little audience collected to listen to Mr. Hall, and to receive the broken bread of life, — a

real upper chamber, where "two or three were gathered in Christ's name."

The meeting-house of the Second Congregational Church in Northampton was dedicated in 1825, Henry Ware, Jr., then minister of the Second Church in Boston, preaching the sermon. Prior to Mr. Ellis's coming three ministers had been settled; namely, Edward B. Hall, Oliver Stearns, and John S. Dwight. In 1843 the membership was still small, although it continued to include the most prominent families in the place. At times the congregation was noticeably increased by transient worshippers, — for instance, during the sessions of the court, when the judges and some of the lawyers attended service. On one occasion Mr. Ellis writes, —

> The town is full this week, on account of the court session. Judges Shaw, Wilde, and Putnam are in town. They all attend the Unitarian Church.

Northampton was by no means the only town in the Connecticut valley which had felt the new impulse. In 1843 many kindred societies of what had become known as the Unitarian faith existed throughout that re-

gion. Some of them must have had much the same experiences as their Northampton brethren. The numbers, no doubt, would have increased if the opposition had not been so intensely bitter. Such was the case in small places where the Orthodox were vastly in the majority. For instance, in the town of Hadley quite a Liberal sentiment prevailed in several families; but their numbers were so small that no attempt was made to build a meeting-house. Such persons were forced either to go to Northampton, or do without stated worship. The situation in Hadley at this time (1843) was so interesting that it must be briefly mentioned. This town, distant about four miles from Northampton, was the home of Frederic Dan Huntington, — an intimate friend, as before mentioned, of Mr. Ellis, whose father, the Rev. Dan Huntington, formerly an Orthodox minister of Connecticut, had left his church and moved to a farm in Hadley. The elder Mr. Huntington attended worship in Northampton, and occasionally preached for Mr. Ellis. Mr. Ellis sometimes returned the compliment by preaching for him. As no meeting-house for Unitarians existed in Hadley, services were held on Sunday evenings

in the large parlor of the old homestead. The scene was an impressive one. The huge old-fashioned fireplace was heaped up with logs, which, although constantly added to, did not begin to afford sufficient warmth for the great room. A pile of books placed upon the centre-table formed the pulpit. The only light besides what the fire furnished was afforded by some beef or mutton-tallow candles. At frequent intervals the light from the candles would flicker and grow dim, and Mr. Huntington would rise and trim the wicks. In this quaint but solemn fashion the evening worship would be conducted.

To the question, "What was the theological position of Mr. Ellis at the beginning of his ministry in Northampton," no decided answer can be given. Few young preachers of twenty-four years of age, of active and growing minds, who are not bound by strict denominational ties, can be settled in their belief. That such was the position of Mr. Ellis is apparent from entries in his diary at this period, although the drift of his thought was perhaps in a conservative direction.

In "October, 1843," is the following entry in his journal: —

These scribblings of mine are like angels' visits. Here I am writing again after the lapse of almost a year. I have been now for four months the settled minister of the Second Congregational Church in N.; and please God, I hope to further, in some degree, its spiritual concerns.

I am desirous of doing more to improve myself intellectually and spiritually, and to carry forward my Society. Surely I have time, and some strength; but I labor under a constant anxiety, and do nothing easily. . . . However, I hope to improve. Nature is sweet and powerful here, and I may derive rich lessons from her. . . .

Between this entry and the one which follows there is a gap of nearly two years. During this period Mr. Ellis was married. His wife's maiden name was Gertrude Louisa Blake. She was the daughter of Colonel Henry Jones Blake, of Brattleboro', Vt., and Gertrude Bleeker Truax, of Albany, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by his brother George, at the house of Mr. Edward Clarke, — an uncle by marriage of Miss Blake, — on Round Hill, Northampton, on Thursday, Oct. 2, 1845.

He writes in his diary, Nov. 4, 1845: —

Where precisely do I stand now in matters theological? This is getting to be a pressing question

with me every day; yet it is a more important inquiry, Where do I stand in matters religious and moral?

November 5. . . . Calls upon Messrs. Huntington and Lyman. Indications of liberalism among the Orthodox; tendency of the reform movements to liberalize these sectarians; failure of the movement against the college; our popular lectures, and some more local affairs discussed.

November 20. I must make a record in my journal for future use, in the hope that at some future time it may be a source of satisfaction. By and by I shall come to it, not just at present. Yesterday I attended an Orthodox installation. Such services are still held; not yet has Calvinism breathed its very last, though the life one witnesses seems decidedly galvanic.

In 1843 the Unitarian Society in Northampton had been established nineteen years, so that the friction which the separation from the older Congregational body had caused had become considerably lessened. Naturally conservative in many ways, without being in the least timid, the split in the Congregational body did not disturb the pleasant relations which Mr. Ellis held as a man and a brother with his more Orthodox brethren. They recognized his intellectual and moral weight

and influence, if they did not subscribe to his religious tenets.

One of his old Northampton parishioners (Mrs. C. H. B. Laing), at the age of eighty-six, tells the following story as showing how curiously regard, if not affection, for the pure character of the man was blended with concern for his spiritual welfare. In a letter which she writes to the widow of Dr. Ellis, after alluding in affectionate words to her old pastor, Mrs. Laing says: —

> And then there are other scenes in which memory plays a part, when we were all under our dear Mrs. Thayer's pleasant roof-tree, where we were brought sometimes in close contact with many amusing scenes. Poor Miss Jane Welsh! — her eccentricities, however, not greater than her real goodness, only perhaps more *palpable.* I need not repeat them, — your own memory will suffice; as, for instance, seeing Mr. Ellis one Sunday, in a heavy snow-storm and bleak wind, with his high boots ploughing his way through the deep drifts to preach at the poor-house, she exclaimed, as she watched him through that everlasting eye-glass, "What a good man, — how kind!" Then adding, with a sigh, "Well, I hope I shall see Mr. Ellis a *Christian before I die!*"

Still, rebuffs must have been occasionally encountered from some of the more intense

Orthodox. It has been said of one old disciple of Jonathan Edwards's church, that, if he was forced to go by the Unitarian meeting-house, so strong was his prejudice, he would turn his head in the opposite direction.

One of the great events in Northampton "in old times" was the Fourth of July picnic. This occasion brought together all the people whom every one knew. The whole affair was conducted in a simple, primitive fashion, but with an unconstrained dignity and charm of manner. The following account describes a gathering which took place somewhat earlier than the period we are dealing with, but still close enough to have a bearing on it. It was written by Mrs. Laing (who furnished the story about Mr. Ellis given on the previous page). The full narrative, — from which extracts only are here taken, — is headed, "A Fourth of July Tea-Party in Northampton in 1823." It appeared in print in the form of a letter, dated at Bridgeton, N. J., June 27, 1876, to be sold for the benefit of a fair which was held in Northampton:

Ah, a scene of sylvan beauty indeed it was, this Fourth of July Tea-Party on Round Hill, ere the ruthless axe swept from its slopes the ancient oaks

and chestnuts, and when only three white cottages (the Shepherds') crowned its summit. Here and there pretty bowers were formed by saplings planted in the green turf, wreathed with garlands of evergreens and roses, while festoons of the same, leaping from tree to tree, filled the air with their spicy odors. Within these pretty bowers the tables were set forth. Oh, such cakes as were here displayed! You never saw the like, though you may think you have,—all a mistake, S. Not from any confectioner's were these cakes procured; no, indeed! Each loaf of luscious composite was stirred in rivalry by the fair hands of Northampton belles, each vying with her sister belle in producing the most beautiful. Indeed, it hath been affirmed, and without dispute, that in the olden time, for several days before the dawning of the glorious Fourth, the swift stirrings of wooden spoons and the clatter of beating eggs could be heard from the far end of "Licking Water" even to the Old Bridge! Behind these tables stand the young lady managers of this rural fête. They are robed in pure white, with wreaths of glossy oak-leaves. What sweet girls they are,—all in the fresh bloom of youth and happiness! There is Sarah Storrs, bright and witty; Mary and Jane Lyman, the beautiful daughters of Judge Lyman; Mary Butler, her sweet face suffused with blushes as she receives and returns the greetings of the visitors, duly introduced by the young men acting as managers or ushers. . . . There stands Jerusha Clarke, prompt to the occasion;

Mary Snow, the charming Mary Fiske, and Maria Fowle complete the group.

Mrs. Laing then proceeds to mention the numerous other well-known people of the day. Among the young men, Dwight Lyman, J. H. Butler, and S. F. Lyman; "Miss Smith from Hatfield," "Judge Lyman and his queenly lady;" "the stately Madame Dwight and her daughters Susan and Mary Ann;" Margarette Dwight, and "Mr. and Mrs. Elijah H. Mills, with their laughter-loving, witty daughters, Sally and Helen." "Ah, here is Miss Polly Pomeroy, — the very type of propriety." Others mentioned are Judge Hinckley and Mrs. Hinckley, Judge Howe and Mrs. Howe, with daughter Susan; Mrs. William Butler, her daughter Mrs. Whitney, and Elizabeth and Mary Butler; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac C. Bates, and daughters Hetty, Martha, and Theresa; Miss Dolly Fowle and brother Nat. Many other names familiar to old Northampton residents occur, — Wright, Strong, Hunt, Shepherd, Seeger, Parson Williams, May, Stoddard, Upham, Whitney, Clapp, Flint, Long, Stebbins, and Tappan, — calling to mind pleasant reminiscences.

Hadley, too, has sent hither its representatives. Here are the Huntingtons and Phelpses. Amherst delegates a sprinkling of grave professors and divinity students; while Hatfield and Easthampton are well represented by fair matrons and blooming maidens.

But now the feast begins. Coffee, tea, and lemonade are passed around on dainty waiters; those rich loaves of cake, so beautifully ornamented with the choicest blossoms, and which but now called forth the admiration of all, attest their charms to be not all outside show. Hark to the cheerful clatter of silver and china! Hark to the merry laughter! Ah, see! the sun is already sinking behind the trees, and the west hangs out a glorious Fourth of July banner to receive him. Now from yonder arbor, the tree-tops dancing in the golden haze, music discourses eloquently, — not in *operatic hifalutins*, but the spirited *tweedle dums* and *dees*, long drawn out, which stir the *soul*, and answering *soles* respond, for already the feet of the listeners are beating time on the soft green sward; the little ones, hand in hand, are flitting in and out among the trees; the young men are bowing to the girls, — off they trip "on the light fantastic toe." Catching the infection, the elder guests now rise to the occasion. Upon my word, Judge Lyman steps up to Miss Polly Pomeroy! She shakes her head with a half-reproving glance. Ah, that look is inimitable, and, taking the arm of Deacon Stoddard, she turns from temptation.

But the Judge has found a partner in pretty Helen Mills, while Mrs. Lyman sails "down outside and up the middle" with the courtly senator, Mr. Bates. Now nearly all are dancing, and even the staid toes of the Tappans might have been seen to twitch and turn, and Parson Williams's cane and little legs go off together, as if the good man remembered that David *danced* before the Lord. Faster and faster old Primus plies the fiddle-bow, and faster and faster fly the twinkling feet of the dancers, until soft twilight spreads her dewy mantle. Then, at a given signal, the gay measure changes to the "Bangor March;" the guests and their charming entertainers fall in line, and two and two proceed through the darkening avenues which lead from Round Hill to Elm Street, scarcely less embowered, and then on to Warner's Tavern, where a dance will close the festivities of this Fourth of July Tea-Party of *Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-three*. . . .

Other Fourth of July parties, upon Round Hill, in Mr. Bates's lot, ditto Lewis Strong's, were most pleasant gatherings; but the old-fashioned *Tea-Party* died out, I believe, about the year 1830 or 1831. Charming, to be sure, were the gatherings formed upon the old framework; no word shall be whispered against them. . . .

Mr. Ellis was settled at Northampton on a salary of six hundred dollars a year. As he wrote, when he received the call, "it will

support a single gentleman like myself." Such a small amount was, of course, insufficient for a married man. In order to make both ends meet, he was obliged to give private instruction. On Dec. 12, 1845, he writes to his brother George, —

> I had no difficulty in obtaining him [a pupil]. I only wrote to Dr. Walker, expressing a willingness to receive pupils, and presently this young man made application. If I could *always* have one with me, it would add materially to my *means*, as Uncle Rufus calls them.

He received no increase in his salary while at Northampton until 1848, when it was raised to eight hundred dollars, so that he was compelled during all this period to have pupils, — one at least, and sometimes more, the highest number at any given time being four, — to eke out his scanty means. A remark made many years after, that during his Northampton residence he "wrote his sermons while rocking the cradle," was hardly a figure of speech. It was no easy task to live respectably, but the young minister stood the test, "tried as by fire."

Although tenacious of old customs and

institutions, when his heart was stirred by what he felt to be wrong, although concealed under the form of law, he did not hesitate to fight the evil. An instance of what it cost in those days to preach on "a great moral question" is found in the objection made to an antislavery sermon. It is interesting to note that his views on this subject did not vary as years advanced, for during the Anthony Burns excitement, when called upon, among other Boston ministers, to offer prayer for the release of the slave, he did not hesitate to comply. He was found fault with in later life, in Boston, by an indignant listener for a sermon which he preached on this vital question.

Six years after his Northampton ministry began, signs of a growing conservatism are apparent: —

5th June [1849]. At this season, six years ago, I entered upon the work of the ministry at this place. My old friend and classmate Washburn, who as an Orthodox licentiate preached for me the Sunday previous, but has since become an Episcopal clergyman, is now in town; so that everything conspires to bring back that first month of the first year of my ministry. It is fitting that one should restate to himself the object which this ministry proposes,

and inquire earnestly how far it has been secured, and make such corrections and such resolutions as may seem to be required. I am here, sustained by this community, to be a witness for Christian truth; to labor for the development of Christian life, the inward and the outward; to awaken in my own heart and to call out in the hearts of others the feelings, the thoughts, the experiences, the works of the Gospel. So far as I devotedly labor for this end I am faithful to my calling; I am not laboring merely for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. There is a life which is hidden with Christ in God; there is a tone of thought and feeling which can spring only from the Gospel, which is sadly lacking, the need of which we all of us are more or less sensible of; we seek to put ourselves in living connection with Jesus, to gain from him convictions, hopes, spiritual experiences of all sorts. Thus much I believe that I have gained. I see this object more distinctly; my work seems to be concentrated; I can perceive my mark; I can point my arrows more steadily; I can concentrate my efforts more completely. I believe, too, that this matter of preaching grows to be a more earnest business with me. I more constantly find myself asking in my preparations for the services of the sanctuary, "Will this quicken, will this edify?" Beyond thus much, I can hardly go. Must it not necessarily be a work of time; can the edifice of a Christian character be raised in a moment? Yet,

alas! I have not labored as I ought to have done; and if God spares me yet another year I will, with His blessing, so labor that the past shall seem all idleness and waste.

Heavenly Father, help thy poor weak child, through the blessed Son of Thy love, to grow into the Christian life; to love Thee with an unchanging love; to cleave unto the good, to mortify appetite and pride, to conquer every sinful affection, and to build up in his heart the kingdom of truth and love. Let it be my continual prayer. Let me have faith to offer it with deep earnestness, and let me never grow weary. Open Thou the hearts of my congregation to receive sweet Christian influences; and let not Thy word, either through the sluggishness of Thy servant or through the hardness and coldness of the hearers, return unto Thee void!

Among the letters which are selected, either on account of some special interest or as characteristic of the man, those which are written to two dear Northampton parishioners have much attraction. There is a peculiar charm about some of them, and a certain vein of humor which occasionally reveals itself. For the sake of the glimpse which they afford of his early life and work in the ministry, they are invaluable: —

To Miss Julia Clarke.[1]

NORTHAMPTON, 10th Feb., 1846.

Gertrude is very busy polishing her weapons and girding on her armor for a tea-fight, which there is reason to believe will be terribly severe. Yet she is very desirous of imposing a burden upon you, and a letter containing her request must be written this very morning. You must then put up with one from me, and summon what philosophy may be at your command for enduring infliction. She wishes that you would purchase for Society purposes some shades of embroidering cotton (such as has been used for collars: I am very particular, for of course you cannot guess or imagine anything about it); to wit, two shades of one color; to wit, again, two shades of pink or cherry, the darkest not very dark, the lightest not very light (I beg you to understand that this is *not* my phraseology; I never wrote anything so positively barbarous and utterly obscure in all my life); two shades of blue; two of any other shades which you may think pretty, — purple, perhaps. The cotton should be *coarser*, if possible, than what we have purchased here. It is for working *caps*, — caps for *young* people, unmarried, married, or widowed. They are very lovely caps, indeed perfect loves of caps: I have seen one, and think that if it had been done up I should have

[1] Miss Clarke was at this time absent from Northampton on a visit in Boston. — ED.

admired it more than Miss Welch's turban. It is proposed that Miss W. receive several specimens. Gertrude has rushed into the kitchen, leaving these wearisome messages and also her love for you, for H., for S.; also a rebuke for writing nonsense, which I am endeavoring to bear with much Christian patience, — "For what merit is it if when ye are buffeted for your faults —" I hope that you are enjoying a great deal; I hope also that you will select soon another sphere of enjoyment, — viz., this village, — and that you will bring with you H. and S., to whom and to all my flock, scattered abroad, please to give my love. Gertrude has returned, and is annoying me so that I am compelled to stop.

[On the back of this letter, where it is folded, is the following, in G. L. E.'s handwriting: —

DEAR JULIA, — I think you must understand what I want. The shades must be the *middle* ones, — those that will *contrast* prettily together, as they are worked together. In *great haste*, in the midst of *cake-making*.]

To Miss Julia Clarke.

[NORTHAMPTON], Sunday Eve'g, Nov. 22, [1846].

You perhaps think that I have forgotten you, but if you will think again you will see that to write a letter to a friend after a long interval is really a

greater evidence of remembrance than to write after short periods and at stated times. So instead of being provoked, you can easily feel flattered. My epistolary visits of late, as I must confess, are angelic in one sense; but as it cannot be avoided, I will say no more about it. — I have just had a visit from Mr. Samuel Lyman, and am now entirely alone (the little governor above has summoned away his mother in the hope of getting a concluding swig of his own and only beverage), reviewing what has happened since your sincerely regretted departure, and endeavoring to fill myself full of the spirit of the place that I may write a genuine Northampton, and bring you for a few moments back into the old, dear, familiar streets. It is a warm November, not a bit Thanksgivingy; indeed, the weather is so inappropriate to the season that I doubt whether turkeys can with propriety be slain. So little has occurred of public interest that I shall [be] compelled to go abroad for the subject of a Thanksgiving sermon, and shall introduce it upon the plea that it is well for us to know and form opinions about what is going on in the world. — I believe that nothing has fallen down since you left except two or three trees, our chief property, and perhaps a fence or so; but as the trees were needed for fire-wood, and as the fences fortunately fell inward, the public highways are not obstructed. In Hadley they have had a fire, which, everything considered, is a good investment, since it will furnish a subject for winter

tea-fights, and thereby save more than $3000 worth of ennui. The Old Church people have heard an Abolition sermon at last from a stranger minister, and it came near convulsing them unto the death; but Mr. Swift affirms that he did not know what the Angel of the Church intended to preach, so they cannot scold him. They are obliged to take it out in wishing that they had left the house, which several would have done if several others had done the same. Mr. Strong, however, did not go. The Abolitionists seem to be getting into the way of coming here, and if they keep it up, there is no telling what will be the consequences. — Some few persons have been married, but as they have all left town except Dr. Underwood with his bride, we are not much enlivened. The said Underwood I had the pleasure of meeting this morning, conducting his bride to the Baptist Church, in a stiffly graceful manner, the bride's face very red and her bonnet very white. By the way, speaking of marriages, I united two hands — and for aught I know, two hearts — the other day at Hutchins's, with plenty of cake, and, what to me was the most striking feature in the case, in consideration of $3.00 fee. No matches have been made to my knowledge since your departure, and you have accordingly lost nothing in that respect. Rosella has become Mrs. Baker, and was informed by the Rev. Mr. Crane, who believes that everybody should be dipped in order to recommend himself to God, that life is full of

responsibilities, — a sentiment which he repeated and variously illustrated through the whole of his exercise.[1] In the way of preaching you have lost nothing, as I have not had a fresh thought since you left. You know already that we are enjoying a visit from Catherine Delano, and so though it is the most important fact at present in our life, I have not written about it till now. I wish that you could see Mrs. D. She is more lovely than ever; she has grown womanly, without any airs or graces. — Gertrude says that she wishes to add something, so I must stop, though I have not begun, and have told you nothing. You know that I miss you all sadly, and wish most heartily that this were a sort of place for people to stay in. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

[NORTHAMPTON, April 4, 1847.]

[This letter begins at the end of another letter on the same sheet, from Mrs. Ellis.]

I am fairly driven into a corner, but I can have my revenge by spreading my scrawls over the whole sheet, and annexing any amount of the paper to be

[1] The bride on the last occasion mentioned had been maid-of-all-work in the Ellis household. In this arduous position Rosella had performed excellent service. She belonged to a race of women of native stock, so common in New England families of half a century ago, but now dying out if not extinct, who gave to the word "help" as a synonym for domestic labor a dignity and value which has since diminished. — ED.

converted to my own uses. . . . I am sorry that the Somerville did not prove more luminous; but it is really a difficult book, and contains the essence of many sciences. A book of results, without much statement of processes, is always exceedingly difficult. This is one reason why the Bible — [incomplete sentence]. But then there is a great satisfaction in feeling that every inch gained is clear gain; as I am writing to one who may be supposed to be interested in house-keeping, and who to my certainly [certain] knowledge makes very interesting gingerbread and tarts altogether fascinating, I will venture to say that it is like eating plum-cake to read such a book, — on the whole more satisfactory, though it be difficult of digestion, than the mount of sponge which must be compressed into the throat before one can get the value of a square inch of the wedding-article. You are not troubled, at all events, when you read Mrs. Somerville with the reflection that you have been seeking two grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. I found that the book was much more intelligible upon a second reading. — Have you heard of the "Nucleus," so called, — a gathering of spirits chosen at least, if not choice, at Mrs. Hopkins's for the purpose of hearing original compositions of strictly domestic manufacture, prepared by members of the same Nucleus and copied by Miss Martha Cochran? Well, whether you have heard of it or not, — and it is natural to suppose that one so retired as yourself will lose the run of what is going forward

in our gay world, — there *is* a Nucleus, and pieces, some of which were very good, have been read, not without a healthy influence as we trust upon the minds of Northampton literati and literatæ. I have promised to furnish something, and have already pretended to fulfil my promise; that is, I sent a sort of imitation of a piece. Should my ideas prove dull, you will take pity and send somewhat which I may enter upon the book as by me furnished if not prepared. It is a very useful thing. We had one beautiful piece of poetry by Mrs. Smith, I believe (Dr. Allen's daughter), on Retzsch's "Game of Life." It was prepared long ago, but was none the worse for that. I fear that writers will soon be lacking; it is so *busy* a place that few persons can do much about anything of the kind. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

New York, 15 Dec., 1848.

I hope that fogs and darkness will not prevent this humble little scrap of paper from coming into Mr. Bullen's hands. It *is* foggy, yet boats do sail, as your very welcome note proves. We are very much obliged to your mother and yourself for your visits to the parsonage. I never felt more at ease about home, our letters have been so satisfactory. I am very glad that you have succeeded in finding the ground pine; it is so sad to abandon an old practice (if it's a good one), and I should be especially sorry not to have the church dressed this year, when we are

beginning anew, as it were. We are to go over to Brooklyn to-day to dine with the Lymans, who very kindly invited us to pass our time with them. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

NORTHAMPTON, 12 Feb., 1849.

If you have made up your mind by this time that my hatred of pen and ink is greater than my affection for you, you must immediately avail yourself of a woman's privilege and change, unmake, your mind. Another Monday must not pass without its letter to Oswego, — another Monday, when the minister is revenged upon the people, and lounges in his study while they prevent the morning, reeking at the tubs; a day whose sun ever rises amidst steam, and shoots its rays damply through ranks of wet cloth, — for the poetry of calling all cloth *linen* is altogether too imaginative for an unpoetical person like myself. . . . Since you left us we have enjoyed one festive meeting, and one only, of which those upon whom you depend for Court intelligence have probably given an account, with full particulars of the dresses, etc. Gertrude, I believe, appeared in nothing more original or *prononcé* than a wedding-dress which you may have seen, and about the color and cut of which you are probably better informed than I am. Even the sewing-circles droop, and it requires all of Mrs. Partridge's size to make the room seem full. . . . I was glad to hear Luther say to-day that

Harriet had been to hear Mrs. Pierce Butler, — managed to squeeze in, for the press is great. What a treat it must be to hear her go through with a whole play, personating, so far as tone and manner will enable, each character! I am almost tempted to go to Boston to hear her, and should certainly do so if I could connect with it an agency for some "cause" sufficiently popular to meet my expenses. I had no idea till I heard Vandenhoff read what reading can effect, what it can do for a poem or an oration. Why are not people taught to use their voices? Perhaps because we have only some dozen competent instructors for these I forget how many dis- United States. If Northampton were Lenox, one might perhaps hear Mrs. Butler read next summer; as it is, we must be content with descriptions of her reading. Please say to Mrs. Fisher that they are all well at Hadley, to judge from the representation at church yesterday. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

PHILLIPS PLACE, 14 Dec., 1849.

. . . Your kinswoman, Miss Ann Clarke, is delivering her course of historical lectures to houses, or rooms, which are not crowded. They are pretty well written, and very good compends; but it is very plain that no one but a Macaulay could make much of the history of the world in twelve lectures. There is necessarily a preponderance of dates, always dry, and in this case not imbedded in sugar. Miss Ann is a

remarkably well-informed woman, and must have labored very hard. She is not doing this for money, but for the public good. I believe that with the exception of these lectures you are losing nothing by your absence from town. — Thanksgiving passed over our heads much as usual, — a happy day for eight; a sad day for two out of ten. There were several people at church; a new sermon was written and preached and laid aside forever, or until some irreverent child some spare day takes it into his head to burn up some of father's old papers, and quietly commits it to the fire with the remark that "he was well enough for his day, but a precious dull old fellow." The next feast-day is Christmas. We are not to have the church dressed, and I am of course very sorry, but I see that it is out of the question. Many parents (if the word "many" be in place in speaking of our circle) feel that it is a great exposure to work in the church, and we are not very strong-handed this year. I mean, however, to have a service, if I must give up the outward accompaniments. The children are to have a Christmas-tree on the Hill, and this will make an occasion for them. We ought all of us to have a week of holidays, including Christmas and New Year; but it is vain to expect this until the country is settled, and all the water-powers put to a good use for mill-seats, which will not be in my day, though you may live to see it. If the Transcend[ent]alists are right, Christmas will be entirely *passé* by that time, and we shall have

only festivals of Reason, Humanity, Love, Labor, etc., with the Genius of Cheap Postage as a substitute for Saint Nicholas. One cannot help thinking that it will be very hard to explain such things to children; they will not gain much by the change. A little mythology is a great thing for them; an angel or even a fairy is a positive blessing. I hope that besides the abundance of sentiment you will realize a good store of Christmas presents. You had better say to H. that nothing is so pleasant as the free use of such symbols, and that you have not prolonged your visit for nothing. — All your friends are well, with the exception of Miss Martha Cochran, who is only slowly recovering from an attack of bleeding. Old Mr. Fowle is, I am sorry to say, gradually failing, though he seems comfortable. The Joys are absent. "Harrison and Helen" will, I suppose, go soon. Mrs. Lyman is in Cincinnati, and in fact nobody will remain except myself, Fanny Huntington (perhaps), Charles Partridge the organ-blower, and Mr. Wetherell.[1] A hand-organ for the winter and the key of the church left with me might reduce our church establishment, and save a great deal of trouble. — If Gertrude were writing to you, which she cannot by reason of a very heavy cold, she would say that "I had the Society last Wednesday, and a pretty full meeting; missed you very much; found Miss Henrietta Shepherd a great help; sponge-cake not so good as usual, because I must

[1] The sexton.

needs try to improve upon well-enough and make it in a new way from what I had been accustomed to; biscuits only so-so, coffee very good; Miss Henrietta's sewing-class present and enjoyed it; worked for Mrs. Keating's children and for the poor generally; expect to see a variety of little folks walking about in the old singing-gallery curtains, — picturesque enough, and not entirely free from the taint of sectarianism."[1] More she would doubtless say, but you must wait to hear it from her own lips.

We are busy at home upon Shakspeare, these long evenings, and mean to read "Shirley" when it comes along in the Club. It is said to be very good; but you have no doubt read it long ago. Say to James with my love, which I hope he will share (as there is enough for all) with his wife and child, that he will soon be able to possess a memoir of his father, published by the American Unitarian Association.[2] I hope that he will not estimate the value of the publication or the amount of labor which has been given to it, by the small price at which it will be sold. The price is made low in order to secure a large circulation. I hope that the little book, when it comes out, will secure his approbation. I should be sorry to destroy the effect of such an excellent life by poorly telling the tale.

[1] At the suggestion of some economical person, this material was used in making children's dresses. — Ed.

[2] Memoir of Judge Howe, by R. E. — Ed.

To Mrs. Susan I. Lesley.

NORTHAMPTON, 9 April, 1850.

Your account of "Aunt Kitty's" scepticism is exceedingly shocking and almost incredible. That she should withhold her assent from the arcana of Arkism, and decline believing in the genealogy of "Ride a Cock Horse" constitute an extreme of Rationalism for which I am wholly unprepared. If such cases are multiplied, we shall have a new Deluge, a new Ark and Arkism, from which there will be no getting away. Please say to her that the steps of decline are rapid and sure from disbelief in Arkism to disbelief in the Ark, then on to disbelief in Noah, then the Deluge, then the Antediluvians, then the Creation, then Chaos. She must n't begin. Stick to it that two and two make five, if necessary, rather than run any risks of a sceptical tendency. I hope that she will yield to these arguments without weighing them, — weighing them might do mischief.

[The letter then proceeds, among other things, to express a wish that Mrs. Lesley may come to Northampton and bring her mother, Mrs. Lyman, with her.]

Since your hegira, she [Mrs. Lyman] has been mainly a wanderer, though by no means a vagabond. We should be glad to have her find rest again, and find it here, which is said to be the restingest place

in all the world, each one of the inhabitants being as seven sleepers run into one. Will she not at least procure herself a snug cottage builded, and establish herself not as a temporary but as a permanency in this valley? And which way are you to turn your steps? Will Mr. Lesley settle again over an Orthodox Society? Would he like a Union Society? I heard of two parishes in Wilton, N. H., who are thinking of giving up their independent organization and coming together (the one is Unitarian, the other Orthodox) under a liberal Orthodox clergyman, — a man without any violent *isms*. Such things are exceedingly difficult, in these days, to manage; but perhaps such an arrangement might suit Mr. Lesley. Are they to have Orthodox preaching of the old stamp in his pulpit at Milton hereafter? Will his particular friends retain their connection with the parish? Is Liberalism growing? We are hidebound enough up here. Every spring Orthodoxy is galvanized afresh by a revival, and for some time it looks very much like a living creature; but the acids will lose their power soon, and the churches will have rest. . . .

To J. Peter Lesley.

NORTHAMPTON, 4 Dec., 1850.

I hoped from week to week that I might have something encouraging to write you about lecturing here; but the time slipped on and nothing "turned up," as Mr. Wilkins Micawber would say, and after

so long an interval it seemed to be almost an absurdity to write about the matter at all. The sight of a notice of an intended lecture by yourself in a Springfield paper has "recalled me to a sense of my duty under the Constitution," and I am endeavoring accordingly to lay the ghost of a neglected duty. We are to have no lectures this winter. An effort to establish a reading-room seems to have exhausted all the energies and funds of the old town. I am sorry, for lectures during the winter are a sort of bond to connect us with the rest of the world, an additional reason for keeping the track free from snow. Gertrude joins me in urging you, first, to bring Susan with you when you come to Springfield; second, to come to Northampton with her when you have done your work there. It will give us much pleasure to have a visit from you, that we may see with our own eyes that Susan is indeed restored to health. I do not care to have such a matter at all *mythical.* If you feel any inclination, without Susan (should she not be able to leave home), to spend a part [of] your time in Northampton, it will give us much pleasure to see you. Our prophet's chamber stands open for your use at any hour, and we shall gladly hear your prophecies. Indeed, it will hardly be respectful to Susan's native place to come within eighteen railroad miles of it, and give it the go-by. Besides, there is a vast deal here, of furniture and of folks, that must have come out of the Ark, and of course must throw a great deal of light upon Arkism.

Indeed, I think the Ark must have rested in Lone Town (a place which is well known to Susan), and I should n't be surprised if it were there now. Indeed, we are thoroughly Oriental in this neighborhood. You need not go out of town to be introduced to Bildad the Shuhite, or Eliphaz the Temanite, and numberless others, whose names, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah? — I hope that you have learned from Fillmore's Message — the only good thing in it — that postage is to be "three cents," with a prospect of "two cents."

The children are flourishing, becoming strong and skilful far beyond their judgments and consciences, — a troublesome state of things, for which I can find no satisfactory explanation in any body of divinity. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

PHILLIPS PLACE, 26 Dec., 1851.

. . . The chances are that you will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing Kossuth. Certainly he is a man of mark, and argues his points with great skill, and has the power of magnetizing all that come within his reach. His speech to the ladies I especially admired. Whether it is quite consistent for us to go into any crusade for liberty the world over, considering our three millions of slaves at home; whether it would not be competent for Austria on her part to send aid to these three

millions, — are matters to be thought of; and yet when a great case is pending I would not be over-nice in this way, and can well understand that in accomplishing his great end he should deal with us not according to our practice, but rather according to our professions. Boston has been very slow to welcome Kossuth, but I think that when he reaches the Bostonians, they too will be magnetized. I cannot understand how any one in the physical condition which his is described as being can do the work that he does, — especially how a man with such a chest can talk day and night and keep the breath of life in him. The last movement in France will, I think, help him on the whole, for it reveals a state of things such as he described. — You asked me sometime ago whether a third volume of the Life of Chalmers had been published. There is such an one; it has been out, I should think, about a month. I have it, but have not read it, as I had an opportunity to lend the same until I should have more leisure. It looked very interesting. If you fall in with Carlyle's Life of Sterling, you cannot do better than to read it from first to last. It is in his best vein, and is infinitely amusing. His description of Coleridge and of his talk is perfect, though the bigoted admirers of C. would be annoyed by it excessively, I should say. Carlyle heard Sterling preach twice; his description of the last time reminded me in one particular of scenes nearer home. He says that the church was so thin that you could

have fired a musket in almost any direction and not have slain a Christian life. Verily in us also are the words fulfilled! You know that I am not very exclusive in my tastes, and will not be surprised to learn that I have also been interested in reading a book as different from the last named as the biography of Mary Lyon, by President Hitchcock and others. She seems to me to have been a very remarkable woman; and although there must have [been] many disagreeable oddities about her, and she never (an unpardonable fault in a woman) succeeded in dressing herself tastefully, yet I could not but admire her piety, her intellectual earnestness, and her energetic advocacy of the Mt. Holyoke enterprise. That ever I should have come to admire the principal (there is no need in her case of hunting up a feminine appellative) of the Pangynaskeon! but to such things we do all come. — I can give you no news of home, because you undoubtedly have it all now. I can only say that the family are not frozen up, which is partly to be ascribed doubtless to their new stove. Do you ever see William Atkinson? Will you say to him, if you should meet him, that I did not write anything in reply to his last note because I could not write anything satisfactory. . . . Ask H., should you fall in with "Sterling," to read *his* letter to *his* mamma, when at the age of twelve, and imagine A. writing such an one. I hope the new house is warm. Warmth! I begin, much as I hate heat, to long for summer; for I spend

most of the time in the night getting up in a cold room to bring water to the children. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

NORTHAMPTON, 19 Jan., 1852.

Your prompt response to my letter deserved and ought to have received a prompt rejoinder; but it is just as well to be able to feel that one has not had every debt duly paid, and that the world and one's friends are a little behindhand in reciprocation. Certainly it is better so than the other way; and if I have done aught to secure for you merit of supererogation, why you must be greatly obliged to me. We are all recovered from colds; every creature that ought to be asleep within these four walls is blessedly reposing without the aid of any paregoric. Gertrude is absorbed in the cover of something or other, and the moment is very favorable for an epistolary effort, — not to add, what, if you are posted up in the almanac, you will at once discover from the date above, that it is Monday, Hannah's day of labor, *par excellence*, and my day of rest. If it has snowed and blowed in Brookline as it has snowed and blowed here, the best wish I can utter for you is this, — that you have some one to shovel you all out. We have rejoiced in snowy Sundays, until the people, accustoming themselves to the inclement weather, and longing, I suppose, to look upon the face of man and the bonnet of woman, do actually make a very

respectable appearance in those outer regions of the church, which to you and me — we being supposed to be without eyeglass or spectacles — are invisible from the pulpit. I suppose that most any Sunday, should I happen to enter from the cellar or lecture-room, or what not below, I should probably, unaided by spectacles, retire again by the same way, with the impression that the last worshipper had at length decided to worship at home. — Sarah has informed you, I presume, that Northampton is "gay" again. Every week we have select dances, but as Gertrude does not go into society, and probably will not again until her daughter is to be "brought out," and as I do not dance, we shall probably not join them. Lectures commence to-morrow, drifts permitting, with one from Professor Silliman, which will no doubt be very learned, and undoubtedly also very dull. I hope it will be, for some of our good people flout at such brilliant persons as Giles and Whipple, and profess to hanker after the substantial and scientific. Now, almost all scientific lectures are to the great mass of hearers awfully dull, and the only amusing thing about it is to see them trying to look enjoyment and believe enjoyment, when they are mystified and muddled and wearied out, and pinching their poor unoffending persons most unmercifully in the hope of keeping themselves awake to the end. I am happy to know that the lecture which he intends to deliver will be two hours in length, though he kindly intimates that he gives his hearers

at the close of the first hour — merciful man! — a chance to retire quietly. I am sorry to add that the scientific character of the lecture will be somewhat mitigated by descriptions of the mummy cities Herculaneum and Pompeii. I hope he will give the length and breadth of everything in feet and inches (I so dote upon facts), and that we shall have everything according to the precise point of compass. We are to have Dr. J. V. C. X. Y. Smith (a connection of yours, I believe). I hoped that he would lecture upon the eye, the ear, or the nose, upon bugs or the like; but — misguided mean [man]! — he means I believe to talk about Palestine. In fact, it is n't one man in a thousand who can make a scientific lecture interesting. I have heard, by compulsion, hundreds of them, and am profoundly ignorant in matters of science, after all. . . . Do you indulge in a Lyceum in Brookline? Is n't Mr. Emerson delivering a new course? I should like to hear *them;* they are not scientific, I am sure. Do you see "To-day"? I should think that it might be quite interesting, and if it comes up to the "Literary World" must be well worth reading. I hope that if you see Atkinson, to whom I have written recommending Harrison's house, you will do your uttermost to set forth the advantages of Northampton as a place of residence. I should greatly enjoy having him here, and I think that they would be delightful additions to our circle. Try to urge it on, with your accustomed energy. — Little Gertrude, some one has

said, is to look like our good friend Maria W., which is quite too much to promise oneself. — More I should write, but my fire has gone out and my feet are cold. Present Gertrude and myself most lovingly to all, and to Archie please to renew my assurances of distinguished consideration.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

NORTHAMPTON, 23 Feb., 1852.

. . . I have been invited to preach at Chauncy Place, but even the opportunity thereby afforded of visiting my friends in the neighborhood of Boston could not tempt me to go there just now. They listen to every preacher who occupies their pulpit as a *candidate*, debating all the while whether he *will do;* and this is to me perfectly wearisome and dreary, and I can do nothing naturally or with a heart. I never have preached as a candidate anywhere. My coming to Northampton was entirely accidental, and my preaching here for some six or seven months entirely without thought of settlement; and if in any way I should be set afloat upon the world, I do not know what I should do to gain the needful hardness and go around offering my wares at the various markets. So I made my excuses; and as I know of no other chance for a Sunday or two in your present neighborhood, I shall probably see nothing of you until spring. . . . I am very sorry that the Atkinsons are not coming here. They

would be, I am confident, very agreeable neighbors and friends. W. P. A. is, I think, softening and sweetening a little in his radicalisms, as every man of sense is likely to with the increase of years and the enlargement of experience. But the tide does not run Northamptonward. I almost fear that I did not color the picture of the town highly enough. I said nothing, so far as I remember, about the scenery; but then he has been here himself and has looked for himself. . . . Are you reading the book of the month, the biography of the unfortunate Ossoli? As yet I have had only long passages, mainly from Mr. Emerson's past [part?], which interested me more as his composition than from any great interest which I feel in the subject-matter. I never fancied Miss Fuller's writings; but it is encouraging to know that Mr. Emerson was no admirer of her until after some acquaintance he discovered her fine qualities. Like many of his class of minds, Mr. E. subordinates the facts in the case to the image which he had conjured up; but it seems not to have been so, but the reverse, in his admiration of Miss Fuller. The book will be an interesting one, I have no doubt, though I am persuaded that Miss F. is entirely overestimated. Mr. E. always imagines that his heroes and heroines are universally admired, and fancies that the circle in which he moves is "The Age." But have you not observed in the reports of his lectures, if you have read them this winter, how much more practical and how much clearer he has grown? He

eschews mysticism altogether, so far as I have noticed. Speaking of lectures, we have some very good ones in prospect now from Whipple, Stone of Park Street, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Bellows. That will do very well; perhaps we shall add to the list Ik. Marvel. — I have not so much as seen Jenny Goldschmidt all the while she has been here, and to tell the truth I have no great desire. She is Jenny Lind no longer, — the charm is broken. Not that no one should marry, but that she should not have done so; certainly not have married a Mr. Goldschmidt. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

NORTHAMPTON, 29 March, 1852.

. . . We have had some delightful lectures from F. D. Huntington, from H. W. Bellows, from Dr. Holmes, each admirable and striking in its way and each highly applauded, — Mr. B.'s perhaps more a little than the other two. Dr. Holmes made the hall resound with laughter, and many who would not have got through March without *pneumonia* are weathering the season gloriously by virtue of the jog given to nature's sluggishness by the comic Esculapius. After lecture the Wellses were introduced to him, they being connected through the first Mrs. W. with the Holmes family. The young ladies are peculiarly rich in their bows, and drop their long curls forward with an air and a grace that quite lift one from his feet. This ended our course, and on

the whole it has been a good one. Sanguine persons prophesied that the committee would make money for the Institute; the result shows that sanguine persons were mistaken. Greater centralization would be as great a benefit to us as, according to Kossuth, the want of it is the greatest thing of all others to advance his country's welfare. We have had no concerts, though the very essence, the spirit, the embodiment, the crown of all song is within our borders, and has rooms formerly occupied either by Z. J. or J. B., — the one eminent mostly for having stopped drinking when it was to say the least very late, the other for his enlarged and liberal views of expenditure, public and private. I have chanced to see Mr. Goldschmidt, and thought then that I should call upon him and his wife; but the time has slipped away, and when I do reach their dwelling, if I reach it, I shall expect to be told that they sailed in the last steamer but one, and are safely established in Sweden. Indeed, I believe that I am not fond of society. I know that I have a perfect horror of seeing new faces and getting acquainted with new people; and though I sometimes do it manfully, and am even reckoned of some quite a "sociable man," I could get on very tolerably in Chesterfield, or better still, lost in some great city. I often think that I should have got on famously in the old monasteries, with a genial monk or so, and a nice service in Latin for every day in the week. It is a great pity they broke all that up. — If H., whom we were de-

lighted to see, though but for a moment, ever buys such books, commend to her from me a reprint of an English work by Thom, on the Corinthians. It is full of spirit, fresh as an October morning, and thoughtful too as a November sunset. I am sure that she will like it, for it is no dry commentary. Perhaps ——— can lend it to you, but I recommend the immediate investment of eighty-eight cents in its purchase of C. N. & Co. There is another capital little book by J. F. Clarke, on the forgiveness of sins, which every Unitarian ought to have because it is the only book of any value which has ever been written by a Liberal Christian on that subject. — We had quite a pleasant call from Frederick Huntington and a pleasant visit from Mr. Bellows. F. was on his way to exchange with Mr. Dutton (Orthodox) of New Haven, at Mr. D.'s urgent and repeated request, — Mr. D., as F. said, having no reason to suppose him other than a Unitarian. His Unitarianism is of the more evangelical type. This I am sure *is a step onward.*

In a letter to his brother George is a reference to an old-time celebration, which fifty years ago was more quaint and curious than it is to-day. The occasion which is referred to is the County Fair, which brought together the native stock of country folk from far and near. It would require the humor of

a Holmes combined with the delicate pathos of a Whittier to do the subject justice. Mr. Ellis says: —

> For "the study of human nature" there is nothing like one of our Fairs. The town is crowded with any quantity of unsophisticated humanity. I can strongly recommend it to you, both on account of the fine season and the multitude of people.

It is perhaps not too much to say that few ministers were ever more devoted to their parish work than Rufus Ellis; but with all his zeal and conscientiousness in this respect, other and more public duties found in him an able supporter. His labors in behalf of the public schools, both in Northampton and later in Boston, deserve especial mention. He served on the school committee in both places, and while in office at Northampton was recognized as the most prominent member of the board. As he says in a letter to his brother George, —

> I am exceedingly attached to the town and the people, and have quite a hold, distinct from the Society, through the schools and in other ways. In fact, the chief control of the schools is virtually in

my hands, and it would be long before I could be so well established anywhere else.

Mr. Ellis served on the board in Northampton from 1844 to the time of his departure. In his diary, under date of March 17, 1850, is the following entry: —

. Our Town Hall was used to-day for the first time for a public meeting. This meeting was opened by me with prayer, and soon after I read to the town the annual report of the School Committee; so that I shall have the pleasure, should I live to be old, of an old man's reminiscence with reference to this really beautiful building. A very large tax — nearly $19,000 — was voted for the year, $5,300 of which was for school purposes.

On May 28, 1850, the Trustees of Deerfield Academy "unanimously elected" Rufus Ellis "a Trustee in that institution."

In February, 1853, a unanimous call to be the pastor of the First Church in Boston was received. Nearly a year previous he wrote to his brother George as follows: —

I had a visit about a month since from a classmate, — Dr. Abbot, — upon a confidential mission from the committee of the First Church to inquire of me whether there was any probability that I

would accept a call from that quarter in case I should have one. I believe that I did nobody any harm by promptly declining.

The following letter contains no intimation of the approaching separation: —

To Mrs. Susan I. Lesley.

NORTHAMPTON, 17 Jan., 1853.

On many accounts I was very glad to hear from you again. It was pleasant to have so positive an assurance that your strength had been to a good degree re-established; pleasant to be reminded again of old times, when you and yours abode in the centre of the village, and one could continually take his departure, as the sailors say, from the fixed point of your open-doored dwelling. You have heard from your "brother Sam" how little is to be looked for in the way of contribution for the object stated in your letter, and why the result must be so small. I have and enclose a "V" from Hon. D. Joy, — truly honorable; one who never fails, and who I believe would manage to squeeze out something though [he?] should falsify every Jewish promise of prosperity to the just, and end his days in the poor-house, — appropriately located with us, you will remember, on Slough Hill. I am very glad that Mr. Lesley has pleasant occupation in one of his favorite directions, also that you can be with him; but I am

decidedly of the opinion that he ought not to give up preaching. The number of preachers who have any significance is deplorably small. The pulpit is for the most part filled by men whom it is flattery to call even second rate. Now, Mr. L. has something to say which it is worth while to hear, and his training among believers gives all the more value and efficacy to any fresh and novel thought. The Unitarian training does not make good preachers, and the first thing a man must do who has been educated at Cambridge is to bind himself somehow to the traditions of the fathers. I hope that he will return to the pulpit ere long. Why not settle over some of us "loose-enders"?

We are maintaining our reputation for quiet. I believe the town has been guilty of no indiscretion. Some of the old church-people are startled to find that they have given a man a call to settle over them with an offer of enough to live on, which no clergyman of their Society has had for many years. They have offered about $1500 per annum, and probably are expecting the new-comer, should he come, to set up his carriage and pair. . . .

The final acceptance of the invitation from Chauncy Street was no doubt due largely to the kind urgency of Dr. Frothingham, who had resigned the pastorate of the First Church in 1850, after a ministry of thirty-five years. Dr. Frothingham wrote: —

You have doubtless learned from your brother that my mind strongly turned towards you as my successor, almost two years ago; and from time to time ever since the thought and wish have recurred. No one seems to me so likely to unite the votes and meet the religious wants of my old congregation as yourself, if you are disposed to come. . . .

The entertaining of the question of removal from a retired country parish, where he had been most free to follow the promptings of his own spirit and conscience in the full exercise of his ministry, to a church in Boston at a time of prevailing unrest and excitement in many of its religious societies, involved for Mr. Ellis some considerations more serious and perplexing than those connected with economical matters. The reader who has followed such revelations of his character, his opinions, his judgment, and his course of action as have appeared on previous pages, has noted that he was free of all passionate partisanship, — was deliberate, cool, and with an aim for fairness in forming his opinions upon matters on which even his dearest friends as well as the community at large were widely divided. It has appeared, also, that he stood firmly in maintaining his own independence

and sense of individual responsibility on subjects about which he had reached conscientious conclusions. Calm, gentle, and unimpassioned as was his spirit, he could be decided and resolute when occasion called for it. In his pulpit and in his private converse he had indulged his freedom of utterance — of course with dignity and moderation of expression — upon subjects then comprehended under the general titles of "reform" and "progress." The principal of these at the time — the one engaging the most of zeal, contention, and acrimony — was the subject of slavery. It would be difficult to say how far he had come towards reaching well-defined and practical views as to the way in which the perplexities, anxieties, and bitter strifes connected with that monstrous iniquity, with its vengeful threatenings, was to be wisely dealt with. He could better define his stern sense of the iniquity and guilt of slavery than he could propose and advocate a hopeful way and course of political or moral effort in the attempt at removal and redress. He was by no means in full accord with the spirit and the advocated measures of the Abolition party at the time. No one belonging to it held the

iniquity in intenser odium than he did, nor exceeded him in sagacity of foresight as to the woes and penalties which its complications of interest and passion would bring with it. But the Abolitionists advocated the disruption of the Union; while, as the event proved, only the preservation of the Union could insure the extirpation of slavery. He observed that the Abolitionists did not charge themselves with the obligation of indicating any course of practical methods, except acts and utterances which merely exasperated all who were not in accord with them in opinion, for undermining, redressing, and removing the iniquity. Railing at it would not uproot it.

In this unfixed state of mind shared by many wiser and more experienced than himself, Mr. Ellis could not do more than from time to time he did, — give utterance in conversation, sermon, and prayer to earnest convictions about every work of reform and progress righteous in its spirit, methods, and aims. This he had done and did in his Northampton ministry, not always with the approbation and sympathy of all even in his little flock and his quiet converse there. He must pursue the same free and faithful course

wherever he might be, even if where the very word "reform" was a bugbear suggestive of convulsion and upturning. It had been only in his private professional sphere that his quiet earnestness for any imperilled cause of right and just liberty was known. He had no public repute, by speech or writing, as a contestant or advocate. So he needed to pay no regard to any questioning or criticism if in change of place or surroundings he at all changed his attitude and mode of dealing with certain exciting themes. He was simply concerned to preserve his own freedom, to be truthfully consistent with himself; and if he should enter into ministerial relations with any other Society, it should be with the full understanding of the course which he had previously pursued.

He was invited to the pastorate of the oldest, the First, Church in Boston. It was known for its general tone and spirit of what is signified by conservatism. The Rev. Dr. Frothingham had resigned the position which he had long held as its pastor, and was henceforward to occupy his pew as a worshipper. He was the most highly accomplished, cultivated, and scholarly among his contemporaries

in the churches of Boston and the State. His peculiar gifts and qualities in the tone and spirit of his discourses would naturally draw and retain as his parishioners persons in sympathy with, and with warm appreciation of, himself. He was also known as the most conservative among his brethren. A single one of the many emphatic utterances made by him is enough to define his position towards the agitations and distractions of the time, — "My church and people prefer not to be shaken."

Mr. Ellis was long and hesitating in coming to a decision, which he reached at last in this form. He declined to preach, as if in the attitude of a candidate or a solicitant, for even a single Sunday at the First Church, though Dr. Frothingham offered to go up on the occasion and occupy his pulpit. He wrote two letters respectively to Dr. Frothingham and his brother, who had been consulted on the subject, in which, with the utmost distinctness and candor, he stated what the tone and spirit of his ministry had been in the country, adding that it must be the same in the city. He would not expose himself to criticism or the imputation of holding in

check his perfect freedom and independence before a changed parish. This must be known and frankly insisted upon before those who called him to be their minister. Those letters have disappeared; but the tenor of them may be inferred from the replies to them, which are given here. The reader will find further on a note from an aggrieved member of Mr. Ellis's Society challenging him for one of his sermons, and asking of him some assurance for the future, which the preacher courteously declined to give.

N. L. Frothingham to Rufus Ellis.

BOSTON, Jan. 25, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have pondered your friendly and candid letter of the 20th with great care; and this is part of my apology for not having answered it sooner. In the main, it was quite encouraging to me. The only part of it that "gave me pause" was that in which you allude to your inclination for "a larger and freer range of pulpit discussion" than probably would "accord with the conviction and wishes" of the congregation at First Church. I suppose you refer chiefly to the "Free Soil" questions that divide our community so passionately at the present time. I acknowledge that this would be an unwelcome theme to my old Society, and that the *agitation* of it would be dangerous to our harmony.

But I am of the opinion that you would not feel called upon to stir discussion upon subjects of this nature, with the whole broad field of Christian truth inviting your planting and pruning hand. In addressing an audience so different from that which at present surrounds you, I think you would not feel disposed, or allow yourself, to make much reference to anything that would do your hearers no good, and might be injurious to your influence and their prosperous estate. I do not mean that you need feel tongue-tied among us, or must commit any meanness towards your honest persuasions; but only that there would be great need of that discretion and gentleness which I believe it would cost you no effort to exercise continually.

Excuse me, my dear sir, if, in speaking in this open and free way, I either misapprehend you, or seem to take too much upon myself.

After all that you have said, I verily think that neither of the gentlemen who have been invited to the pastorate of the First Church has more qualifications for the successful conduct of it than yourself. You have experience, though yet young; you have reputation; you have a social and affectionate nature; you have the gift of instructing the elders and of interesting the young; you are conservative in theology, and we are an old-fashioned folk. But I shall go on no further in this strain, lest I should oppress your modesty, or appear as if I was complimentary, — which is very far from my heart.

One word more. I am very desirous that you should be heard again in our pulpit as soon as possible, while our ranks are yet full; that is, according to our measure of fulness. If you will come and preach for us on the first Sunday in February, I will endeavor to go to Northampton and stand in your place. At any rate, I will see you well taken care of. If that day should not be at your disposal, I should be gratified if you would name some other. I ask this as a special favor; and yet such a favor as I think you may grant us, if you are so disposed, without the least departure from any kind of propriety, or the slightest committal of yourself or others. If my appearance at Northampton may seem objectionable, I can make some arrangement with your brother or with some one else, on any Sunday *but* the first in the month.

Pray favor me with a speedy answer, as I remain

Yours with great regard,

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

N. L. Frothingham to Rufus Ellis.

BOSTON, Feb. 4, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — When I received your last letter, I gave up with great reluctance all hope of any further conference on the subject of our correspondence. On showing, however, to your brother what you had written, — which I thought it my duty to

do, — he was disposed to have a word further on the matter. To this I gladly assented, hoping that you will not think me in this importunate or unreasonable. I still cannot help thinking that there is no valid reason why you should not accept a call to the First Church, provided one were heartily and unitedly given. I give up all idea of any preliminary preaching for us, and only ask whether you will alter your decision, after hearing what your brother has to say in a letter which will accompany this little note. Take your own full time for deliberation, and I shall consider your next reply, intimated through your brother, to be your "ultimatum."

Once more excuse the freedom that I have taken, and believe me

Very faithfully yours,

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

George E. Ellis to Rufus Ellis.

As you will perceive by the accompanying note, Dr. Frothingham has laid before me your correspondence concerning the First Church, and has asked me to weigh its purport. I hardly know how to pronounce any opinion in the case. I have all along thought that it would not be worth your while to give any ear to a solicitation, direct or indirect, from the First Church unless it came in the form of a warm, earnest request from a full meeting of the

Society, and carried with it a desire that you would come as a free and respected Christian minister. Such a request I have no doubt you would have if they had reason to believe that you would entertain it favorably. But they seem frightened from making any more advances to a minister without some previous assurance. At the same time they do not disregard the considerations of self-respect and propriety which would deter any minister already settled over a parish from signifying a readiness to accept a call before it was given. You are right in not going there to preach under any such implied expectation. But whether anything can be said or allowed which would encourage them in giving you such an invitation as is above mentioned, and whether if you did receive it you should listen to it favorably, are questions which, perhaps, are still open for consideration. All that can properly come from you is simple silence. Your withholding any positive refusal as to such an invitation is the only encouragement which you can give for its being extended to you, as it seems to me. You would then be left wholly free to consider it, if given, feeling yourself, and able to tell others, that you neither sought it nor pledged yourself concerning it, and to take all the circumstances of numbers and unanimity into account.

As to the probable fortunes and the real present character of the Society, I have conversed with Dr. Frothingham and spent some little calculation of

thought. That Society has a more hopeful aspect for permanency than has Dr. Young's or Mr. Lothrop's. It is free from debt, and has a fund. It numbers about one hundred and twenty families. The forlorn fate which seems to attend Dr. Parkman's old Society need hardly be apprehended for the First Church, as its locality secures it. There certainly are young people growing up in Boston to fill the places of the old, and doubtless a more earnest ministry than some of our churches have had would be rewarded by the gathering in of some of these young persons. We ought not to give up our cause as hopeless in the city, which has so long been its boast. Why should not the First Church revive as did Mr. Huntington's? Mr. King's Society has taken a vigorous start, under far more discouraging circumstances than those of the First Church. I think we have seen about the darkest crisis of our churches. Mr. King has several families who have grown weary of Mr. Parker, and who say that however interesting his views and style are to grown-up persons, they are not the things to benefit the young. Mr. Parker's frank publication of opinions which his brethren from the first knew him to hold, but which *the public* had no real understanding of, has opened the eyes of many to views which they had not realized before. Then I think that the independence of a minister is now respected, and that fair conditions are pretty well established. The presumption under which a few brawlers have acted, in launching flings and sar-

casms against a congregation for conservatism or pro-slavery, was really inconsistent with Protestantism and common-sense. Just as if in a matter where there is room for much difference of opinion as to complicated issues, a minister had a right to take for granted that he was an oracle of all wisdom! Some of our brawlers would have been put to a fair test if they had ventured to stand in a town-meeting or on State Street, and address a multitude who had the privilege of replying. But some of the more judicious pleaders for liberty and conscience have shamed all our respectable congregations out of any infraction of a minister's reasonable and essential independence. All that one of our ministers now can look for in Boston is a fair chance of a hearing for anything that is worth the hearing, and for leading a Society on to a degree answering to his own ability to impress and move them. There is in fact no intermediate place of choice or preference for you between where you now are and the First Church. The committee, I learn, are unanimously confident that you are the very person for that Church, and that your prospect of success there would be better than that of any other man. Perhaps you have already thought so much on the matter that you are weary of it. But I thought there would be no harm in my writing as I have written.

By Professor Lovering's suggestion, I have put your name on the committee for examining his

department. The college, you know, pays your travelling expenses on that errand. . . .

No definite answer to the call to Boston was given until March 8, when, in a letter of that date, the invitation was accepted, assurance having previously been made that the Society would unite with the standing committee in "cordially" welcoming the new minister. The committee say that they "are not aware of any opposition, and as the vote of the meeting was unanimous, and the committee know of quite a number who were not present who cordially unite with those who were present in the call, you may calculate upon entire unanimity in the Society."

Now came the wrench of separation from those with whom he had been happily associated for ten years. "It will be very trying to me to leave Northampton," he writes, "and I shall leave behind much that I can never hope to replace." Another letter says: —

The exemption from all anxiety about a student and the positive gain of time would be a vast deal in my favor. I am inclined to think that the excitement of society, of friends, and brother ministers is

needful to keep me alive and growing. . . . But you cannot realize how hard it is for me to come to the final decision. I love the country, country life too. I am entirely at home here among those who know me thoroughly, and who judge me not by a sermon or two, but by all that I have ever said or done. I know too that my Society have been very spirited, if their numbers are reckoned; and while they treat this present subject with the utmost liberality, while they say that I have considered them long enough and should now consider myself, etc., I can see that they are a little apprehensive of the effects upon their prosperity (Mr. Lyman especially dreads "a gosling from the Divinity School"), and should any evil befall them, it would distress me beyond expression. For their numbers, I do not believe that a kinder or more Christian set of men and women can be found in the State. . . . I cannot but think that an earnest young man, unembarassed by the care of a family, might finish what remains to be done towards making a strong and efficient Society. These are the feelings that are excited by the near prospect of leaving. . . .

Dr. Frothingham has explained to my satisfaction the vote of the Society. It is evident, however, from the way in which the Church is owned, that the future congregation will depend entirely upon the acceptableness of the minister, and that as many must be gathered as are actually there. But this is so (is it not?) in every city congregation.

I shall be thankful to have any additional suggestions which may come into your mind. Thus far it seems clear to me, that, all regrets and love of quiet aside, I owe it to myself and to my profession to put myself under a greater pressure than I feel at present. . . .

Rev. Charles Brooks to Rufus Ellis.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 23, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have this moment read in the "Atlas" that the First Church, Chauncy Place, has given you a unanimous call to settle with us as our pastor. At this I truly rejoice; and I devoutly hope you may find it in your heart to accept. You have always been a favorite candidate with many of us, and had you preached for us often I think you would have been our first choice. I can say, as a member of the parish, that a more high-minded, intelligent, and candid audience I never sat among. No place in New England is preferable to it. There never was a people who interfered so little with the minister's freedom and rights.

I write in haste to say that I give my hearty approval of the doings of the parish, and hope I may have you as my minister.

Your brother and friend,

CHARLES BROOKS.

A leaf from my autobiography, in which, though the first pronoun personal occurreth very often, the chief figure is really one better than myself.

We associate certain places with certain seasons of the year. For myself autumn is, and always will be, Northampton. I always go there, in thought, when the shadows of the year begin to lengthen, and here and there a feebler leaf, taking on the hectic color before the rest, predicts what is surely coming upon all. I should go in deed as well as in thought, were there not such a mingling of joy and sorrow because of changes. — It was a beautiful day in the earliest autumn, when two of us, fellow-students at C———, climbed up to the seat behind the driver on the old "Putt's-Bridge Stage," which made the connection in those days between the Western Railroad and Northampton. Long ago, in my early childhood, I had seen Holyoke and Tom, but the visions had passed into dreamland, out of which they seemed to come naturally enough in that refulgent summer; and when we drew up at length at the Mansion House, after crossing the ferry at Hockanum and driving none too slowly through the rich, unfenced meadows, the house all came back with the associations of the time when it was filled with summer strangers and the parents of Round-Hill scholars. The hotel window commanded a view of the glories of that magnificent region, and, as I could see at a glance, they were no rustics that passed up and down the village streets. To the eyes

of a city-bred and college-bred youth, the whole scene was as beautiful as it was fresh. I heard the other day of a young man who went to "supply" a pulpit in one of our inland parishes, and was allowed to go to the tavern unwelcomed, to pass thence to the church and return twice during the Sunday unspoken to, except perhaps by the functionary who fails not to come for "the metres," and then to leave for home with no token of recognition except, we may hope, the usual *honorarium*. It was not so in Northampton. The afternoon had not gone by before a gentleman, authorized and competent to represent the little parish, had made his appearance and proffered hospitality; and before Monday morning the young preacher had met and conversed with several parishioners of both sexes. That Sunday proved to be the first of a six months' supply; and the supply, with the interval of a twelvemonth spent in another field, was the prelude of a ten years' ministry, — a ministry marked by the utmost patience and kindness on the part of the parishioners, who, it should ever be remembered, must take their young clergyman after "the School" has done its best and its worst for him, and give him the most valuable part of his training, and help him to convert his scholasticisms into experience.

It was a significant time in the parish. It was the day of Transcendentalism; that was the word then, — a word almost forgotten in our swift years.

I think the "Dial" was just announcing the hour in the great cycle of the Ages, for the last time. My predecessor had been a favorite and valued contributor to the pages of that periodical, and there were those in the congregation who hung eagerly upon his words. The larger portion, however, preferred the old paths; and so my friend — for such he was, is, and, I trust, ever will be — withdrew from his charge after a very short term of service, and, as long as he remained in town, was my kind parishioner. All the things which are now called new were discussed twenty-five years ago in that little parish, with only a little difference of names, but with, I think, a less clear perception of the inevitable issues. We had it all in Bible-classes and teachers' meetings, at our pleasant tea-parties, at our evening gatherings, where we were not ashamed to eat Porter apples and boiled chestnuts, and on more stately occasions; for let no one suppose that we were not sometimes as stately as the stateliest, or that there were none among us who had been in king's palaces, and were fit to be there, too. — I can hardly recall without a smile my choice of a sermon for the first Sunday morning. I had the young man's feeling that a testimony must be uttered; and so the preacher (who, with a very hearty appreciation of the positive side of Trancendentalism, especially as a protest against the miraculously-confirmed deism which Unitarianism in many quarters had become, had no sympathy whatever

with the Transcendentalist's rejection — or, worse, his patronizing recognition — of the everlasting symbol provided for the world in the incarnate Word) took for his text, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one as we are one." Well, insignificant as what the young man said unquestionably was, it was a good key-note.

I would write rather of things than of persons; but what are things save as they pass into forms and faces and deeds and words and smiles and tears? So I must say something about persons. Of one, the chiefest chief of them, even then in the time of his age and of his decaying faculties, I have elsewhere set down my impressions as they were freshly made upon me. Poorly enough the writer preached upon the "Christian in his village home." The Christian was Judge Lyman, one of New England's noblemen, who found his peers only among the great and good of our land. Had he lived anywhere save in that beautiful region, we should have felt that he was out of place. But there was another whom we called Mrs. Judge Lyman. In this year of my writing, as I reach this point in my simple story, she has passed out of the clouds that obscured her later years, into the light of our higher life. Admirable words — they could not have been better, and were only too few — were set down about her character in one of the daily journals. I meant then to have added my testimouy. Perhaps, as the twelvemonth is not gone, it is not too late now.

Walk from Round Hill with the preacher down into Shop Row. He had been in town not more than a day before he found out that there was one place, at least, which would be pretty sure to come into his rounds. That is the door. It is on the left hand of the street as you go down. It is not quite shut. The writer thinks that it must have been shut during the very coldest of the weather, but there is no picture in his image-chamber of any closing early or late. I have my doubts whether it was not kept from blowing open by some peculiar process other than latching or locking. I only know that a push sufficed to clear the way into the hall, and that a knock was sufficient to open the parlor. There *was* a little maid in the house whose name, by way of compensating for the smallness of her stature, her mistress was in the habit of lengthening out by an added syllable, which put her upon the instant, so far as words could do it, among heroes and saints, — the Brigittas and the Theresas of mediæval times. This little woman, however, did not come much to the door; there was no need. We will go in. Seated at the farther end of the parlor, by the side of a generous Franklin stove, soon to have a little "smudge" of fire in it morning and evening, you will see a lady not yet passed middle life, and yet provided with spectacles, which she seems to maintain chiefly that she may lose and find them. Perceiving at once that she is girt about with all sorts of "work," you will beg her not to

rise, and will get welcome enough from her warm grasp and her fine expressive face. What is she doing? Many things, O fine lady! It is not her train that impedes her movements; it is not that her hands are æsthetically folded; it is not that she is so elaborately got up that to rise would be an artistic movement not lightly to be undertaken. What is she doing? Shelling peas, perhaps, — not always to the best advantage, for peas will roll under sofas and into nooks from which it "does not pay" to extricate them with much stooping and probing; darning stockings, perhaps, — what the good lady calls her "embroidery," and what is indeed a very useful kind of worsted work; making a garment, perhaps, — a "sofa-covering" possibly, for some sewing-circle or other circle-child, a little peculiar it may be in the pattern, but very comfortable, nevertheless, in the wear. But this is not all; there is a volume in her lap, — "Jane Eyre," we will say, or "Margaret Fuller," or some fresh sermon by Dr. Channing, or the last "North American;" and as the story deepens in interest, or the paragraph warms and flushes into eloquence, the peas fly about a little more wildly, and now and then the needle goes into the finger instead of the stocking. But the reading stops now. She loves the speech of the living, out of the abundance of the heart, better than any dead words. You have your cordial greeting. You have, and you will have henceforth and ever, your devoted friend.

I *suppose* it is so still, but I *know* that in those days one did not need to go away from Northampton to hear of new things in literature, in theology, in politics, in society. I think they came to us among the first, and we had time enough to welcome and entertain them during those blessed long days. Here was the old thought; revering, believing heartily in the Gospel tradition and dear churchly things and ways. There, right opposite, in the pleasant old house which has modestly withdrawn behind the comparatively new Town Hall, the new thought uttered itself in kindly, graceful speech, firm in protest and dissent, but just and tender towards persons. All came together sooner or later into that parlor, as we went up and down and in and out, — as we were asked to meet summer visitors, or gathered on great occasions when the courts were in session, or Webster and Choate came to argue the famous will case. Did "the Orthodox" come? the Unitarian asks, having heard, it may be, fearful accounts of a spirit of bigotry stealing up from Connecticut along the river banks. Yes, "the Orthodox" did come; the town met in that parlor, and made their social if not their theologic report. It was a great blessing to the town that the door of that old dwelling was so easily opened, and that the heart of the household was altogether a heart of hospitality, — not only for men and women, but for truths and what claimed to be truths. We had a "community" within our borders; and whosoever of the community was seized with a con-

suming and irresistible longing for the flesh-pots of civilization was welcome to fall back, within those walls, upon a cup of proscribed tea and a denounced hot biscuit, while all the vagaries of what we voted "a transition age" were quietly ventilated. All could come, because our friend was a large-minded, large-hearted, hospitable woman, — eager not to divide, but to gather and bind, earnest without narrowness and bigotry, a great blessing to a village. And she was so ready, so eager to serve! Was it a young man in the village whose way to Harvard was to be smoothed and otherwise provided for? He could count upon her friendly offices; he could be sure that she would not fail him until the end had been reached. She was a good friend, — so good that when the movement was reversed and the force turned the other way, she could flash into wrath which did not smoulder into sullenness and maliciousness. Her quaint and racy speech, which, alas! has perished with her, was a source of infinite entertainment to the young preacher; and when it was brought to bear, as it sometimes was, against some of his ministerial "juveniles" in word or deed, it always did him good, whether for the moment he liked the medicine or not, — for "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and here was one who was a friend first and last and midway, only a friend. When he seemed to be running low, she provided, not bitter words, but a pot of wormwood-tea, which she persuaded the young parson to drink, hoping that somehow it

would get into his sermons. Is there any such parlor there in these days? Is there any house which has been such a — I will not say "Saint's Rest," but — minister's home? What one of our elder clergymen of those who have begun with me to delight in "reminiscences" has not slept under that roof, or preached in that pulpit, or felt the force of the words of the exasperated man who tried to keep the Mansion House, and declared that "it was no use, for Judge Lyman invited everybody who came to town to stay with him"? I wonder how the conflict of the two thoughts gets on. Has the community taken up all the religious radicalism? I could see no change in my day; each combatant stood by his (and I ought to add "her," for we were mostly women) guns. Emigration and death were the only causes of change in the relative numbers. It will take more time than a lifetime, even in these days when we think or at least talk so fast, for a distracted Liberalism, numbering its adherents now in all churches, orthodox and heterodox, to find the higher unity which the fact of the incarnation, freed from the scholasticisms of theology, will surely become to all who are Christians in any sense which a man of common-sense need take into account. To go to Northampton during that beautiful season, when its atmosphere is not too warm, and its glories have lost none of their gloriousness, would be to find much, very much, that is delightful; but it would be to find the old house changed, and the old forms van-

ished, the old interlocutors silent, even the old words changed. They talk about "theisms" now, and "free thought," and "right wing and left wing." Is it strange that the writer does not care to go?

I began with a walk down town. I got only so far as one dwelling. I began with that first Saturday after the Master's Degree had been taken, and the work of life had been seriously entered upon. I got no further than that first Sunday. How many walks, how many Sundays followed! How many houses became homes, and would be still, I think! Shall I ever have time to carry on these chapters? — to take some one with me to my first Association (pronounced then by the elders in all that region without the second syllable, — "Assciation"), where to my great dismay I was accounted a Transcendentalist, and on the whole a dangerous young man? — to go over in some congenial company to see those dear old saints in Hadley; that calm old man, quietly farming and theologizing upon his broad, rich meadow, not knowing what a stir the son who returned on that Saturday for his vacation was destined to make in our Zion; that true Christian woman, his wife; that courtly and melancholy and wise and honorable and large-minded gentleman under the evergreens in the brown house opposite? — to drive up the river, and talk with the old blind preacher in Deerfield? Perhaps so; but for the present this chapter must suffice, and instead of writing personal history I must be making it; and

what I most wished was to say a word about my dear old friend Mrs. L.

The following words of reminiscence from his old and dear friends Prof. James B. Thayer and sister, Sarah S. Thayer, of Cambridge, close the Northampton chapter : —

James B. Thayer to A. B. Ellis.

BAR HARBOR, Sept. 21, 1891.

DEAR MR. ELLIS, — In answer to your request that I would tell you something of the period when your father was minister of the Unitarian Church at Northampton, I am afraid that I can say little or nothing that is worth while, — for I was a mere boy at that time, and for the most part minded boyish things. When he came to Northampton my parents went to the Orthodox Church ; before he left we all went to the Unitarian Church, much to our satisfaction. He was greatly beloved, and it was a severe blow to our people when he accepted his honorable call to the First Church in Boston.

The first sight of him that I can recall is a passing glimpse, as I looked up from playing in the street, forty-six or seven years ago, and saw him walking by with a young lady of grave and refined beauty, who is now your mother. They were then betrothed. A year or two later they had been married, and boarded in my mother's family ; and your

father had two or three rusticated boys from Harvard whom he taught. It must have been a hard life that he led there for a few years, adding this laborious, irksome business to the cares of his parish and those of a growing family. But he was always a very lovely and attractive person. I can remember how he used to come into my mother's parlor, at the end of his evening's work, and cheer us all up by his wit and his kindly discourse. My mother, to the day of her death, had the most affectionate regard for him.

Then, as well as later, his religious opinions and sympathies were very tolerant. To most of the people of Northampton, at that time, the Roman Catholic Church was "the scarlet woman," and nothing else. But your father was a lover of Fénelon, and had friendly things to say of that good man's communion which troubled some of the old-fashioned sort. "Depend upon it," said a devout old Orthodox woman who helped in my mother's kitchen, "he will be in the Catholic church before long!" Did we not hear some such talk afterward, when his Unitarian friends were scared at his charitable words for the Orthodox sects? But yet he held his own steady independent course; and those who observed carefully would hear from him, now and then, what might quickly reassure them as to the advanced point to which his spiritual experience and reflection had carried him.

My brother William, as well as Chauncey Wright and I, went to college from his parish, and he helped

us in many ways, of which I shall always retain a grateful recollection. . . .

James B. Thayer to A. B. Ellis.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 1, 1891.

I forward my sister's letter just received, which will give you all, I hope, as much pleasure as it has me. How much better the memory of women is than men's, — and how much better they do things! As I read what Sally writes, it all comes back; but I could not have recalled it myself.

Sarah S. Thayer to A. B. Ellis.

MY DEAR MR. ELLIS, — I shall be very glad if I can add anything to the abundant testimony which you must already have to the beauty and usefulness of your father's life in Northampton, where it was known and read of all men, and as Mrs. Lyman well said, "furnished a valuable sermon every day."

I knew little of your father in the first years of his pastorate, for I was a young girl, and went with my parents to the Orthodox Church; but I had been with my mother, who was thought to be somewhat heretical in her opinions, to hear him preach, when I heard an earnest sermon and most devout and fervent prayers. I was told that his people were already very much attached to him; and later I heard of his helpful interest in town affairs, of his faithful work in

the schools, and of his readiness to aid every good work.

It was in the spring of 1845 or 1846, when, a few months after their marriage, your father and mother came to board with us, that I began to know your father well, and to understand the strong hold he had taken on the affections of his people. I could see that he was devoted to the good of his parish, knowing well and taking a kindly interest in every one belonging to it, — as ready to visit and help those who lived on the outskirts of the town or of society as the nearer neighbor, and willingly bearing everybody's burden.

In homes where sickness and death had come, his presence was especially comforting. Here his sympathetic nature seemed to make up for any lack of experience: the very sound of his voice brought rest and comfort to the invalid and the mourner.

In all your father's parish duties your mother was his companion and sympathetic helper, and shared with him the affectionate regard of his people. I can see them now, setting forth together in the pleasant summer afternoons for a round of calls, — perhaps on some of the more distant members of the parish, — and returning in the late twilight to brighten the evening for the household at home by an hour's cheerful talk. Your father's conversation — sometimes earnest and serious, oftener playful or ull of quiet humor — made him a charming housemate. And then his constant serenity of temper, —

how often since that time I have thought of it! Whatever were his own cares and perplexities, — and they must have been many, — they never overshadowed his manner or conversation; he had always a kindly smile and pleasant word of greeting for everybody. To our household his life did indeed "furnish a valuable sermon every day." One of that household, — a very bright woman, and one of your father's parishioners, — wrote a few years ago of the little collection of Mr. Ellis's prayers, which had come to her on her eightieth birthday, —

One of the most precious offerings to my age is the little book containing the fervent heart-felt prayers of the dear saint whom we loved and honored on earth, and whose memory will always be cherished by those who knew him; and a happy privilege it was for you and me to live under the same roof with him, and know his daily life, — so pure, so unselfish, so kind.

And of your father's sermons, she wrote later, —

The little book brought with it such a flood of memories of the old time, made more overpowering by the dear kind face which looked upon me as I opened the volume, that I could not restrain my tears. His earnest face will be before me as I read, for each sermon in its turn seems not only to be imbued with the pure spirit of its author, but to bring before us our dear Mr. Ellis himself. He comes before me now, — plainer than any photograph can render. Surely, "though dead he yet speaketh."

The same writer in some earlier reminiscences of that old time says: —

Do you remember those sled-rides of the children from the old Henshaw to the little red schoolhouse, — sometimes our present professor, sometimes Mr. Ellis, careering like mad, with an occasional *accidental* upset of their laughing freight in the light snow? And can you not see Mr. Ellis with his seven-league boots ploughing through the drifts to the poor-house?"

There were those who lamented that so good a man as Mr. Ellis should be a Unitarian and outside the pale of salvation, for at that time the line was pretty sharply drawn between the Orthodox sheep and the Unitarian goats. Even the Orthodox children in the schools took their Unitarian mates to task for the heresies of their parents, and confidently asserted that there was no salvation for such as they.

Among those who came to think Mr. Ellis altogether too good to be a Unitarian was one of those strong-minded, energetic women once so well known in most New England households. She came to my mother as an occasional helper whenever there was an accumulation of sewing in the family, or in any crisis, — for having skill and ingenuity, she could turn her hand to anything. We all enjoyed her coming, for she had good sense and ready wit; could tell a story of the early days in Northampton, or discuss foreordination and the decrees in an interesting way, though her grammar was not that of the schools. She was a member of the church of Jonathan Ed-

wards, a firm believer in all its doctrines, and seemed to think there could be no salvation for any outside that church. Saving grace might possibly take in "them 'Piscopals," though she had her doubts; but as for Unitarians, there was no hope for them, — they had no belief in Christ, and depended on good works for salvation, "and," she added emphatically, "I aint a-goin' to be saved by no good works; no aint nobody."

She first saw Mr. Ellis "near to," as she expressed it, at our house, and she soon began to wonder that so good a man should be a Unitarian. "I declare," she exclaimed one day, "Mr. Ellis *is* the best man I ever saw. Such a pity he aint a Christian!"

She was especially impressed by Mr. Ellis's prayers, and she compared them to those of Dr. ———, a certain divine of her own faith, who could preach a convincing and powerful discourse, — but "there was no denyin' that he made a *very* slim prayer; and it did seem as if a man who could pray as Mr. Ellis did must be nigh to the kingdom." And she ended as she always did, — "Such a pity he aint a Christian!"

I don't know how she settled it with her conscience, not to make some effort for your father's conversion. There were others who did not neglect that duty. An elderly friend, who hoped she might live to see Mr. Ellis a Christian, being at our house at that time, was alive to the opportunity; and it was amusing to see her take care to have a religious

book at hand when he came into our parlor, or her denominational Review, with some article which she would commend to his notice.

I remember how pleasantly your father would take all these, returning them in a day or two with some commendatory remarks. They did not have the desired effect, and the dear old lady with her eyes of flesh did not see him "a Christian." Mr. Ellis was not given to proselyting, though — being set in a nominally Orthodox family — he had an abundant field; but while he said no word of persuasion, "the gospel of a life like his" could not but have a converting effect, and sooner or later we all became Unitarians.

Though the parish took a certain pride in your father's call to Boston, and no one thought for a moment that he ought not to go, yet his departure was a sore grief to the people. The old affection was never outlived. Thirty years afterward they talked of him as if he had been gone but a short time. And it was pleasant to see that your father and mother always retained their interest in the Northampton parish, and in the people of their old charge, who always found the same hospitable welcome in the new home which had never failed in the old.

CHAPTER V.

1853. ÆT. 33–50.

BOSTON MINISTRY.

THE installation as minister of the First Church in Boston occurred May 4, 1853, in presence of pastors and delegates from the Boston churches, — not including King's Chapel, as, "in conformity with all previous usage on similar occasions," not being one of the old Congregational churches, it was thought necessary to decline an invitation to take part.

N. L. Frothingham wrote a hymn — "Eternal Lord! to Thee the Church" — for the installation; George E. Ellis preached the sermon; and O. B. Frothingham, J. I. T. Coolidge, N. L. Frothingham, E. S. Gannett, F. D. Huntington, Chandler Robbins, and Alexander Young took part in the church

service. The usual dinner followed at Chapman Hall, with Hon. Edward Everett as presiding officer.

Thus, at the age of thirty-three, the work of the ministry was once more begun in the home of his boyhood, within a stone's throw of his father's dwelling on Summer Street. Such a return may well have brought reminiscences of his youth. There is no entry in the diary, save one asking for strength for the work to come.

The new position soon brought new enterprises and new departures in the method of maintaining the pastoral duties. To aid him in these undertakings willing hands and responsive hearts were soon found, although the congregation was exceedingly small at the start. By actual count there were only eighty-eight families in this old but impoverished (numerically speaking) Society at this period. The record stands in his own handwriting, as follows: —

Eighty-eight families when I came. Some whose names are on the list were not to be found in the Society. Twelve or thirteen have died or removed from the city. Four no longer attend.

From this little nucleus was gradually produced, by patient labor and devotion, a steadily increasing body of worshippers.

For fifteen years the Society continued to occupy the meeting-house in Chauncy Place (or street, as it became). During that period new growths, as was intimated, occurred. The scope of the Sunday-school work was enlarged at a very early date (November, 1853) by taking in scholars from outside the parish. Other charitable undertakings entered into at different times were The Employment Society, The Sewing School, a Dress-making Class, a Singing School, a Parish Sewing-Circle, a Vacation School, and a Newsboys' School (Oct. 30, 1861). All these enterprises, many of them so common and well recognized as part of the church work of to-day, attracted new elements of zeal and self-sacrifice, and thus helped to build up the congregation.

Important as all this work was in those days, — how much more so has it steadily become! — the new pastor fully recognized that it was not the chief part of his duty towards the congregation. Two sermons must be preached on Sunday. To a min-

ister who had among his flock such men as Edward Everett, William H. Prescott, Charles Francis Adams, and Dr. Frothingham, — to mention no others of high intellect and attainment, — it was no light task to prepare for the Sabbath. The round of parish calls, funerals, weddings, and special occasions left little time for rest. Then, too, churches were kept open during the entire year, — summer vacations, when first established, were for much shorter periods, and did not involve any union services. In all these calls upon him, Rufus Ellis maintained a high and conscientious standard of service.

17 *November*, 1853. The first entry since I came to housekeeping here in [24] Edinboro' Street. I have been here three weeks last Monday (this is Thursday), and I find my house in all respects pleasant. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

Boston, 19 Dec., 1853.

It seems to be now a fixed fact that you are not to come to Boston this winter, and it is all the more incumbent upon me to pay my debt of correspondence before the year closes; and here is a leisure Monday at last, and an "opportunity" in the form of Mrs. Brewer awaiting me. — I have been asked, I

don't care to think how many times, whether I am really settled, and whether I like my house. Thinking it possible that even a person as considerate as yourself may put to me such questions, I hasten to say that I *am* settled and *do* like my house; also, that the children and Nora are now well, and that if nothing happens we shall get on quietly for a week or so. I find the relief that I hoped for from the constant demand for a fresh topic in sermonizing (the old subjects answer when the old sermons will not); and I am gaining my breath, together with two or three pounds of flesh, — no great matter for any save a living skeleton. I have almost completed my autumn round of visits, and know a large portion of the Society, though the gentlemen being rarely at home are hard to meet with. We have quite a brisk little Sunday-school of from thirty to forty scholars, and a Bible-class which numbers now as many or more, though I hardly think that so good a number will continue to come. There is work enough of all kinds to be done, if one can only find the best way of doing it. The sorest obstacle is the terrible pressure of work and play, business and pleasure. I found only one afternoon of the week free from engagements and convenient for a Bible-class, and even that was not quite free. I suppose the falling of Christmas on Sunday will settle the question as to a special service. I heard that you had not decided whether to dress the church, but that you probably would not do it. I

wish you might do a little, if it were but the least, — a few wreaths about the pulpit, — though it were only to keep alive a practice which has been so long sustained, and indeed is one of the institutions [or ?] fixed facts of our Church. — I am glad that Dr. Ingersoll proves so acceptable. Why not press him to establish himself permanently in Northampton? If you realized as I do how dreary is the prospect so far as beginners are concerned, and how many of them are filled only with Parker's negations, and are hoping to establish a Christianity without Christ, I think that you would eagerly aim to secure some one who retains the old faith, and can preach, not crude guesses and fancies, but the ancient Gospel. The time is not far distant, as it seems to me, when the old churches will come together under some large Christian confession, — at least to a great extent, — and then all this loose thinking which is reckoned liberal will stand outside. I have no hesitation in saying that when that day comes I shall be found with the conservative portion; for by that time the leaven of free thought will have made conservatism quite rational and credible. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

BOSTON, 9 Feb., 1854.

. . . You will be glad to know that I have matters now in good working order in Chauncy Place, — a Sunday-school established, a Library selected, a Bible-class in successful operation, and the Prepara-

tory Communion-Lecture restored, to say nothing of having broken the ice in every household. I have found the most fashionable, the wealthiest portion of the congregation, — persons who are often hastily set down as wholly worldly, — by no means the least forward in taking part with me to advance these various objects. I cannot but hope that gradually, year by year, I shall be able to accomplish something. — M—— writes rather discouragingly of Dr. Ingersoll's preaching. I do not know whether you sympathize with her in her feeling about it, as not elevating. I should judge from her account that it borders rather more closely than I should like on the early Unitarianism, for which I had never much sympathy. I crave a faith which brings God near to the hearts of His children, and enables them to realize that they are His sons and daughters. I do not want to be told that divine influence means only this and only that; let it mean as much as possible. Indeed, my objection to Orthodoxy is mainly this, — that it insists upon expressing heart-experiences in dogmas which are incredible, absurd, and unscriptural. I am sorry that M—— does not find what she seeks. There are some of the Society, however, who are much more interested than they have been for years, and if they can be benefited, the change will be an advantage on the whole. I am glad that you have an Episcopal Church in C———, for the service is a large advance upon Calvinistic worship in these latter days. — How long will it be

before you return to Northampton? I know of so many absentees that I cannot think of the town as inhabited at all. . . .

21 *March*, 1854. Yesterday I read Scriptures at the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Young, my former pastor. Dr. Gannett preached the sermon from the text, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Drs. Lothrop and Blagden offered the former and latter prayer. Drs. G. and L., my brother George and myself, followed the remains to Mt. Auburn in company with a large number of parishioners and friends, a very long procession. The church was thronged. Mr. Young was a good scholar, an honest man, a friend of liberty, a believer in the Gospel (what ministers all are not in these days). . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

24 EDINBURGH STREET, 20 June, 1854.

You may possibly still remember who I am, though it is so long since I have reminded you of my existence by sending so much as a line. It is Monday, and a warm Monday too; and as you know what a trial the heat is to me, — as to yourself, — you will be prepared to make large allowances for any dulness of this epistle. However, I shall not defer writing, as it will undoubtedly be warmer before it is cooler. How is it on "the board walk" at this precise moment, or in the upper kitchen at "Burnell's"? — I trust that by this time you have

become again a regular citizeness of Northampton, walking in the old ways, and that these ways are made pleasant by the usual amount of rhubarb (is the word spelled correctly? the dictionary is not at hand, and the thermometer is high), asparagus, strawberries, and flowers, which I take to be the amenities of life at this season. — I learn that Northampton shared freely in the excitement about the fugitive Burns, and as I read the papers the prospect seems to be that in the western part of the State the Whigs will be all Free Soilers. I hope that the excitement will last until election; and I am only sorry that the summer, which scatters and unnerves everybody, must intervene. The feeling in Boston has entirely changed since 1850; it is fortunate for me, with my Abolition sympathies, that it has. Frederick Huntington and myself have, he the Marshal, and I Seth Thomas, the counsel for the slave claimant, for parishioners; but we survive to this day, nevertheless. Unless a very decided course is pursued now, the next generation will have a hard time of it, — nothing short of a Southern despotism or a dissolution of the Union. But we will hope for better things. . . .

Measures are in train which will effectually separate a portion of the Unitarians at least from the loose-end persons who sail under our flag; and I should not be surprised if we had before long a distinct sect of Parkerites, or Deists, or Theists, or whatever they may please to call themselves. At

all events, there is far more difference between these persons and many Unitarians than there is between many Unitarians and the Orthodox, so called. — The Ministerial Association meets at Brother Knapp's next week, and I shall depend upon going out early enough to see Harriette before the meeting. — Can you tell me whether Mrs. T. will take any boarders this summer? I wish to find a place for a young man about fifteen years old, who is desirous of passing his vacation in the country. Would you be at the trouble, in the cool of the day and at your convenience, to inquire whether Mrs. T. or Mrs. W. could take such an one, — say about the last of July, for the residue of that month and the whole of August? The youth, like many at his time of life, is not free from the impression that should he be taken away all wisdom would die with him, but in other respects is very well, and is well behaved. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

24 Edinburgh Street, 13 Nov., 1854.

. . . I met Dr. Ingersoll last week, and learned from him that the church is closed and likely to be for a time. There will be a larger graduating class than usual next Commencement, and then will be a good time to present the case of the parish to a fresh graduate who will be willing, as they say when they advertise for clerks, to regard the experience acquired as in part at least a compensation for his services, —

which, after all, is not a bad view of the subject. I was glad to hear from Mrs. Woodward that the Sunday-school is to be kept alive, — that is something; but it will become absolutely necessary for some one to take the parish in charge and "pet" it, make a hobby of it, and be satisfied with nothing short of success. If Harrison were with you through the year, I think that he would undertake it. Mr. Forbes or Mr. Hillyer, either one of them, might do it. If one of those gentlemen should say to himself and to others earnestly and decidedly, "It is *essential* to have this large, free sort of preaching here; I will make it my business to procure it," there would be no difficulty. Suppose Mr. Forbes, — a man of weight and culture, a man capable of being very fascinating, — were to seek out a young man, offer to stand by him, to double or quadruple his own subscription, which he could do just as well as not, the man would be forthcoming. But with the exception of good, quiet Mr. Hillyer (blessings on him! he was an admirable treasurer, whether he had the needful or not) there is no one on the ground all the year and disposed to work, except Mr. Lyman, and he is rather tired. If one of you young ladies had an income of two or three thousand per annum the thing would go, I am sure. But "if," that provoking "if;" so we will let that pass. — I think you will be interested in reading the Memoir of Judd, partly because it is the story of a fresh, earnest man, not without genius, and partly because the subject was personally known

to you. It is very well done. . . . I can recommend "Ida May" as a well-written and powerful book, though it suffers in coming after "Uncle Tom," and being brought into comparison with it; for it has not anything like the same reach.

Truly yours,

R. E.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

24 EDINBURGH STREET, Christmas, 1854.

. . . And I might say "a merry Christmas to you!" if I did not know that it would be well on to New Year before this letter rests quietly in the pigeon-hole at Northampton, having been scrutinized by the younger Ferry, and its whitherabouts satisfactorily ascertained. So I will say "a happy New Year!" I hope you have been to church to-day; I am sorry to say that I have not been able to do so. I wish Christmas need not come on Monday, — that somehow there might be a leap-year contrived that would remedy what is to me a rather formidable obstacle to its right observance. To me, for some reason or other, I can hardly tell what, it is as impossible and as out of the question to go to church on Monday as it is for some to go to church on Sunday. Monday is the day when I think of giving up my profession, of never calling again upon any friends, of burning up my sermons, of opening a school or entering one as an usher. Monday the sun never shines, or shines only to puzzle and con-

found me; if I try to make a fire it will not light, though I use shavings enough to set all Moscow in a bright blaze. On Monday the children cut their fingers, and have more violent head-colds than on any other day of the week, so that my days may be said to begin again on Tuesday; and Christmas, therefore, if it comes on Monday, is a *dies non* to me. I hope you have not found it so, but that amidst the evergreens of the little St. John's Church you have got some comfort from the good old liturgy, which, though it repeats over-much, is yet free from modern impertinences. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

4 EXETER PLACE, Nov. 26, 1855.

Before I begin afresh upon sermons for Thanksgiving and the following Sunday, I will break the monotone a little by an attempt at least at an epistle, which you may read while the oven is preparing for the Thanksgiving holocausts, or defer, should you see fit, until that rather dreary interval (as it always seemed to me) between the New England festival and the next Lord's Day. Let me beg you to be thankful that the Woman's Rights Reform has not so far progressed as to lay upon you the duty of the ministry, and with it the preparation, not of Thanksgiving pies, but of the discourse, which so many persons regard as an impertinent preliminary, and yet insist upon having by way at least of getting

their money's worth out of the incumbent. The difficulty always is that it must be a sermon and not a sermon, and that an outright plea for thankfulness would be regarded as excessively tame and common-place. Should you think of a striking topic or pertinent illustration, anything which might secure a notice for the next evening's "Transcript" of an "exceedingly able discourse by the Rev. Rufus Ellis," please telegraph to me any time before six o'clock on Wednesday, without any regard to expense. — I was very glad to get your letter, and consider your kindness in writing to such a lax correspondent as I am a fresh proof of your practical Christianity. I hope that George Wright means to bring his wife to church, and that the additions you write of may yet make Mr. Huntington's place good. It has turned out you know, in two or three instances, that families which did not at first promise much church-wise or Unitarian-wise have proved very valuable accessions. Take Mr. David Joy for example. I say Mr. *David* Joy; for though Mr. Zenas Joy was a sort of proselyte of the gate during the Washingtonian excitement, in which you may perhaps remember I took a violent part (I have a lecture to Washingtonian women, or men, so dovetailed together that, like a sliding-seat buggy, it can be adapted to either while they are singing the last hymn, and it is on hand in case the matter should come up again, which to be sure is not likely in Chauncy Place), he never established himself within.

I should dismiss all anxiety about the church. Fifty dollars, more or less, will not matter much now, because it will not compel your minister to run behindhand in money concerns. Somehow Liberal Christianity will hold its own in Northampton. Some of the milder crazy people will be liberal in their theology, and with the attendants that must of necessity accompany them will help to fill up the southeast corner of our house of worship. I have no intention of selling my pew. I believe the stock will be above par in W.'s or E.'s [his sons'] day if not in mine. — If you wish to read an admirable *exposé* of a man who has flooded the countries of England and the United States with wretched religious writings, turn to the article in the last "Westminster" on Dr. Cumming. It is gloriously done. If the Doctor were not precluded by his profession from that way of relief, he should certainly call out the reviewer. I read last night by way of relaxation "Caste," a new Antislavery novel, or rather a novel levelled against colorphobia, North and South. In the main it is probable enough, though one of its elements, the immuring of a bad-tempered wife as an insane person in a private hospital, though admirable as an ideal, could hardly be realized in this imperfect world. The book is well wrought in many parts, but I doubt whether it will make a great sensation. Have you read "Hiawatha," or *Highwater*, as some pronounce it? Like all of Longfellow's longer productions, it seems to me very unequal, — exquisitely

touching in passages, but filled up with a deal of mere cotton waste. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

4 EXETER PLACE, 29 Jan., 1856.

MY DEAR J. — The presence of one or two authentic flesh-and-blood personages from Northampton, and the actual sight of your sister (not according to flesh and blood, but according to law and love) Louisa, in my own humble dwelling at 12.30 this A. M., as the railroad people would say, assure me that the mails are conveyed through drifts and over ice-covered rails, and that if I write to you there is a fair prospect that the letter will be handed to Christopher or yourself by my excellent friend young Wallcutt, or Willcutt, — who, somewhat to my surprise, recalled himself to my notice in the post-office last summer. I say to my surprise, for my relations to him as a member of the school committee were of a somewhat delicate and painful nature, inasmuch as he was either a "nervous" or a "misled" or a "heedless," or in some other way innocently unfortunate, youth. I was gratified to find that his remembrance of me was pleasant, and that I must have succeeded in sweetening for him my committee pills, and that I have no reason to apprehend that any letters which I may write to you or others will be destroyed, when having peeped into them he has learned that they are from me. — Louisa dines

here to-morrow, and then no doubt I shall know what has been going on in Northampton. As yet I have been told of nothing since the accounts that came to us of your mammoth sewing-circles and stupendous tea-fights. When you get fairly embarked in missionary efforts, and are ready to send out with your surplus funds Unitarian evangelists, may I be allowed to suggest Boston as an excellent field for your labors? Here are two parishes without preachers, — or rather one pulpit and one parish, for I suppose that the New South can hardly be called anything more than a pulpit; but it is a mahogany one, and very high, and then if the parish is small, it takes so much less time to "get round." — Have you been turned out of the committee for buying books, or are you still on, and meditating a removal to Boston with the funds? Have you had Lewes' "Goethe"? It is very highly commended by very competent judges. When I am done writing sermons I mean to read it, or perhaps before that, if I can make the fine old Greek into a warning, and so compel him into the service of the pulpit much against the grain. — I have been writing two sermons a week this winter most of the time thus far, and if I am able to do so much longer shall come to the conclusion that some sore intellectual ill must have happened to me. It is a long time since I have transgressed to such a degree.[1] . . . I am sorry to say that I have little hope

[1] The following extract from a letter written to Miss Clarke by Mrs. Ellis, dated Northampton, April 4, 1847,

that Dr. Hedge will go to Brookline. James has done his best to bring it about, but the Providence Society make so strong a case that the Doctor will hardly be able to prove a louder call and a larger, — both of which items, as I need hardly say to [a] lady so skilled as yourself in clerical matters, are parts of the ecclesiastical *morale.* Providence is Episcopalian and Baptist, and of course Liberal Christianity cannot put up with either of these superstitions, or allow them to get possession. Still, it is barely possible that Dr. Hedge may get away. The chance is small. In this imperative demand for preachers hereabout, how long the strictly "rural" parishes can be said to be in safe possession of a minister, I leave you to judge, Perhaps there should be legislation, or a Carson League, or a Reform Society, devoted to this subject. . . .

His attitude on the Antislavery question has been alluded to. The letter which follows and the answer to it make clear his position : —

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shows how faithfully he performed this work of writing sermons at that early period : "Mr. Ellis is very well; but his numerous cares, I think, rather wear upon him. He has now two services on Sunday, and instead of having something old one part of the day, he writes two sermons." She adds: "He has now another student, making two under his charge. This, too, is the time for attending to school matters. Fast Day comes this week, which must be observed."

SUNDAY EVENING.

DEAR SIR, — I am sorry you should have thought fit to introduce the subject of slavery into your morning's sermon. The discussion of this subject from the pulpit, in our community, will not tend to promote pure religion or good morality; on the contrary, it may engender feelings leading to strife and bitterness. Hereafter, when you propose to preach on slavery, I should deem it a favor to be informed, so that I may absent myself from the meeting, and be saved the painful necessity of quitting my pew during the service.

I am your friend and servant,

REV. R. ELLIS, Exeter Place.

4 EXETER PLACE, 31 Oct., 1856.

MY DEAR SIR, — I commend your frankness, and shall need no apology for imitating it. I should have preferred to have had your note at some other time than at the opening of my evening service; but that I suppose was an oversight, and fortunately it did not disturb me. When I came to Chauncy Place I had a long correspondence with the committee, in which I stated that it had been my practice to discuss every great moral subject, every evil and sin, including that of slavery, and that I must continue to do so. After that correspondence they called me. I announced the same purpose in substance in my opening sermon. I have always meant

to avoid party politics, and have done so in every instance. I have nothing to do with them in the pulpit, and do not mean that they shall have anything to do with me. I shall endeavor to discuss every moral subject with calmness and moderation, and I am satisfied that any one who regards me as having erred in this respect must have peculiar notions of clerical duty. As to last Sunday's sermon, most persons would have thought it over-conservative. In illustrating a great religious and moral theme, a prominent moral question comes in my way. Shall I avoid it? Not as I interpret my duty. As I have heretofore done I shall continue to do. I am neither fanatic nor political partisan, but I shall try to preach the whole Gospel, and must add that I cannot engage to give notice to any one of my parishioners what special course of Christian instruction or illustration I may be led into on the morrow. This would be impossible sometimes, and you might think yourself aggrieved. I can undertake to do nothing of the sort, and must run the risk of the momentary disturbance that would be caused in the congregation if you should feel called upon to bear witness against me by leaving your pew. I am sorry that I cannot please you without being false to my conscience; and with many thanks for your many kindnesses, remain,

Sincerely yours,

R. ELLIS.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

EXETER PLACE, 7 July, 1857.

I think you will be surprised, my dear Julia, to see my handwriting, if indeed you recognize it still; but here it is, nevertheless, and I hope you will not convert the paper into allumettes before you have glanced over it. I hear you are yet in the beautiful town of Canandaigua, and thither the letter shall go. I wish that I could go myself, not by epistle, but in *propriâ personâ*,— first, to see you; second, to revive my remembrances of one of the most lovely villages of our land. I fear that I shall not soon see you unless you come to Boston. I had hoped and planned in part to go to Northampton this summer, but have given it up. . . . The little time I can get in the summer I am glad to keep perfectly free from all engagements; if it were not for the heat and the flies I should sleep most of the time. But I cannot go to Northampton without having the old feeling come over me that I should go and see everybody; and after ten months of that one likes to pause, were it only in mercy to one's shoes. So I am inclined to think that I shall wait . . . until I am quite forgotten by the old parish, and I can slip about through the streets and make my quiet observations, or take a surreptitious cup of tea in some very snug little back dining-room like those in Hawley Street. Not that I should n't like to see everybody, from the greatest to the least, — from Mrs.

P., the elder and the larger, to Mrs. C., less than the least; but though the spirit is willing, the flesh grows weary at times, and will have it that the chief end of man is not to go and see people. — Gertrude has just had a very pleasant trip to the valley, — a glimpse of Brattleboro', a gleam of Northampton. . . . I have been trying to find a preacher for Mr. Silsbee during the month of August. He wishes to rest during that inclement season. It is possible that he will have Mr. E. C. Guild, who graduates this year from the Divinity School. He is an old friend of mine, and has superintended my Sunday-school. He writes very well; what his delivery may be I cannot say, but I know that he is an earnest Christian and a high-toned gentleman, and that he will be, should he come, an addition to Northampton society. He may not, as Miss Nipper would say, be an elephant; but he is a stouter man than your esteemed pastor, and of more attractive physique. — If you come across them, I strongly recommend some English sermons by Frederick Robertson, republished by Ticknor and Fields. They are very striking, and exceedingly to the purpose. I have read nothing of the kind for a long time which has interested me so much. They are *real.* He was an Episcopalian, but there is not a word in them which even so bigoted a Unitarian as myself can pause at. — We think of getting up a new denomination, the fundamental doctrine being the incarnation of the Divine Word in the man Jesus, — this the great Article. I shall depend upon

your joining it. I believe it would unite multitudes of many sects who are divided by the old technics.[1] . . .

Saturday, 5th *Sept.*, 1857. I returned yesterday afternoon from Hough's Neck, Quincy, where for the last two summers we have spent six or seven weeks. . . . I have preached at Roxbury, Dorchester (Mr. Pike's), twice at Milton, and at Harrison Square, and have been absent from my own pulpit continuously four Sundays. I begin again to-morrow, and from this time on resume the various departments of my autumn and winter tasks.

Monday, 7th *Sept.*, 1857. I preached yesterday for the first time after an interval of four weeks in my own pulpit.

Oct. 25 [1857] . . . I have re-opened the Sunday-school these two Sundays. With success, I have endeavored to interest the people in the poor, with the prospect of a very severe winter before us.

Nov. 22 [1857]. Preached for the new Society in Canton Street their opening sermon. Attendance excellent.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

BOSTON, 20 April, 1858.

I am enjoying a week of comparative leisure, and one of my amusements has been this of writing a

[1] In common with Dr. Charles Lowell and Dr. Martineau, Mr. Ellis never adopted the name of "Unitarian" as defining the religious fellowship, or body, to which he belonged, his wish being to unite all liberal Christians in one fold. — ED.

few paragraphs to some of my friends. As you stand very high up in that catalogue of estimable persons, I have reached your name at the very beginning of my week. — I have had time since I left Northampton to think how much I enjoyed myself. Was n't it a little striking how the Lamp of Day held out to burn during that week, and what a start the spring took from that auspicious Sabbath morning, when, instead of threatened rain, we had summer splendors! — I see that M. has already commenced hostess to the Franklin Evangelical *Ashchiation* as Rev. Mr. H., the elder, used to pronounce it. It was not a cheering company when I walked among them, and I am sure that those who have been clothed upon with the heavenly body and the celestial garments have been the gainers. I think I never saw a more vivid fulfilment of the ministry gone to seed, and invariably returned from the gatherings with a fit of chronic depression. I should think there might be a livelier company at present. — I am so sorry to hear that Mr. L. has been removed. It seems to me very hard. I don't know any one who would meet the facts of a case of trial with more courage than L., or who would have more capacity to do all that a woman can do in this strange world, where women are only half or quarter paid for what they do, and paid nothing for throwing in all their loveliness besides. I don't know what can be done about it, — the Woman's Rights

matter, I mean; but I should think that among us we could find some scholars for L. if she wants them. I don't know where children could possibly be more comfortable than with the L's, they are so nice and thorough and conscientious about everything; but isn't it hard that they should be obliged to begin life all over again, as it were, and Mr. and Mrs. L. far from well and strong? It seems to be precisely the juncture when something ought to "turn up;" when some ship should come in. How utterly disgraceful for that old O. S. to have left his property to all sorts of possible and impossible beneficiaries, many of them yet to be born in case the world does n't come to an end, instead of being concentrated, a good lump of it, in the hands of a family that would have taste and generosity and culture to make a good use of it! I hope O. has seen the folly of it by this time, and if he could only rap back a *codicil* through some of the old tables and chairs that were left to the family, I will agree to believe in the rappings for the sake of the solid pudding; and I write this disinterestedly, though I did have two of the most charming little puddings that any cook was ever inspired to make when I last dined at the L's. — I hope your mother is gaining. I have made up my mind that she must and shall, and I believe that if I had [her] here I would make it out somehow with the blessing of the Lord. . . .

In 1858 the minister made an effort to revive Thursday Lecture. An account of this old institution has been given by Dr. Frothingham in his "Shade of the Past." The sermon was always preached in the First Church; and from the time of its foundation in the days of John Cotton to the date of its discontinuance, — about 1849 or 1850, — one of the ministers of the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers took the service in rotation. One interesting event to the younger people connected with the observance was the half holiday which was allowed them. Before the services began, it was the duty of the town clerk, standing in the gallery of the church facing the pulpit, to read the banns of matrimony which had been recorded with him. Many of the audience, it must be stated, were more interested in this performance than in the rest of the proceedings, and at its conclusion were accustomed to retire from the church, leaving the faithful to listen to the lecture. The attempt by Mr. Ellis to revive the institution departed from the old custom in extending invitations to ministers of other denominations to take part. The record of the new establishment as fur-

nished by the pastor for the history of the Church is as follows: —

April 8, 1858 [eleven o'clock, A. M.]. Thursday Lecture was resumed. Ministers of all denominations — Baptists, Methodists, Orthodox, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians — were invited to take their turn. Among others, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and the late Dr. Diman, of Providence (then of Brookline, Mass.), performed the service.

In the diary is the following: —

On Thursday, the 8th day of April, 1858, the Thursday Lecture was resumed in my church. I preached from 1 Sam. x. 10, on the Prophets and Saul, with some introductory remarks upon the Revival now going forward in the city, and upon the resumption of the Lecture. Whether the re-establishment shall be more than for a time, time alone can decide.

The old institution did not long continue, coming to an end in about three or four years.

12 *Sept.* [1858]. I have passed seven weeks very pleasantly at Rye Beach. I have filled my own pulpit a part of the time, and have now been at home again for two Sundays. . . .

Jan 17, 1861. Thursday; yesterday rainy. . . . Attended a school committee in the afternoon, and unwillingly accepted again the office of chairman of the Quincy committee, with the understanding that I should be excused from duty on Primary schools. . . . I have read my paper, and there is nothing more of importance from Washington or South Carolina about the revolution upon the eve of which we seem to be.

Beginning with the last entry, there are frequent allusions to the political situation and events of the Civil War in the pages of the diary.

January 22. I have had at my house some twenty-four callers to-day, and am pretty weary. The troubled state of the country continues.

February 6. Received children of Sunday-school and congregation at my house [4 Exeter Place]. More than twenty children from the Temporary Home were present. Gave them from the Poors' Fund, etc., thirty-five dollars. It seemed to be quite a successsful occasion.

Mr. Gannett in his Life of his father, Dr. Gannett, speaks of "country-nooks nestled between brick walls in . . . Boston." Exeter Place, if not a country-nook, was a beautiful refuge from noisy streets. For some years

Rufus Ellis lived at No. 4. His opposite neighbor was Theodore Parker, "for whom," as he said in his journal, "I have a profound respect, vehemently as I differ from him." At the head of Exeter Place was a pretty garden, which belonged to his next-door neighbor, Mr. Eddy. In the rear of No. 4 was the Boston Public Latin-School. Access to this famous institution was debarred in this direction by a high brick wall. In spite of this obstacle, it is feared that the minister's belated sons must have occasionally found means of getting to school by this back entrance, although perhaps the rule of discipline forbade it. In attempting this feat the venturesome youths might have been spurred on by the thought that it was a choice between two evils; in other words, as old Francis Gardner, the famous master of the school, was fond of saying, a boy in such a case was "between the horns of the dilemma," — he must either run the risk of being caught in scaling the wall, or suffer the penalty of being late if he went to school by the usual course. It was, at any rate, a "terrible temptation" even for a minister's son.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

4 EXETER PLACE, 22 June [1861 ?].

I send you up, as a first attempt to meet your want, one of Bohn's catalogues. Besides the heavy artillery, there are Minie rifles and pleasant little pieces; and should you see anything which you think would be interesting, please mark the book and return the catalogue to your venerable friend in Exeter Place, and the books shall be sent up. If you do not see anything I will try again; and I have no doubt I can find a few books that will help you through the hot weather, if we are to have any, and, what is quite as important, take off your mind from warm and woolly, or what ought to be woolly (if men are not all liars, as the Psalmist rather sweepingly and, as he admits, hastily affirms), shirts and linen, or *quasi* linen, Havelocks. No fighting to speak of yet. I should n't wonder if the shirts were all for nothing, and if we should be obliged to wear them out ourselves. I shall be virtuous, and give mine away. I feel it in my bones that Scott does n't mean to have many killed, but rather to crowd the rebels out; and there are premonitions already of compromises to be proposed, though I don't think the South is prepared yet to offer any which the North would accept. — Have you begun your summer arrangement of one service on Sunday? We have on the part of the congregation, though not on the part of the pulpit; and as the

few who do go are divided about the hour, — some wishing to have it all over soon, some to protract the satisfaction, — even the few who do come are lessened. Happily, "ubi duo aut tres ibi ecclesia;" that was a prophetic saying! — I shall be near Hariette's Monday, for ministers' meeting; should see her were she there, — though while I write some one comes in and proposes a funeral, which may keep me at home. Let me know what you wish about the books, and with much love to S. — . . .

P. S. Of photographs I have had several of different degrees of ugliness. Just now I have none, and tried to get some the other day in vain. They had all been sold! Does n't that witness for my popularity? — though a newspaper man spoke of me the other day as rather distinguished for a pure style than for brilliant oratory! How little I am understood! — I saw the Brewers the other day at Edward Lyman's; I was much pleased with them; also with J. L., whom I tried to recall into the paths of Orthodoxy, from which he has strayed. He is a good honest fellow, however, spite of his meagre creed, and actually teaches, from a sense of duty, a Sunday-school manual, scarcely a word of which he himself believes! . . .

Offered the Prayer of Dedication — the first prayer offered in the church on Arlington Street, Rev. Dr. Gannett's — on Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1861.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

4 EXETER PLACE, 26 Dec. [1861 ?]

I have just received some photographs which I ordered last summer, but forgot or neglected to call for. I hope it is not too late to send you one, with the earnest wish and prayer that the Old Year may deal gently with you in going out, and that the New Year may entreat you kindly in coming in. Gertrude has been ill, and is weak now, but is getting better. Otherwise we ar[e] flourishing. — I hear that you are rejoicing in a good organ, which I hope aided your Christmas rejoicings in the House of God. — I went yesterday for the first time since his change to hear F. D. H., and beheld him in his white robes. The church I am not quite sure about,— I mean about the decorations, which are blue and gold, the starry heavens above, and the roof of the clere-story pannelled and covered with the various emblems of our religion. The building is well arranged, but of course far less imposing than Dr. Gannett's. — M. L. dined with us last week. She is a very sweet girl, and quite a credit to Northampton. . . .

On the 26 of January, 1862 (Sunday), at 5½ P. M. sunset, my mother died. She had reached the age of eighty years, and on account of a fall some five years since, by which her hip was broken, has been comparatively helpless for some time, though able for the most part to sit up and, until the last year,

move about with the help of a crutch. She was the daughter of Jeremiah Dummer Rogers, formerly of Littleton, Mass., who, being a loyalist, removed to Halifax at the time of the Revolution. In Halifax mother was born, and afterwards sent to Boston to be adopted and brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Parkman. She has been a faithful and kind mother, and to the last has retained her interest in her children and grand-children, and her powers of using and enjoying life. We would gladly have kept her longer, but not to suffer. I saw her the day before her death, which, however, I think she did not look for so soon. She will be buried to-morrow. I have seen her remains yesterday and to-day, and the face wears a very tranquil look. She is the last of a large family.

June 24, 1862. . . . I have been occupying since the 28th of March the house No. 4 Temple Place, owned by Mr. Thos. Lee, the second from the corner on the left hand as you enter the court from Tremont Street.

The house No. 4 Temple Place was even more delightfully situated and attractive than the one in Exeter Place. What is now a busy thoroughfare was in 1862 a quiet part of the city, filled with pleasant dwellings. At one end of the place was a flight of stone steps connecting it by a passage-way with

Washington Street. · In the rear of No. 4, with considerable open space surrounding it, stood St. Paul's Church. The recollections of home-life in Temple Place are full of interest. How much seemed to be "going on," as we say, in those days! How many gatherings occurred under the minister's roof! Truly, "all sorts and conditions of men" were sure of a welcome there, — from the children from Aunty Gwynne's Home to the meeting of the clergy in solemn conclave. How well the younger members of the household recall those "ministers' meetings," especially the good things of which the little people came in for a share after the clergy had partaken! With what impatience we longed to get into the supper-room by those back stairs where we waited, relieving the monotony occasionally by forays into the study, where the plates of nuts and raisins provided for the ministers were temptingly displayed! Especially do we recall one minister who had a strong liking for cream-cakes. With what suspense we waited to see if any would be left for us! Finally, the signal came from the outpost that the last minister had retired; and then the rush into the supper-room, where, raven-

ous as we were, we never failed to find enough of everything, — except, perhaps, sometimes, alas! a lack of cream-cakes.

Sept. 4, 1862. . . . We are on the eve of very startling events. Our new recruits are hardly yet of much service, and we are in no condition to advance even if we can hold our own. Perhaps it is not the purpose of Providence that a Union so incongruous as ours should be restored. Perhaps we are to have something wholly new. God give us all courage and self-sacrifice, and great earnestness, and, above all, the most entire trust!

Sept. 6, 1862. A day of much public depression, in which I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to say that I have largely shared. Perhaps a brighter hour will presently come. I met this morning my parishioner, ———. He talked in a very excited manner about the war, and said that the ministers were greatly to blame for it, because they had hounded the people on against the South, and that he did not feel as if he should ever care to enter a church again. I asked him if he did not think that the difficulty lay in the very nature of the case, — the impossibility of uniting Free States and Slave States? But he could not see it. I think that the Administration has showed itself very unequal to the emergency; but it must be borne in mind that they had in hand at once a rebellion and a revolution, the problem of restoration and re-creation, and that

few persons could see at first that it must be subjugation or nothing. Our Cromwell has not yet appeared. God reigns! If I could think that our world is in human hands alone, I should be greatly disheartened. Let me learn to pray as I have never prayed before.

Oct. 29 [1862]. On Sunday last my parishioner, Capt. T. B. Wales, Jr., of the Forty-fifth Regiment, now in camp at Readville, and soon to leave for Newbern, N. C., brought his Company with him to worship in First Church. They made an excellent appearance. I preached to them from the text, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." They gave respectful audience. . . .

The Newsboys' School re-opened in the vestry Nov. 3 [1862], with from forty to fifty scholars. Mr. Torricelli was present with myself to assist the ladies in the care of it, and the auspices are very favorable. I am trying to connect with the parish more missionary work through the assistance of Mr. T., who receives a moderate stipend from Miss W. The ladies at present are sewing for the soldiers. . . .

The following letter gives an account of the Newsboys' School, started in the vestry of First Church, then in Chauncy Street, and afterwards adopted by the city. With this

enterprise the name of one of his parishioners, so well known to the poor and unfortunate in that day, who, as it is recalled, went about the streets of Boston with pencil in hand, getting the names of recruits, is inseparably blended.[1]

To Mrs. Susan I. Lesley.

106 MARLBORO' STREET, 20 Jan'y, 1869.

. . . I am glad to write you all I can about the newsboys. We had in our vestry only a school for them, as there seemed to be no need here as there is in New York of a lodging-house. The boys came two hours in the forenoon, when they were not busy about their selling. We had some of the time a gentleman, some of the time a lady, whose paid duty it was to be present every day as a superintendent to maintain some measure of system and unity. A woman is better than a man, partly because you cannot find any but a second or third rate man who is willing or able to do such work for the wages that are forthcoming. The other teachers are volunteer, — ladies young, and some not so young, — who take their day or their two days in the week. The city gave us desks and some books. The instruction is elementary, special attention being paid to writing and arithmetic. The children are mostly Roman Catholic, and religion is avoided; but whenever a

[1] Mrs. Fanny Cabot Paine.

bit of good morals could be worked in, it was done. The work was difficult, often very discouraging, yet often greatly rewarded; many boys were saved from destruction; and especially were those helped, and they were not a few, who got homes in the country through the assistance of their teachers. What we needed was authority to compel attendance and good behavior. We had a policeman at first, and needed one always, but the city did not feel authorized to send him. By dint of continual appeal the city finally took the schools into their own hands and provided for them, — arranging that newsboys should go in the morning and bootblacks in the afternoon, and securing attendance and good conduct by a license conditioned upon good behavior. We have a special sub-committee of the School Board upon these schools, — one Romanist, one Orthodox, and one Christian of the Liberal type, so that all interests are represented, and any Christians who may wish to show their Christianity by taking each other denominationally and ecclesiastically by the throat are restrained from so doing. I hope, whatever becomes of the "woman suffrage," — and it seems to be safe enough in the hands of the long-haired men and the short-haired women, — that women will soon be put on our school committees; then we should have public newsboys' schools everywhere, and they would be properly visited. Our schools are much too fine for our situation; at least the common people are neglected for the sake of those who wish

to make high schools of every primary and grammar school, and the poorest and raggedest children who cannot go all the time are thrown out. It is of the utmost importance to reach somehow the neglected children. We have under the care of our Children's Aid Society two Homes, — one for boys, one for girls, — that work admirably. We take the children *before* they steal, when their fingers are just trembling in the wrong direction, and try to help them. I will send you one of the reports. — I was present at Mrs. Hunt's funeral. How it all carried me back to the old days! What most touched me in the service was the hymn sung to an old tune, —

> "The Lord my shepherd is,
> I shall be well supplied;
> Since he is mine and I am his,
> What can I want beside."

We are in our new house, which until there is more building is quite in the sunlight. I enjoy it thoroughly. . . .

By letter dated June 2, 1863, from President Hill of Harvard, Mr. Ellis was asked if he would "be willing to accept the Parkman Professorship of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care, — and also give, as a part of your [his] duties, some lectures on Doctrinal Theology and the Evidences."

June 11. Answered on the 9th day of June an important letter from President Hill, opening for me a very interesting field of labor. Feeling it to be my duty as well as my privilege to remain where I am, I answered in the negative. — I have been reading lately several of J. H. Newman's parochial sermons, which strike me as very valuable. They are conceived and written in a very earnest religious spirit.

Tuesday, May 24 [1864]. Returned last night from preaching the last two Sundays in Brooklyn, N. Y. The intervening week I passed in Washington, Annapolis, and Philadelphia, visiting the hospitals, etc. The effects of the late battles were everywhere to be seen in the crowds of wounded men. I came on with many of them in the cars. Passed a delightful day in Annapolis, — a fascinating old place. The State Convention were in session to revise the State Constitution and to emancipate the slaves. Visited the old State House, famous for Revolutionary memories. Talked with one and another about slavery. The prospect of the war for the Union is on the whole favorable.

In 1865 he was called upon to officiate at the funeral of Edward Everett, which took place in the church.

Jan. 25 [1865]. In common with the community I have gone through with a great deal since

my last record. Our great citizen and our parishioner, Edward Everett, died suddenly on the 15th of January at a little after four in the morning. His servant came to announce it to me before we were up. The door-bell startled me from sleep. I make no record here of my impressions; they have already been set down, and will be put, through the kindness of my parishioners, into a permanent form. My own loss as his pastor is serious indeed.

The following letters from his distinguished parishioner show a characteristic devotion to the offices of religion: —

Edward Everett to Rufus Ellis.

SUMMER STREET, 7 Aug., 1862.

MY DEAR SIR, — I wish I could comply with your request for a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury in favor of young Mr. ———; but circumstances, which I will detail to you when we meet, put it out of my power to address a recommendatory letter to Mr. Chase. I am extremely obliged to you for the magazine, and the other note. I am entitled to no credit for going to church both parts of the day and in all weathers, when I am well. There is no weather in this climate which furnishes a decent excuse for a man in health, living as near as I do to the church, for absenting himself. But I wish no excuse, as I go from inclination. Two short seasons in the week

for the brain to rest is very little. The time passed in church is to me pleasantly and profitably passed. Besides this, I think it my duty as a Christian man to pay respect to the institutions of the Christian church; and lastly, I think it is a cruel insult to a faithful minister to reward the labor which he has bestowed in preparing his discourses with empty pews. If his place in the pulpit is supplied by a brother clergyman, this insult to one's own minister is aggravated by want of courtesy to his friend. I do not mean that all, or any, who stay at home *intend* the insult; they are only thoughtless or selfish; but with the views I entertain of a parishioner's duty to his pastor, I should feel as if I had affronted him if I absented myself unnecessarily from his church.

I remain, dear Sir, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

The next letter is worth printing, as showing the old-time courtesy which a layman showed to his minister: —

Edward Everett to Rufus Ellis.

SUMMER STREET, 24 May, 1864.

DEAR SIR, — I return you this excellent discourse, which I have read with great interest. Be pleased to accept my thanks. I have told my boy that he took too great a liberty in stopping you in church to

ask for it; but I hope you will excuse it on the ground of the attention manifested by him to the discourse, and the filial wish that his father should share the benefit of it.

I remain, dear Sir, with much regard,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Feb. 22 [1865]. Declined yesterday, for the time at least, an invitation in the way of an inquiry from Mr. Lowell to deliver a course of Lowell Lectures on some topic connected with Natural Religion. To-day there is much rejoicing over the capture of Columbia and the occupation of Charleston by our troops, — as well there may be.

February 27. . . . Yesterday we had a meeting of the parish touching the [Unitarian] Convention in New York, and voted thirty-nine to four not to send. I laid the matter before the Society, but did not make known my own wishes, preferring that they should come to a decision for themselves. Rev. Dr. Frothingham spoke, and very much to the purpose. We must try now individually to do all we can.

February 28. Mind greatly exercised as to the condition of things in our Liberal churches. It is very evident that they will unite without any Confession of Christian faith upon the largest platform of common humanity. Must I stand almost or quite alone? I shall try to do what is right.

March 27. Preached yesterday as much of a denominational sermon as I ever preach, — witnessing for my Liberal Christianity; emphasizing the *Christianity*, yet standing forth in behalf of the *Liberality*. It seems to have been well received . . .

April 4. I have made no record since the great event of the *evacuation of Richmond* and the marching into it of colored troops on Monday, April 3, at 8.15 A. M., General Weitzel commanding. The event needs no comment, either in itself or in the significant circumstance of the black force. The fighting has been very severe. Maj. Charles H. Mills, whom I saw jnst before he left for the front, has lost his life. . . .

While visiting Mayor Briggs of Springfield, to which place Mr. Ellis went to preach, he had the pleasure of hearing of Lee's surrender.

April 11. . . . On Sunday night we were waked up . . . (it was 12 o'clock) by the announcement of the *surrender of Lee's army* to General Grant. This is virtually the end of the war. . . . We shall change our Fast into a Thanksgiving; it occurs to-morrow. . . .

April 14. We kept Fast yesterday in our strange modern fashion. I preached a partly Fast and partly Thanksgiving sermon on "The Fast of the Victorious," giving thanks for all our glorious successes

and pointing out the problems to be solved by our nation. . . .

April 18. On Saturday last we [were] thrown into amazement and sadness by the tidings of the death by *assassination* of President Lincoln. . . .

The funeral of President Lincoln was observed by services in the meeting-house.

April 20. The President's funeral occupied body, soul, and spirit the city through, yesterday. Almost every church was open. We had funeral services in ours. Scriptures by Mr. Tilden, prayer by Dr. Frothingham, address by Pastor. The church was very well filled. The city is covered all over with the signs of mourning, and they tell very truly what is in the heart, for Lincoln had gained the heart of the people. The fall of Mobile, which would have been a great event in common times, was scarcely noticed when it was announced yesterday, or the day before. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

BLUE HILL. July 25, 1865.

I wish to thank you for your kindness to Ned and to his companion in travel, of which he makes a very gratifying report. I hope that he was not burdensome to you. Coming unlooked for, you would have been quite justified in referring him to your

excellent hotels; but of course he was much happier with you. He enjoyed his little journey very much, and we enjoyed such accounts as he has been pleased to give us of his experiences in Northampton, ecclesiastical and secular: indeed, the two seem to have been combined in a way certainly not Jewish, and yet we will hope altogether Christian, in his attendance upon the services of the church morning and evening, and his going up to one of the "high places," after the manner of the Israelites, in the afternoon. — I hope that the introduction of gas is not symbolical of any want of solidity in our congregation. I always felt that my own gifts, being as they say in memoirs of clergymen "rather of the solid than of the brilliant order" (indeed, not without hints on the part of all but the two or three blind admirers, who are denied to no man, of a tendency to dryness and heaviness), were not altogether unsuited to a steady people; but this introduction of gas fills me with misgivings. I hear also of audiences counted up to three hundred and then abandoned in despair as numberless, and of the minister with parishioners to the right of him and to the left of him (not as in my day *only* to the left of him), and some of them — must I say it? — more than quiet, even reposeful; and I do not know what is coming, certainly I shall not venture to appear in the pulpit lest there should be a dispersion. But seriously I congratulate you on Mr. Jenkins. I hope that he will do a good work, and that his work will abide. — As Ned told

you, we are at Blue Hill. The region is very beautiful, the landscape glorious, and the only drawback is the very small portion of it which is occupied by our dwelling. The whole would make one very good room, though as my family is large it is better that it is divided into a great many rooms, including two kitchens, back and front stairs, a bathing-room (cold water only, but the roof is very hot), dining-room, *two* closets in one instance between the rooms, — and all within I dare not say how many feet or inches square. I took down several big beds to begin with, or we should hardly have been able to enter the house. By dint of re-arranging the furniture hourly, and keeping a portion of it on the grass when it does not rain, and by remembering where you can put down your foot and when you must gather in your skirts and at what turns you must look out for your knuckles, and by being careful to leave the table one at a time, lifting the hands carefully over the cups and tumblers, — we have escaped any serious catastrophe, and have thus far only a case of whooping-cough, which we might have had in a big house. But I must pause from my unwisdom, and with much love to all from G. and myself, write myself — . . .

P. S. It is very remarkable, the number of flies considering the smallness of the house; they would take up all the room which is to spare if there were any. Ned would be remembered; his bed-room is within hearing.

In 1865 a vote was passed to build a new house of worship. After some delay, this proposition was carried out.

25 *October* [1866]. I learn that on this day the Building Committee have decided to go on immediately to build a new church edifice on the corner of Berkeley and Marlboro, and on this 26th I make the record of this intention. God grant that it may be unto his glory and not unto our discomfiture! It is a huge enterprise to carry forward, outwardly and inwardly. It will be, it must be, a new congregation in every sense. I hope and trust that I shall not be called to part with many of the present worshippers. . . .

The move was finally made, with great success, in 1868.

Sunday, May 10 [1868]. Our last services to-day in Chauncy St. Church. Large company present. I am very unwilling, now that the time has come, to leave the old place. Dr. Reynolds sat in my pew. Many old *habitués* of the church were there. I shall probably print the sermon. The services were to me painfully interesting. Fifteen years ago, on the 8th of May, I stood in the pulpit for the first time. Talked with Dr. Palfrey after the service. Dr. Frothingham could not be present, nor even send a word save a very brief one. He is totally blind and very feeble. May the days of his weak-

ness not be lengthened out beyond his power of endurance, — though he is wonderfully patient and submissive. . . .

Sunday, May 17. Our first services to-day in the chapel of the new church [of which the corner-stone had been laid April 4, 1867]. I endeavor to set forth the uses of a chapel. Had a good congregation, a pleasant day, and a successful service. . . .

The oldest church-building on the so-called Back Bay is the Arlington Street, which was completed in 1862. The next Society to move to this part of the city was the First Church in Boston. At the time of laying the corner-stone of its present edifice, few houses had been built on "the new land." Many persons, scarcely yet in middle life, recall how bare the surroundings were, especially in winter. Most of the congregation lived at considerable distances from the site. Well might the minister be anxious as to what the future would bring forth.

The present edifice of First Church includes a beautiful chapel, which is large enough for a church, and was in fact so used by the congregation, as the extract from the diary just quoted shows. When the entire structure,

In
SACRED REMEMBRANCE
OF
RUFUS ELLIS D·D
SEVENTEENTH MINISTER
OF THIS CHURCH 1853-1885
REMOVED TO THIS SITE
WAS EMINENT AS A SCHOLAR
BUT HIS SUPREME DEVOTION
WAS GIVEN TO HIS SACRED OFFICE
AND THE WELFARE OF THE CHURCH
AND TO ENGAGING ITS MEMBERS
IN WORKS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY
IN THIS HE WON
THEIR SUPPORT AND COOPERATION
HIS WISDOM PURITY AND VIRTUES
ENDEARED THEIR LOVE AND TRUST

church as well as chapel, was completed, it justified all anticipations of its glorious promise. Few church-buildings in New England have given such general satisfaction for architectural finish and design. With its polished Aberdeen granite and carved columns, blending in harmony with the warm stone, and the rich stained glass-windows brought out by the dark interior, the structure has always been much admired. In a report on the stained glass which the architects, Ware and Van Brunt, made, in response to a request from a committee of the church, it is referred to as "a class of work which is not only without example in this country, but which will favorably bear comparison with any modern glass erected either in England or on the Continent."

Among the many memorials which have been placed in the edifice at various times may be mentioned a window in the chapel to the memory of Mrs. Fanny Cabot Paine, and two tablets in the church, erected by the Society, — one in memory of their late pastor, and the other in memory of Nathaniel Thayer. Mr. Thayer was a descendant of John Cotton, the second minister of First Church. He was one of those rare laymen whom a minister is

sometimes privileged to count upon in any emergency. Largely through his help, the parish was relieved of a heavy debt incurred in building their new house of worship. The tablet to his memory is a proper recognition of one who was a generous and hearty supporter of the old church.

The change gave a new life and impetus to the old Society. The pastor speaks of "seeing many new faces among the worshippers." Thus, full of hope and encouragement, the congregation began again their church life in a new and beautiful edifice. Among the congratulations which he received on entering what was, at the time at least, the finest church structure in the city, was a kind greeting from his old friend, Frederic Huntington.

Just previous to the removal, the King's Chapel Liturgy had been substituted for the old form of congregational service, not without regret on the part of some portion of the congregation.

Thus was a critical time in the history of this old First Church in Boston safely passed with the help of many noble givers. How generously some of his parishioners contributed, not only towards the cost of the new place of wor-

ship, but also towards the expenses of the pastor, whose new house was built in the neighborhood about the same time, is gratefully recorded in the diary. It is but one of many occasions in his life which mark the devotion of some of his people towards their minister.

Frederic D. Huntington to Rufus Ellis.

BOSTON, Dec. 9, 1868.

MY DEAR RUFUS, — If a word of gratulation from me at the opening of your most stately and beautiful sanctuary can give you any added joy, you have it here; and at least I please myself in offering it. It is a great lift-up, and a goodly cheer in the slow and hard work of the Christian ministry as a parish pastor exercises it, to have such walls and roof put around and over him while he preaches the unsearchable riches. You have earned it, and will use it well. I must *not* envy you your spire, — the feature that most tempts me that way, — but will rather do all I can to persuade my people to climb to heaven without it, He who came down from heaven keeping them with His grace.

It was my intention to attend the services tomorrow evening, but I am obliged to be with Dr. and Mrs. Hill of Athens, who are staying at our house, to meet some friends.

Ever affectionately and faithfully in the everlasting bonds,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

To Mrs. Susan I. Lesley.

7 Hamilton Place, 17 Dec., 1868.

Your very kind letter gave Gertrude and myself great pleasure, and I was very much gratified to know that what I had been moved to write about your dear mother was welcome to you. Those days in Northampton have dropped back into the golden light, and what came about then begins to be as a dream when one awaketh; and yet all is very vivid, and, save as I cannot help regretting the loss of many opportunities and the poor discharge of a most blessed function, I look back with not a little contentment. I am sure of one thing, — that I have been a highly favored man, so much so that I continually judge myself as one of those of whom you read in the newspapers "who have been obtaining goods upon false pretences," so much has befallen me beyond my deservings. However, it has one good effect, — it keeps me always trying to be not altogether a "sham." — I am sure you will be glad to know how beautiful our new church is. I am repeatedly told that it is the most beautiful thing in New England, and I have no doubt that this is the case. The interior is unbroken by any columns, which, as you must have often noticed, spoil some of the pews by filling them up, and others by hiding the speaker from those who occupy them. We are trying to keep the house what the old one has been for many years, — a house where rich and poor meet together. We have long had a large Sunday-school

of poor children, and they have their seats in the church appropriated to them, their teachers, and parents, which we do not mean to sell or to let. They are amongst the best seats in the church. Moreover, what is far more important, there is a temper in the congregation to maintain these Christian arrangements, and lift the church out of the old ruts and routines of churches for the cultivated and rich, with rhetoric and metaphysics and chapels for the poor, with goodish talk, — as if poor people had n't brains as well as people that live upon canvas-backs and in houses with all the modern improvements. But I will not boast. I am in the fashionable quarter now, — not in quiet Northampton, not in dingy old Chauncy Street, with its factory roof and its half-filled pews, from which only the utmost indecency of Paganism could exclude the poor. — I shall do what you kindly ask, — send you a sermon occasionally when I am left to print one; presently, my dedication sermon, which I trust will be my last appearance in print for some time to come. We get into a new house with the favor of God by the last day of the year which has been so eventful to me. I am so worn with feeling this and that! What a sweet prayer that of Tauler, — "May that which is Perfect come within us, and then that which is in part shall be done away!" To be in the world, and yet in the blessed eternal quietness to share the very peace of God. . . .

To Miss Julia Clarke.

NAHANT, Sept. 14 [1869].

Reading over your very agreeable and satisfactory letter to Gertrude, I am moved to send you a few words; and as I am beginning to hate a pen, I shall do so at once, fearing that any delay will be fatal to my purpose. Somehow your account of all that had befallen in N. carried me back more vividly than for a long time to Northampton and all its associations, and I said to myself how much I should like to prowl around there again, and revive some of the memories, especially about cattle-show time, early in October, when the trees are in the autumnal hectic; but that is just the busiest time for a man whose church has been shut up and congregation gone for nearly two months, and who will be sure to be rushing about then with an insane and miserable activity, were it only to set himself right as no idler. So I sha'n't come; but I shall go back in thought as I always do, specially in autumn, if you will allow me to use a quondam pastor's privilege (I have n't given up my claim to be your pastor still, and not merely *quondam*, and should come down upon you like the Day of Judgment if you should become an Episcopalian, or do any similar horrid thing). . . . I hope that the little girls will find a pleasant home where they seem to have been sent, certainly not without a Providence; and that is perhaps as much as can be said of a great many things which we can

and do *make* the best of, — though as to saying that we can see that *in themselves* they are best, it is more insight than I can pretend to; and while the Devil wishes us to tell lies for him, — the more the better, — I don't believe that God does. . . . ———'s will seems to me a very poor one. In the first place, this teaching people to talk is a questionable kind of philanthropy; there are too many who talk as it is. If he had founded an institution, the object of which would have been to stop people from talking, or to give them something to say, it would have been more to the purpose. The library seems to me a useful thing, though when I saw some newspapers lying around the other day I was comforted in the reflection that one at least of our handmaids can *not* read, and perhaps with an instinct truer and wiser than any conscious intelligence, declined receiving instruction in that questionable accomplishment from Gertrude *fille*. . . . I am glad that the Second Church is renewed, though I must say that I mourn for the pulpit. I never fancy anything of that kind which does not supply a shelter for my legs, — especially since wearing a gown, which does hide them, lays one open in some quarters to the charge of Episcopal tendencies and a general reactionary disposition, almost as much as if one allows himself to refer to anything in the New Testament which might encourage the superstitious idea that any new divine life came into the world some nineteen centuries ago, when the philosophers and moralists had got

"a good deal beat," as the country people say, in trying to redeem the world. I liked the pulpit, which seemed to me a very good medium (not *medjum*) thing; but I suppose we must try one thing or another, and certainly I ought not to say anything, as we have been architecturing on a tremendous scale, and propose to make a tremendous appeal to the public (religious?) through an organ which will only not be the Music Hall organ. I say "liked" the pulpit; and yet you will not think me absurd or seeking for a contradiction of what I write when I say how sad it often makes me to reflect what a poor, halting use I made of that pulpit, and how little you all got, and how patient and sweet you were about it. — I have been very sorry to hear of Mr. Lyman's trouble with his eyes. He and his were devotedly kind to me always, and for Mr. L. I have always entertained the utmost regard and affection, — a thoroughly downright and upright man, who, though he has lived a good deal apart, has deserved well of his generation. — You see what you have brought upon yourself! Though to be sure one need n't read letters unless one pleases, and you sha'n't be catechised as to contents. Do you know this is my semi-centennial? — My sincere love to so many in N. spite of changes. Don't forget Mary Washburn and all of hers, or the Cochrans, or the Damons, or the Lymans, or the Thayers, — and how can I go on, when as the writer to the Hebrews (not Paul, interposes the minister) saith, "the time

would fail me;" but I must crowd in that I am affectionately yours.

In November, 1869, Harvard made him "Lecturer in the Divinity School for the current academic year," reappointing him to the same office in the following year. In the "schedule of lectures" for the "spring term, 1870," the subject assigned to Rufus Ellis is, "The Moral Evidence of Christianity."

From April 6, 1869, to Dec. 12, 1870, there is no entry in the diary.

Dec. 12, 1870. — Everything has happened since I put pen to paper in this book. See the journal of my voyage to Europe and my six months' journeying.

Early in 1870 a serious attack of illness interfered with work. The Society granted a complete rest "for the term of eight months from March 1, 1870," meantime providing for preaching at its own charges.

To Miss Julia Clarke.

106 MARLBOROUGH STREET, 9 March [1870].

I have promised to do nothing and be nothing for a time; but I must write you just a word in reply to your kind note to Gertrude. I had a cold, and

was more tired than usual, and have made the mistake of dining late, and never took very kindly to anything like hemorrhages; consequently when I had a very slight one, a week ago Saturday, I took the opportunity to faint, and so am under a physician. He reports lungs all right, trouble entirely in the throat; no occasion to be anxious, might preach again in a few Sundays. But the people say, "Tired; needs rest (*sotto voce*, hope he'll get some new ideas!); must have a vacation and go to Europe." So I suppose I am to go, — with possibly Gertrude. I feel very well; walk out, drive out, eat, drink, sleep; only, what is hard for a man and a clergy-man, must not *talk*, — cannot any longer have the last word. I don't like it, but having had my own way in this thing for fifty years, must try to be good-natured and patient, and practise what I have tried to preach. — Gertrude sends love. Please take mine for yourself, and remember me lovingly to old friends. I shall *not* write for the "Register," but shall try to have a good time.

CHAPTER VI.

1870. Aet. 50–51.

ENGLAND.

MR. ELLIS has left a full account of his trip abroad in 1870, in the form of letters[1] addressed to his children at home. A few extracts from this journal may be of more general interest. The German steamer "Donau" landed her passengers at Southampton on Tuesday, April 18. After visiting various places, including the Isle of Wight, Mr. Ellis arrived in London the latter part of the month.

11 Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, London.

Sunday [*May* 1, 1870]. I have heard Spurgeon and Liddon. ——— gave us tickets to get into Spurgeon's with. We went early, earlier than we need have done, coming in a cab; for those who wait

[1] The original letters, which were missing when the first edition was printed, have been discovered. Only one change has been made as a result; namely, "theistical" for "theatrical" on p. 209. — Ed.

outside are ready to receive and conduct within those who do not come on foot, beyond the pedestrian crowd. They gave us good seats, and although the morning was quite showery, the great Tabernacle gradually filled full. It was an inspiring sight. In due time Spurgeon took his seat upon the platform in an altogether simple way. There was nothing prepossessing about his appearance to my dull eyes; I cannot tell much about a man, however, unless I get nearer, — then I think I can tell something. The whole thing, his opening prayer, his reading of the Scriptures, with exposition as he went on, his hymns, his sermon, which was rather a conference address than a sermon, — all made a most favorable impression upon me. His thought was fashioned into a form which I could not accept, but in substance it was perfectly true and thoroughly to the purpose. He is a sincere, whole-souled man, who has, in his way, a deep sense of the everlasting realities of God and duty and eternity, and has a point to carry, — the conversion of man from evil and ruin to good and life and blessedness. I don't care how he phrases it, in whatever antiquated and obsolete forms; the root of the matter is right, and the thing that he sets out to do he *does*. His directness was truly refreshing. There was scarcely a ray of imagination, there was nothing of the scholar or man of letters, — it was just the plain talk of a man who has his business to finish on Sundays as other people on week-days. Certainly, for the people that he was

addressing the sermon was well adapted. It was the first real thing I have heard in England; and it seemed unspeakably refreshing after the playing go-to-church in which the officials of the cathedrals of the previous week were engaged. I am very sure I could not abide the intoning, etc.; never should go near a church, should value my religion too much to go, if that were to be the form. I am sure, as I feel now, that I should not wish our service one jot less free or one jot more ritualistic than it is; in such case I should be found at once on ———'s side [one who was earnestly in favor of the congregational form of service formerly in use in First Church], voting with both hands, and securing all the proxies I could muster on that side. I cannot say how horribly formal and preternatural the reading of the service has sounded to me thus far. It must be, I am almost ready to say, an abomination to the Lord, second only to the prayer of the wicked; and if I lived in a cathedral town, I would be a Puritan, and should go to the plainest little barn of a chapel I could find. Canon Liddon preached very well, but not half as much to the purpose as Spurgeon; and neither of them preached as the Everlasting Word, so grand, so mysterious, and yet so simple and practical, ought to be preached.

11 QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, May 7.

On Wednesday attended an enthusiastic meeting at Exeter Hall, presided over by the Earl of Shaftes-

bury, the leader of the Evangelical and Reform party in the Church. The object was the circulation of the Bible. It seemed to me that the great point was not so much the Bible in and of itself as the Bible in opposition to Romanism; everything anti-ritualistic or anti-Romish brought down the house, which was crowded with the same kind of people as go to the "Anniversaries." All of them seemed to be middle class; had their sandwiches, etc., and seemed to be in for it for the day.

In the P. M. heard a very interesting lecture by a Mr. Rawlstone on the folk lore of Russia, and was introduced to [George] MacDonald, who was there with his wife and I know not how many, but a great many (he has eleven), children. He was very cordial, invited us to come out on Sunday after service and take a part of his family dinner. We accepted the invitation very thankfully, and Mr. Strahan was to arrange about our getting out; we have not yet heard from him. M. was very cordial, and glad, he said, to get friendly words from America.

On Thursday I made my way in an omnibus to Hampstead, and had a very delightful call upon Mr. Sadler, who seems to be a very pleasant gentleman and a clergyman of the right sort. He has a very pretty new stone church in the suburbs of London. I went into it with him, and was sorry to be obliged to decline his invitation to preach. The Indian who is visiting England speaks to his congregation to-morrow. If it were not for my engagement

at Hammersmith, I should like to hear him, for though no Christian, he must be a very interesting man.

Friday. Went out to the Zoölogical Gardens. It is no common menagerie, be assured; and, so far as may be, the beasts and birds, and reptiles even, are disposed in a way to make them feel and seem at home. Of course this is out of the question with lions and tigers and hyenas, and the rhinoceros and the boa-constrictors (they ought not to feel at home anywhere except in Hades); but the kangaroos and the hippopotamuses looked exceedingly comfortable, and the elephants were gathering up crackers in a very placid and deliberate way. The fowls of various kinds from all parts of the world were the most fascinating in their wondrous plumage; and the waders, resting by preference seemingly upon one leg, an immensely long one, were cool and provoking beyond description. We had them stirred up and started upon two legs, but they soon fell back upon one, as if the two were quite overmuch. The garden was well filled. There are people enough in London for everything, and a good many to spare. . . .

Monday, May 9. We had a very satisfactory day yesterday. In the morning to Martineau's Chapel, a shabby, uninviting looking place in little Portland Street. Got there before the time, but got in. . . . There was no fire, and the chapel was cold; high pulpit, hiding communion table, with a large medallion of

the Saviour over it; little reading-desk under the pulpit. Martineau came in from his little room about quarter past eleven, in gown and band, a grave and striking looking man. The Service Book is the comparatively new one made by Mr. Sadler and himself. The choir made most of the responses. The sermon was full of spiritual wisdom and religious experience, positive in its way, but recognizing the intellectual difficulties which religion finds in these times. I should say that it was wholly beyond the reach of an average audience, and this undoubtedly explains Mr. Martineau's small constituency. The chapel was tolerably well filled, but it holds very few. . . . The singing I liked; it was simple and straightforward. We found Mr. Strahan, from whom we had not heard, waiting to show us the way out to MacDonald's; but we should have been greatly hurried, so we went home first, sending word that we would go out after dinner. I persuaded Mr. S. to go with us; and with the help of the Underground Railway first, and then a cabman, we reached the Retreat, which is at Hammersmith, directly on the Banks of the Thames, and precisely where the rowing match between Cambridge and Harvard came off. We were ushered into a room where there were three or four adults, and, as it seemed to me, no end of children; I thought it must be a party of some sort. The children proved to be all MacDonald's. Mr. MacDonald was upstairs, and Mrs. MacDonald received us very cordi-

ally. Presently Mr. MacDonald came in. The whole thing was very simple and very charming. The older children are all girls, the younger all boys, — a great help, Mrs. MacDonald said, where there were so many to be taken care of. The youngest is about three, — a solid, pretty, bright little fellow. Mrs. MacDonald had them all stand up together in a row. She is very proud of them, as well she may be. She admitted that until there were seven she felt that her hands were full; after that, the care of one more made no difference. MacDonald is as delightful a man as I have ever seen, perfectly simple, honest, earnest. He is very Christian and very broad. I found that so far as we had time to compare notes we agreed very well. He preaches occasionally, but not for money, because he says it is not his profession, and he does not like to stand in the way of those who devote themselves to it. He is, I fear, not strong; has had hemorrhages which were very profuse, but they did not touch his lungs. I think he would like to come to America to lecture, and it seems to me it would be an easy thing to bring about. Professor Blackie (of Greek in Edinburgh) was in the room a little while; seemed to be very much at home with the children. Went up into the study, which is exceedingly pleasant, and looks out upon the Thames. While we were in the parlor a housemaid came in and covered a table with a white cloth, and spread it with a nice simple tea, some biscuits and bread and marmalade, etc. Gertrude said

the tea was particularly nice; as I do not take much to it of late, I am no judge, but I was delighted with the informality of the whole thing. . . . A portrait hangs in the room. Mrs. Ellis and Mr. S. both hesitated to ask whose is it, for somehow it looked to them like the pictures one sometimes sees of our Saviour. It turned out to be a picture of MacDonald taken sometime ago; so one may judge of the man's appearance. He gave me a copy of the "Seabord Parish," which he said was all he could lay hands on for me. . . .

May 13. . . . I forget whether I made any record of a very pleasant visit to Dr. Sadler at Hampstead. We enjoyed his conversation very much, and as he has been over the ground repeatedly, made out with his help a nice tour through the various points of interest in Switzerland. . . . I have had this week a very satisfactory visit to the Peabody Lodging Houses in the neighborhood of Westminster. They are exceedingly plain; no plaster, no wood to speak of, only painted [or ?] stained brick-walls, — damp I should say. Four shillings a week in advance pays for two rooms, not large but comfortable, with a good range and a fireplace in the sleeping-chamber. The superintendent said they did not lose much rent, and were not very hard with the people. . . . I have also made visits to ragged schools and refuges, which will give me some idea of the working of these institutions. . . .

On one of the evenings this week I had a fine opportunity, through Mr. Conway's politeness, to hear Huxley. His topic was ethnological, and allowed no room for his peculiar views upon matter and mind; but it was a pleasure to hear him, and he gave me the impression of a sincere, downright, and able man. Mr. Martineau, who kindly called upon us with his wife the other day, told me that he is a person to whom moral distinctions are very real and commanding, which I was very glad to hear. . . .

I have some excellent introductions from Miss E. S., of which I hope to avail myself in the direction of the London poor before I go. . . . Yesterday Mr. S. and I drove in a cab through a portion of the slums of London, — not much, if any, worse than ours, though a superintendent of an institution for neglected boys near great Holborn said that every house in the street in the rear contained a thief. . . .

Cambridge, May 19, 1870. . . . On Sunday the 15th we had an opportunity to hear Stopford Brook[e], the biographer of Robertson. The sermon was one of his best, upon the restoration of faith from the decays which sometimes, and especially perhaps in our day, come with increased years. He was very clear and strong upon the blindness that comes of easy, luxurious living, — as, said he, here in London. He was very catholic, made the fundamentals very few and very real, was exceedingly

hopeful as to the future of the individual and the race, and brought the matter to a practical close with great force and faithfulness and a simple eloquence. I did not like the service; there was too much real intoning. I don't see how he can stand it. One thing about it I did like, — the simple chanting of the Te Deum. But when I am asked to join in with the choir in making a solemn confession of sin, I cannot do it. The church is an old Unitarian chapel, with two high pulpits, all very shabby, seedy, and uncomfortable. Our seat was about wide enough to hold a good-sized hymnbook, with a hard, straight back. The house was more than full, very largely with strangers, and I have no doubt the minister's stipend is very trifling. The Motleys attend here, and Mr. Sturgis with his family. In America, there would be an elegant church and costly pews and a large salary. I am told that although he is one of the Queen's preachers, she does not like him; thinks there is too much *belles lettres* in his sermons; prefers, I suppose, what is more in accord with low-church Evangelical preaching.

Went afterward with Gertrude to lunch at the Sturgises, but could not stay more than three quarters of an hour, as I had agreed to meet a Mr. Jackson, a preacher to returned convicts, thieves, etc., in a distant part of London. . . . In the evening took tea at Mr. Martineau's with Rev. Loammi Ware, who preached for him in the morning. . . . Mr. Martineau impresses you as a thorough scholar. . . . I

am told that he is quite the fashion. His chapel is much frequented by the theistical portion of the community, earnestly religious men and women, like Miss Cobbe. I should think they would give him a better church. . . .

Old Boston, May 20. I take up my tale again at this place. . . . Tuesday the 17th, a most gorgeous New England day, and we were on our way to Windsor. . . . Drove back the long walk at Windsor and then toward the Queen's Dairy. Mr. S. and Gertrude were bent upon seeing it, contrary to rules, to which I objected as intrusion. They tried the old woman at the gate with a shilling, — a much-used English coin, which in some way seems to bring the hand to the head or hat with the precision of an automaton. She hesitated, but allowed Mr. S. to go and ask some one else. He had just started, and there was a rushing sound and the cry "the Queen is coming!" Sure enough, she was, — outrider, four horses, postillion, the Queen, and two daughters. The old woman fumbled for her key; Gertrude dodged into the Lodge. Mr. S. got a full look from her Majesty, who somehow got through the gate and rushed on. I had not followed into the grounds, but had walked a little the other way, while our coachman stood by bareheaded. To me she was only a stout lady in black, veiled closely. The rest really had sight of her, and still live. Mr. S. pushed on, got permission, and led us off a long, long way, not without shillings, and we saw some of the

Queen's cows and pigs, and all of the milk which was set that evening in the great China Dairy in high china bowls, along with the pats of golden butter stamped and crowned; all of which was highly satisfactory, though I could not help wishing that the Dairy had been nearer the road, or that the Queen had brought to the gate a sample of her butter for our inspection. Of all the people, she who owned the whole got no shilling from us, there being no delicate way of conveying one into her hand. . . .

Wednesday. Lost a pleasant call which Gertrude had from Sir Harry Verney, and were obliged to decline a very fascinating invitation to visit him at his country home sometime in the middle of June. . . .

Thursday. Packed up and started at twelve by express for Cambridge. . . . My letter to the Master of Trinity brought me an apology for not calling at once, as he was engaged to go out to dine and had a long meeting this morning, with an invitation to lunch at two, — which, however, I could not accept, as it was thought best to pass Sunday in York; and to do that we must leave at 1.25, as we did, passing through Ely and Peterborough, and getting beautiful glimpses of the cathedrals, — so on, through the old fen country, full of sheep and windmills, green and sweet and sunny to-day, to this city [old Boston]. We are at The Peacock, in sight of the old church which Mr. S. and I have already looked into, and have stood in Cotton's pulpit, to my great delight.

. . . To-morrow shall make a business of going over it. It will be what is called Servants' Day, when all the servants, far and near, come to let themselves out for the year, and many climb to the tower of the church. Two thousand people gather in it of a Sunday evening, and the broad aisle is free. I was glad to hear [of] such prosperity. . . .

Thursday, June 2. We went the rounds of the colleges [at Oxford]. . . . Friday, went into Julian Sturgis's room for the sake of seeing the inside of an Oxford man's *habitat*. The students that I met all looked like students and gentlemen. Sturgis thought I had seen the best of them. . . .

To-morrow [June 5] we sail for Antwerp. We were sorry to go on Sunday, but did not know at the time that we could go on any other day. Sunday does not seem much like Sunday at the best, and I have no desire to make it any less so; but it is too late to change now, and we can only fall back upon general character in excuse of this single infraction. We shall inquire more carefully next time. . . .

I hope on my return to gather up yet more of England. I should be very desirous that every growing boy might walk through these Universities and see what the past has brought forth. Better be educated at home, but come here and get inspiration from the thought of the other men who have labored and into whose labors we have entered. What a life went over from England in [those] ships full of colonists, and how strong it must have been to have

burst those strong barriers, and have made its way to our shores in the full time of the Lord! I wish I could have seen twenty-five years ago what I have seen in the last month. You may read descriptions without number, but they do not give you what comes through the eye. There is life still in England, and it will find or make channels to flow through. The ecclesiastical organizations, however, are a hindrance to Christianity, which must come back in its ministration to what is far more personal, direct, and simple. . . .

The account of his travels on the Continent, including a visit to Ober-Ammergau, and description of the famous play, not so well known to Americans in 1870 as it is to-day, is interesting. His story of "The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau" is told in the "Monthly Religious Magazine" for September, 1870.

CHAPTER VII.

1870. ÆT. 51–66.

BOSTON MINISTRY (*Continued*).

THAT Rufus Ellis could be independent in politics as well as in religion appears at this time, as it did even more strikingly at a later period.

. . . I voted the Citizen's Ticket to-day (Dec. 12, 1870), hoping that by breaking away from the old organizations we might get some reform in the city government. I am not very sanguine as to any great improvement in the matter of economy. We ought to pay the aldermen, and then hold them to a very strict account; as it is, some of them pay themselves by costly pickings, not to say stealings.

About this time, speaking of certain Free Religionists, they are said to hold "Immortality as practically an open question."

. . . The Christian revelation is in their view not sufficiently authenticated, and as yet the sentence of science is not pronounced. It used to be said that we need no revelation upon this great matter, the religious heart being sufficiently assured; but it does not prove to be the case. Free Religion is swiftly developing, and it is better that it should. There has been a vague doubtfulness in the minds of men which is very distressing, and not a little dangerous to those whose moral habits are unformed.

Feb. 15 [1871]. . . . For one who must continually write, it is of the utmost importance to read the best books, not necessarily, by any means, the newest. Go back to the old; study the Book of books; take down Shakspeare, Homer, and the rest. Just now I am busy with Grote's "Plato," and find it quite stimulating and nourishing. This may partly explain the early finishing of my sermon. . . . "Virtue not teachable. The best cannot make another like himself. If he could, he would be like a real thing compared to a shadow." "Punishment not with view to the past but to the future, that the culprit and others may not be guilty of similar wrong." So saith Plato. A man writes from Boggy Depot wishing to become a missionary; what shall I do with him? Society for propagating the Gospel among Indians and others. . . .

In the wish for a free interchange of thought on broad religious ground and in the

disposition to meet more than half-way the liberal spirit among his conservative brethren, no one was more earnest.

Feb. 24 [1871]. Last evening present at the meeting of a Theological Club made up of ministers of different denominations. It has been lately formed. Two or three, myself one, had talked about it two or three years since. In my absence last summer [in Europe] the idea was realized. We met last evening in Cambridgeport, at the house of Professor Warren, Methodist. . . .

Made my visit to New Haven on the 11th of May, 1871. Stopped with Professor Porter. Preached in the College Chapel, — "Hereby we know that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us," and the opening of the young man's eyes at the prayer of the prophet Elisha. They were all very kind. President Woolsey was in the pulpit. Professors Fisher, Bacon, Dwight, and Day called upon me. On Monday I visited the different college rooms, Library, etc., and drove round in the afternoon, reaching home again by 12 o'clock, or a little earlier, Monday evening. I enjoyed my visit highly; never left the cars before in passing through that city.

Oct. 5 [1871]. . . . Rev. Athanase Coquerel preached for me last Sunday upon the religious and moral necessities of France. . . . He has been with me part of the time. . . . A great deal has happened during this

interval of the summer, Dr. Gannett's sad death [by railroad accident] being the chief event.

24th. Mr. Coquerel came last evening. . . .

26th. Went to Wednesday Evening Club yesterday evening with Mr. Coquerel. Met at Colonel Aspinwall's. The meeting was not large, but Mr. C. seemed to enjoy it. He heard Mr. Weiss yesterday; does not like his underestimate of heart in religion. He was much surprised and shocked when he learned from me of the neglect of the Lord's Supper by our Rationalists.

28th. Mr. C. left us yesterday, and went to Cambridge to stay with Professor Child. . . .

October 31. A great crowd gathered in King's Chapel yesterday to hear Rev. M. Coquerel repeat his lecture upon "Romanism, its Rise and its Decline." It was a good *ex parte* popular statement of the Protestant side, but left much to be desired in the way of religious philosophy. Much of the dogmatic explanation seemed to me superficial, shall I say, spite of my regard for Mr. C., — French? His account of the Sacraments and of the Immaculate Conception as held by the Catholics are instances in point. . . .

Nov. 1 [1871]. . . . Went to the New England Women's Club and listened to Mr. Coquerel on Rembrandt. His lecture was exceedingly interesting and instructive; the rooms were crowded. . . .

November 8. . . . Washburn was yesterday elected Republican governor. The vote was very light. I

did not go to the polls, not being unwilling that the Republicans should be a little put down. They have been in power long enough to have become careless.

Novcmber 27. I have just returned from passing the Sunday at South Manchester, Conn., where N. met me. The Cheney Brothers, successful silk manufacturers, own the little village, build the schoolhouse, keep up a nice public hall, and among other things maintain at their own cost religious services for all sects that choose to unite in the meeting. I stopped with Mr. Knight Cheney, who married a daughter of Dr. Leonard, of Dublin, whose widow is now with Mrs. Cheney. We were most hospitably welcomed and entertained. . . . I was much pleased with what I saw of this family in its various branches. . . .

June 11, 1872. Last Sunday, June 9, I exchanged pulpits in the forenoon with Rev. John DeWitt of the Central [Orthodox] Church. Both congregations were gratified with the arrangement, both prospectively and in its issues. . . .

Another visit to South Manchester was enjoyed in June, 1872.

September 27. Meeting of Ministers' Club at Mr. Tiffany's. . . . He read for an essay "Constitution of Christian Church as gathered from the Apostolic Fathers." There was a good attendance. Mr. Gordon, of Clarendon Street Baptist Church, present for the first time; also Mr. DeWitt of Central Church.

October 3. Yesterday returned from Andover, where I passed Tuesday night. . . . Called upon Professor Smyth, who took me to the Library; yesterday Professor Phelps called to see me, and I went to one of Professor Park's Lectures. I was quite interested in his method; it was clear and thorough. Professor Park deplores the abundance of sensationalism and the lowered tone of sermonizing. Speaking of what ethics owes to Butler, he said that nothing of the sort could be said of modern sermons. Swearing he referred to as an inversion of praying, the depraved man's recognition of God.

October 11. Went out to Cambridgeport yesterday to hear MacDonald.[1] The hall will hold fifteen hundred, and was full. M. made a fine *début*. The subject was "Burns." What he said about him had been said before for the most part, though the vices of Burns were never so fairly, bravely, and yet truly and tenderly treated, to my knowledge. His reading of the poetry was very natural and effective. I had misgivings at first about his voice, which does not sound out resonant; but this improved as he went on, and part of the trouble was the result of awkwardness in coming first before a strange and in some sense foreign audience.

October 14. Yesterday . . . I preached at home all day. In the forenoon I undertook to explain and justify my undenominational position, to speak

[1] George MacDonald, the writer.

of Protestantism as necessarily undogmatic, and to magnify Christianity as underlying all forms of Christianity. I recommended the National Conference as a means of possible good, and the congregation voted to be represented, choosing a committee to report the names of delegates next Sunday. I think it amounts to nothing as a sectarian organization, but may stir up more life in the churches.

October 15. Have heard of my sermon in several directions as having given satisfaction. . . .

October 19. What an altogether different world theological is that in which Newman, now Romanist, lived and worked from that in which I have grown up! I have been reading of late some of his essays, etc., written about 1838, while he was feeling his way, unconsciously, out of the Anglican into the Roman Catholic Church. They are exceedingly suggestive, and deeply interesting. . . . Newman shows that the Church took definite doctrinal form very early.

P. M. I have received to-day a telegram asking me to attend the funeral of my old friend and former parishioner, Miss M. C., at Northampton, on Monday. I mean to go. In the autumn of 1841, that is thirty-one years ago, I went to Northampton on leaving the Divinity School, to supply the pulpit of the Second Congregational Church. I can hardly recognize the fact that so much time has intervened. I very soon became acquainted with my parishioners, as they were

few, and I had no cares besides the charge of my parish; and at once I found great satisfaction in the family to which this friend who is gone belonged. She was enough older than myself for the interval to seem considerable at my time of life, so that I looked up to her and prized her counsel as one of the great blessings of her friendship. I always found her helpful and friendly, wise and considerate, not afraid upon occasion to speak with plainness and sincerity, but never with any purpose to wound. A young man goes from the place of training to the place of duty but slenderly furnished, for the most part, for what is before him. I shall always consider myself to have been much favored in this respect; and I am sure that it was only my own fault if I got no inspiration and help from this large-minded, large-hearted, high-toned, and well taught woman. How much must such an one hear which seems to her crude and insignificant! How patiently must such an one wait until experiences are multiplied, and common-sense has got the better of abstractions and sentimentalities! How many pleasant hours, days, I have spent with Miss Martha, as we all called her; sometimes going with her upon an exchange at Springfield, where she had friends, or joining her in some book-club, or sewing-circle, or tea-party! The Society in Northampton was very agreeable, and she was one of the shining lights in that company. Faithful in her support of the little church, a devout worshipper, a consistent Christian, an ardent lover of good

books, with an exquisite perception of the beautiful in nature and in art; patient, too, in frequent sicknesses and constant infirmities, she was one of the constant helps and joys of my ministry. I should be thankful indeed to think that I was in any small degree as helpful to her as she was to me.

October 25. . . . Mr. and Mrs. and Greville MacDonald have come to stay with us, I do not know for how long. There is a serious horse-epidemic prevailing, and it is hard sometimes to get conveyed about.

October 28. Yesterday Mr. Silsbee preached for me all day. Mr. and Mrs. M. and the son attended church with us. The streets are almost deserted on account of the disease among the horses, which, it is hoped, has reached its climax. Thus far it has not been very fatal. Several callers upon our friends Saturday and Sunday evenings.

October 29. . . . Mr. MacDonald is gone to Amesbury to lecture, and visit Whittier. . . . Yesterday the men were hauling the wagons as usual, the horses having been withdrawn on account of the epidemic. . . .

November 6. MacDonald is here still, off and on. Some friends in last evening, but he was too tired for me to introduce many of them to him. . . .

November 16. I have had no time to record a terrible fire which swept over a large section of our city just a week ago from this writing. The whole-

sale dry-goods and leather stores are almost all destroyed; few people are houseless, and there is no great amount of suffering. We are organized to supply work and help to men and women thrown out of employment, and we have received large contributions. It is a terrible blow, but all will issue well. There is a brave and helpful spirit. We lay it, the calamity, to roofs Mansard and combustible, out of the reach of water. I am one of the relieving committee.

Feb. 11, 1873. Went to Andover to address Divinity students.

March 17. At home yesterday. George MacDonald for a hearer. . . . Met the MacDonald's at Mrs. Paine's [where they were visiting] last evening. He expressed great interest in the service and sermon of yesterday.

March 18. Just finished some sermons by Archbishop Manning, of Westminster, upon Ecclesiastical subjects. Sadly as he utters himself upon the separation of the nations, as nations, from the Church, he affirms most heartily the spiritual vitality of our religion, its hold over the thoughts and affections of individuals. Is not this all that we need? Because religion may not be taught in the schools, does it follow that it is not to be taught in any way? Can it be that Christianity is much implicated one way or the other in the temporal power of the Pope? Christianity got into the world against the civil

power; it can live in the world unaided by the civil power. It is from God, and can make its own way. . . .

5 [*May*, 1873]. Yesterday my twentieth anniversary; . . . preached anniversary sermon in the morning. . . . MacDonald preached in the evening to a crowded house.

June 17. Have been reading an English book, "Our New Masters," which has greatly interested me. It treats of the workingmen of England, and is written by one of their number, in a very earnest, simple, and intelligent fashion; not relieving the problem opened of many of its difficulties, but doing much in the direction of a true Christian spirit in dealing with them. It is a great deal to know what the mechanics and laboring men of the mother-country are thinking of, and to have their wants earnestly and tenderly and understandingly set forth. Surely there is something which man can do for man while the day lasts. . . . Mrs. E. heard to-day from Mrs. MacDonald in a pleasant letter announcing their arrival. . . .

The acquaintance with the MacDonalds which was formed in England in 1870 continued, and during a later visit in England Mr. Ellis and his wife and daughter received kind attention and hospitality from them.

June 20, 1874. Have been to Northampton. June 10 Mr. Ferry was installed, and I gave the address to the people. Gertrude went with me, and we had a very pleasant reception from our former parishioners. Went out to the scene of the Mill River flood. I gave some account of the week to the congregation last Sunday, after my return on Saturday. . . .

June 26, 1874. Was made D. D. yesterday by Yale College; it is very gratifying as the testimony of another University. . . .

Writing to him about a month later, the late Dr. Diman of Providence, who was much in sympathy with Dr. Ellis in his religious thought, and did not hesitate to exchange pulpits with him, although his "own people" did not wholly approve, says: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I cannot refrain from expressing to you the very great satisfaction with which I have read your paper in the last number of the "Unitarian Review." My own views were so exactly expressed in some portions of it, that but for the grace of the style I could almost regard it as my own composition. Indeed, on one occasion I gave great offence by advancing the view which you maintain respecting the relation of Scripture to the Church. I like too your cordial recognition of the Transcendentalists. It seems to me that with all their vagaries,

they were head and shoulders above the Positivists of our time.

I hope too that it is not too late to tender you my sincere congratulations upon the merited recognition which you have received from Yale. Would that academical honors were always bestowed with as much discrimination.

I am, dear Sir, with much regard,

J. L. DIMAN.

The REV. RUFUS ELLIS, D.D.[1]

One of the newspapers of the day, referring to the distinction which had been conferred upon Dr. Ellis, very aptly alludes to the departure of one of his predecessors, the Rev. John Davenport, from New Haven to Boston, because he could not subscribe to the strict requirements of the baptismal covenant. So great have been the changes during the two centuries which have elapsed since Davenport left New Haven for Boston, that the college which was afterwards established in the same place on an Orthodox foundation found a minister in charge of the Boston church worthy of "her highest theological honor," as the newspaper notice says; thus "virtually pro-

[1] See "Memoirs of J. Lewis Diman," by Caroline Hazard, for other letters written by Dr. Diman to Dr. Ellis.

claiming her desire to establish good feeling between the two branches of Congregationalism which have been for some sixty years separated."

At a meeting of the Unitarian Conference at Saratoga on Sept. 18, 1874, Rev. Rufus Ellis, D. D., Rev. E. E. Hale, and Dorman B. Eaton were "appointed a Committee of Fellowship to the Congregational Churches at New Haven." The "Christian Register" of Oct. 17, 1874, gives a copy of the "Greeting" and the history of the transaction. Unfortunately the New Haven brethren had dispersed before the document arrived. The following is a copy of the original draft made by Dr. Ellis and signed by the three members of the committee. It shows that only two words were changed before the document was signed: —

BOSTON, Sept. 25, 1874.

To the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, — Greeting:

BRETHREN, — At a meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches held at Saratoga, New York, during the week last past, it was *Voted*, "That a committee of three be ap-

pointed by the President to convey to the National Council of the Congregational Churches meeting in New Haven in October, our sympathy with their work in maintaining and defending the freedom [*independency* as originally written] of the churches from ecclesiastical authority, and our wishes for their success in advancing Christian life and work in our land."

Under this vote the undersigned were selected, and we beg leave to say that we take great satisfaction in the discharge of our trust. We are grateful for our Congregationalism, and are glad to know that as Congregationalists the company of Christians that we have the honor to represent in this business, and you whom we now address, are one body in the New Testament faith that where two or three are met together in the name of Christ, he is in the midst of them, and that "the visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered [*administered* as originally written] according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same," — a body fallible indeed, yet inspired of God, ready indeed to invite and welcome counsel, sympathy, and co-operation, but responsible in the last resort only to the great Head of the Church. We lament all those antagonisms which weaken the hands by dividing the minds and hearts of Christians. We long and labor and pray for the day

when the Congregational body, true to its precious memories and traditions, shall again be of one mind and one heart in Christ. We are glad to think that our differences now are rather as to the forms of truth than as to the truth itself, — in the letter and not in the spirit, — in what has been said once rather than in what we are trying to say now. Most earnestly do we pray that in the new day, which as we believe is rising upon the Church of Christ, you may be prospered in all your work and labor of love, and that the spirit of the Master may dwell in you richly to the enlargement of the kingdom of our common Lord.

For the Conference, with sincere regard and respectful salutation,

RUFUS ELLIS,
Minister of First Church, Boston.
EDWARD E. HALE,
Minister of So. Cong. Church, Boston.
DORMAN B. EATON,
Lay Delegate, etc.

The following letter from President Porter to Dorman B. Eaton, Esq., shows his personal sympathy with the movement: —

Noah Porter to Dorman B. Eaton.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN., Oct. 8, 1874.

DORMAN B. EATON, ESQ., — As you surmised, the Council had adjourned before the enclosed communi-

cation reached me, and I return it according to your request. I regret that it did not come in season, for I regard it as an excellent and eminently appropriate letter, such as I should have expected from the committee. I trust that it will be printed, and the reason for its failure to reach the Council will be given, — and by all means let it be printed in one or two so-called Orthodox newspapers, as well as in the "Christian Register" and "Liberal Christian."

With great respect most truly,

N. PORTER.

To J. Lewis Diman.

106 MARLBOROUGH STREET, 8 Feb., 1875.

DEAR DR. DIMAN, — Perhaps you thought it odd that I should telegraph to you to preach in the P. M. Mr. Scudder told me that you were to preach in Boston, and I thought you might be disposed to help me, as I had more than usual to do that day. I should like much to talk over some things with you. I find that more and more my mind moves away from the traditions. I am more decidedly Unitarian, — decidedly and pronouncedly Nicean for sometime; now I find with Schleiermacher the personality of Christ, and the Church says he can have only one, — *human*. The mediator is the man Christ Jesus, — a real man, as a man cannot be who is no person. Dorner seems to me only to mystify about the subject. The root of humanity is eternal; divine, only

humanly and subordinately divine; before all worlds in order of thought, immortal, it may sink into hell, it may soar into heaven. "If children, then heirs, — heirs of God," etc. Then I feel less and less able to press the record in support of the miraculous. I have no *a priori* trouble about miracles, — but then the evidence! How slender for such a story as that of the miraculous conception! How unlikely if, as Mr. Norton contends, miracles alone can authenticate divine communications, the records should have been so open to question. If God must write a book, why not when he dwelt in Christ? Then we should have had chapter and verse. To go back further, how could President Hopkins regard the evidence that Abraham was expressly commanded by God to slay his son, — a story so old and in a record so much questioned, — as sufficient? Should we hesitate about consigning to Somerville any one who proposed to do anything of the kind? Or to come back again, I do not see how we can place much dependence upon many of the stories in Acts, or reconcile the book with the Epistles. Now, all this sort of thing hinders me in Bible-class work. I *hate* to bring these things before young people, but why must they go blindly on to be the victims of radicalism or of reaction? Excuse this *Monday* outpouring, but somehow I have a feeling that you may be thinking of the same things.

To J. Lewis Diman.

106 MARLBOROUGH STREET, 2 March, 1875.

DEAR DR. DIMAN, — I am told that you have received a unanimous call to the Second Church, and that you would like to know the minds of some of the ministers as to the minister's function at the present time in Boston, and as to the opening for usefulness to one in an undenominational position. I don't know that I can help you, but I will try not to confuse. As I have hinted to you, my own difficulties, if I have any, are chiefly *interior*. I think that there are those in our community who love the church, are glad to listen to preaching, and are interested in the old pastoral ministrations; I am not in the least tempted to resort to any claptrap or sensationalism. The chief *external* obstacle in the way of Congregationalism here is a drift on the part of the young people, especially the young women, towards Episcopalianism, intensified of course by the exceptional merit of Phillips Brooks, who will draw very hard upon everything else when his house of worship shall be ready. For the present population our buildings are over many, especially when it is considered that the families which are expected to fill them are out of town half the year.

As to denominationalism, I cannot think that would be of any account after you had once been heard. . . . My congregation are always very much interested and entirely satisfied with your type of

doctrine. As to Conferences, Unitarian Associations, and all that, I engage in them simply as ways and means providentially within my reach, and more satisfactory on the whole than any other ways and means. It is still to be seen how far one working so out of frame can train up the new generation. I confess that I would like to have something more definite to teach to my young people for them to buckle to; those who have can do what I can't do. I dare not take the responsibility of encouraging any man to leave a wholly independent position and assume responsibilities from which I would so often gladly escape. I can only say that from myself and from a multitude of others you would have the warmest welcome. I have a Good-Friday sermon; is it unreasonable to ask you to preach it? I could talk with you better than I write, only I should desire to be in a hopeful mood.

[P. S.] As to doctrine, are you not after all substantially on Unitarian ground? I should say that you would be much less in antagonism with a Unitarian congregation than with the Old South or Dr. Webb's congregation.

Speaking of "the authority" for "the New Testament writings," Dr. Ellis says, in February, 1875: —

It is plain that we must meet all these questions afresh. "Supernatural Religion," which has made

so much stir in England, has been reprinted by Roberts. That opens up the whole matter of external evidence. There must be more religion in the heart and life, or we shall not find it in history; and our doubts are only natural considering the shallowness of the religious life of our modern world. . . .

On Oct. 8, 1875, he served as chaplain on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Governor Andrew at Hingham.

His interest in securing the best men for political offices is abundantly shown in the diary.

October 29. Met with some gentlemen last evening at Dr. Samuel Eliot's, on Brimmer Street (the second meeting), to devise means to secure the nomination of a good list of names for the new School Board.

March 31 [1876]. . . . . Much interested in the matter of church exemption from taxation. Any departure from old law and usage in this thing would be very unfair to those who have built houses of worship upon the old understanding. Theological Club last evening at Dr. Vinton's. Subject, the person of Christ; essay by Rev. Mr. Noyes. We discussed the topic very freely, with less difference and far less antagonism than one would have supposed possible, — a sign of the religious times. . . .

April 1. Bill in favor of taxing churches was defeated in the Legislature (House) yesterday by a large majority, — one hundred and sixteen to sixty-four.

[*October*, 1876.] Biennial Conference at Saratoga. See newspapers. My essay on the Church as a Centre of Charities well received. Have been since to the Centennial with Mrs. E., and stayed with S. L. at 1008 Clinton Street. Enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. Mary and Lizzie L. and Fanny B. were with us. Preached for Mr. May, successor to Dr. Furness. . . .

Feb. 14 [1877]. . . . The New Trinity with Mr. Phillips Brooks is the great success amongst the churches; the *interior* magnificent, the exterior less satisfactory.

December 31. . . . Prof. James B. Thayer sends with a very kind note his collection of Chauncey Wright's letters, with his own impression of him, and brief notice of his life earlier and later. It calls me back to my Northampton days, so full of pleasant experiences.

Jan. 2 [1878]. Opened the Supreme Judicial Court with prayer. Met, among others, my old Cambridge acquaintance, now Judge Morton. Sat for my portrait to my cousin L. E. Miss A. R. was also sketching my face.

January 16. The condition of the country is very serious. The debtor class seem likely to have

everything their own way. Boston has a very trustworthy mayor in Pierce, — that is something. Unemployed men propose to ask the city government what they mean to do for them. It is no question for the city government; they are not an employment society.

February 2. Returned last evening by the Shore Road from Washington, D. C. Went on to aid in the dedication of a new Unitarian church. Dr. Bellows preached the sermon. The house is very pretty and commodious, — church, chapel, minister's room, and modern conveniences. I stopped with Judge Miller of the Supreme Court, and was very hospitably entertained. The occasion was a very pleasant one; many delegates present. I passed Thursday night in Philadelphia with the Lesleys. . . .

The twenty-fifth anniversary of his ministry in the First Church occurred May 4, 1878. Some of his devoted parishioners took especial care to commemorate it. By their efforts, assisted by members of the congregation, the event was specially recognized. Both church and Sunday-school responded. That the pleasant secret was well kept is shown by the changes in the manuscript, which he had prepared before it was divulged.

As the record of his life is drawing to a close, it is proper to compare — in no boastful

spirit, but simply in justice to the devotion shown to the parish — the condition of the Society in 1853 with a period between twenty-five and thirty years later. The number of families in the congregation, as before stated, on assuming the charge of the pulpit, was nominally eighty-eight, although it did not in reality much exceed seventy. In 1881, the minister found about one hundred and fifty families belonging to the Society, strictly speaking, and about one hundred more connected with the church by means of the Sunday-school. The anniversary sermon says: —

> The church books show, in the twenty-five years, three hundred and twenty-five baptisms, two hundred and twenty additions to the church covenant, and one hundred and seventy marriages, while the Sunday-school has grown from fifty to four hundred and fifty.

1880, *Nov.* 22. In Europe all summer; that is, from the 4th of July, when I landed with mother and daughter in Liverpool, to October 31, when I reached Boston at 2 A. M., and it being Sunday, went into church and read service for Mr. Weld the preacher. Since then, anniversary services for the completion of two hundred and fifty years. All

was pronounced a success, and will be fully recorded in print. . . .

Just prior to this great event, Dr. Ellis preached four sermons, which for the period covered furnish an admirable and accurate history of the church. The account of the celebration will not be included here, as it is fully described in a special volume.

Between this date and the close of his life there are few events which need to be recorded.

In February, 1881, he went to Springfield to officiate at the funeral of his friend, Dwight Briggs, formerly mayor of that city, and there had a pleasant meeting with some of his old Northampton parish. In the same year he preached a sermon in memory of his classmate, John F. W. Ware, the minister of Arlington Street Church. In the closing years of his life some steps were taken to secure the services of a colleague to assist him in the work of the ministry, but no such assistant was chosen, and he died in office as the sole pastor of the church.

The following extracts from the diary close the record of his life: —

May 4 [1882]. I have invited Dr. Newman Smyth to preach for me this spring or summer, and he responds with an invitation to the Presbyterian pulpit which he occupies.

His position with reference to the "revised version" of the Bible (then in preparation) is shown in a newspaper clipping, which is pasted on one of the leaves of his journal:

As to the inquiry whether the present "King James" version should be used over any other that has been or can be made, — which of course excludes a revision based upon the *textus receptus*, — only one replies affirmatively; and singularly enough it is the venerable Unitarian minister, the Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis, who declares for the present King James version first, last, and all the time. This, we imagine, will excite surprise; but the Doctor is abundantly able to stand alone.

Oct. 13, 1882. During the summer we have been in Beverly, Newport, the Adirondacks, Rindge, Peterborough, and Northampton. I have enjoyed exceedingly my stay with Mr. Edward Lyman in Northampton, my intercourse with old parishioners, and my preaching in the church. On the 2d of October, 1845, I left Fort Hill for Round Hill, and was married by my brother George at 8 A. M. October 2, 1882, at 7 P. M., Mrs. E. and G. and I

arrived at Fort Hill from Boston for our very pleasant visit.

November 13. Yesterday I attended the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the First Church of Christ in Charlestown, and made one of the addresses. I was unwise enough to read the report of my words in the morning's "Advertiser." The "magnates" became the "magnets" of the English Commonwealth.

Oct. 12, 1883. On the 22d of last month I returned to Boston in the Cunard steamer "Cephalonia," with Mrs. E. We have been absent since Saturday, July 14; both passages exceptionally pleasant. From Liverpool to London, so on to New Haven, Dieppe, Rouen, Paris; thence to the valley of the Loire, Chartres, Orleans, Blois, Tours, Poitiers, Paris again, Amiens, Antwerp, Hague, Amsterdam, Flushing (England), London, Liverpool. Joined Miss W. and Miss S. at Paris; found Mr. and Mrs. C. as heretofore very friendly and helpful, and the journey every way very enjoyable and health producing.

Almost the last entry in his diary is the following, which, considering his strong anti-slavery position, is rather significant: —

Nov. 21 [1884]. . . . Great quiet since the election of Cleveland, who was my candidate, as I found

myself one of the bolters. The parties are about equally divided, and that is a security for good behavior.

It cost a struggle to break loose from his party; but his mind having been made up, he took decided ground, and even spoke on a public platform.

In 1885 he made his last voyage abroad in company with his wife and daughter and parishioner, Miss Wales. The chief part of interest was the journey to Norway. Among the manuscripts which he left was found a sermon, which shows how much he was impressed by this voyage through the "world of light." As "his last words" to his people, Rev. Francis G. Peabody read it just as Dr. Ellis had written it, in the pulpit of the First Church in the autumn of the same year.[1]

To Miss Maria Gibbens.

HOTEL VICTORIA, Aug. 18, 1885.

I think you and yours will be glad to have a word from Christiania in Norway, written to you by the wandering minister of First Church. A month ago

[1] Mrs. Ellis says: "He began to write it at Tunbridge, where we were for a few days, and wrote in London at odd times before leaving for Liverpool." — ED.

last Sunday evening we came to this fair city, and since then we have sailed and journeyed by land from one point to another, reaching up to the North Cape and the region of the Midnight Sun, and through some of the loveliest fiords, — great arms of the ocean reaching far, very far, into the green fields and at the bases of the great snow-covered mountains of this singularly beautiful, though I must add somewhat too cold, Norway. Mostly the weather has been fine. Our excursion to the North Cape was a great success. For two twenty-four hours there was no night whatever. The perfectly refulgent twilight of one day melted into the twilight of the next, and on one of these days when there was no mountain to hide the sun from us, he hung in the heavens just above the horizon until he began to mount again for a new climb. We were eight days on a perfect excursion steamer, and as we were sheltered from the open sea by islands, we had scarcely any more motion than one would have on a lake or even on a pond. Since then we have [been] driving and steamboating through some of the loveliest valleys and mountain passes, making moderate journeys and seeing a great deal which is very grand and lovely. The travelling is not difficult, and the people are exceeding civil and obliging. Mostly we have had very good food, though one could wish that they might have had some lessons in cooking from your mother and yourself, and I sometimes say that I shall [eat] no more fish while the world standeth.

We shall be here a day or so, and then to Stockholm, Copenhagen, Hamburgh, Bremen, and so on to Paris and London, from which last city we came here across the cold, rough North Sea. We have been fairly well, all of us. G. has been rather more tired than the rest, but has enjoyed it highly, and will be glad to have had the experience. My first letter from home never reached me, but I heard last evening when I came here. I was glad to hear that Grant has had his discharge, and has been counted out from the great battle and march. We all send a great deal of love to you and yours. I think the honorable secretary would enjoy much here, though it would be, I think, a little too hard for him. I trust I shall find you all as I left you. I have n't had any dinner like my last at 153 B——— Street. God bless you all.

Very affectionately,

R. E.

To Mr. and Mrs. Otto Cuntz.[1]

41 Dover Street [London], 21 Sept., 1885.

My dear Friends, — On our return from Tunbridge Wells Saturday afternoon, we found awaiting us what we knew must be from you, and what proved, when it had been carefully opened, to be a most lovely picture from one of the most celebrated

[1] His last letter, written less than two days before he died, and of interest partly on that account. — Ed.

of photographic artists. I shall most thankfully associate it with my dear and devoted friends, and with the sixty-sixth birthday of my *protracted* life. I cannot sufficiently say how earnestly and gratefully I appreciate, in common with all the household, such thoughtful love. And this very morning comes Mr. C.'s postal, and the box, etc., from his faithful and indefatigable wife, without whom Mrs. E.'s works would all be in vain. I don't see what she can possibly need now to make her toilet complete. I am sure she will say so herself. Just now she is struggling out to her breakfast, and was cheered in the midst of her preparations by the sight of the box. What use would it be for her to come to Paris if you were not there? We had on the whole some very pleasant days at T. W. The hotel rather slow, but the country round very delightful. The next thing will be Liverpool and the ship, and then the return with its various cares, and, let me not fail to add, enjoyments. Meanwhile, to you twain now and ever much love from each and all, and always

Very affectionately,

R. E.

On the return to Liverpool from his journeyings on the Continent Dr. Ellis was taken suddenly ill. He did not survive many hours, death occurring early in the morning of Sept. 23, 1885, the day for sailing homeward. His

old friend, Dr. George H. Lyman of Boston, formerly of Northampton, happened to be at the same hotel, and was called to attend him. Heart disease was found to be the cause of death. The steamer "Scythia," on which he had engaged passage, arrived at Boston Saturday morning, October 3, bringing the body. The funeral was held at the First Church in Boston, Wednesday, October 7, at noon, and was followed by burial in the Cambridge Cemetery on the same day. In a memorial volume, specially prepared and printed by the Society, will be found a full account of the funeral and of the addresses made at the time, a brief introductory sketch of his life, and a commemorative sermon by Dr. Peabody.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS.

IMAGINE a man considerably above the average height, say five feet ten or eleven inches, figure which had once been spare but in late life well rounded, top of head unusually large, forehead specially prominent, hair which had been red in younger days, then growing darker and finally almost white, very near-sighted from earliest boyhood, one who, although rather particular and clerical in his dress, hardly needed a ministerial-looking garment to convince you what his profession was, — and you have a rough portrait of Rufus Ellis: how inadequate, many who knew him in this life can truly say. In order to be as impartial as possible in describing the impression which a man made, it is safer to rely upon the statements of entire strangers, if they can be secured, rather than upon

those of intimate friends. About a month after his death, the following reminiscence appeared in "Our Best Words," published at Shelbyville, Shelby County, Illinois: —

Some ten years ago the writer of this paragraph was attending the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, N. Y. It was the morning after he had made some remarks before the Conference, and was feeling mortified that he had done so poorly; it was then that a gentle, modest, but noble-looking old minister stepped up to the young man, at the United States Hotel, clasped his hand warmly, and when he had spoken quietly some very kind words, he handed the Western missionary a little plain card with simply the name "Rufus Ellis" and the number of his address, Marlboro' Street, Boston, saying, as he did it, "When you come to Boston, come to my house and be at home." That is one of the invitations that we have to regret never having accepted; but we have all the same loved the man and read all his words that we have seen in print since; and now we shall ever reverence his memory as one among the hosts of saintly men that we thank God for ever having met, and that we hope to meet again some glad day.

Here is another description of him from one who, although by no means a stranger, had for many years lived and preached at a great distance from Boston. Rev. William C.

Gannett, in whose charming Memoir of his father there is much to remind one of Rufus Ellis, as showing similar traits of character, writes as follows in the "Unity," published at Chicago, Oct. 10, 1885: —

In the long and honorable line of its [the First Church] ministers, there could have been none who more visibly illustrated the great Beatitude than Rufus Ellis. A certain something in him always suggested spotlessness; it was in his face, his dress, his manner, his high-bred courtesy, his ever-kindly manliness. A man to be remembered as one remembers some clear blue day of special grace and beauty; a minister who enriched his people with *himself*, — even the best of the sermon reaching them at least as much by eyes as by the ear. . . . We greatly need such men among us, — men whose presence and emphasis suggest *religion*, the deep things of the spirit, rather than their theology and christology, those shallower things of the spirit, while none the less they love these last and let us know it. We need such "conservatives" . . . among us. Not, then, for all was Rufus Ellis a prophet as to the minor matters; but for all he was the clear-faced man of God, for whom his city and the world are permanently a little better, — a nobleness to miss on Boston streets.

Judged by his appearance and bearing, Rufus Ellis was first of all and above all a

minister of the Gospel. One could not be mistaken about that. But no man ever felt any just restraint on that account. Like the young man from Shelbyville, friend or stranger would find a kindly greeting and a cordial welcome.

In an admirably exact delineation of him, entitled "Some Traits of Rufus Ellis," which was written by George S. Merriam, of Springfield, shortly after his death, is the following description: —

It is as the truest of friends, the most laborious of pastors, that he will be chiefly thought of. His image will be associated with countless scenes of family joy and sorrow, — the bridal, the sick-bed, the funeral. Outside of his pulpit, there was in his demeanor, along with natural dignity, a kind of simplicity and homely friendliness. When I read in Howells's last story of the visit of the Laphams in their perplexity to ask advice of a minister whom they scarcely knew, and of his effective response to them, I thought, "That might have been Rufus Ellis." When he met his friends it was their affairs, not his, that he talked about, — he had all their interests fresh in his remembrance; and his personal troubles, which were not few nor light, were kept out of sight while he sympathized with them. He had no effusiveness of manner, — none of the "gush,"

half sincere, half professional, which some popular pastors fall into. He was as simple, as kindly, and as strong as a green and granite-ribbed New England hill-pasture.

Other quotations might be made to strengthen what has been said of his high moral character, but perhaps enough has been given to show what manner of man he was. From the tributes offered shortly after his death by his friends Dr. John H. Morison, Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one is tempted to make large extracts. But the limits of this little memoir will not allow of more than the briefest selections. Dr. Morison wrote as follows: —

Rufus Ellis, — it is in this naked form that we love best to write the name of our dear and honored friend. The man whom we knew and loved was in himself so modest and genuine, so true in word and deed, so rich in all the qualities which go to secure love and confidence, the very tones of his voice as he greeted us in the streets came so directly to the heart, and in harmony with the face told so plainly of one "in whom there was no guile," that the name alone was enough. . . . In private, Dr. Ellis was a charming companion. There was a rare zest in his conversation, a sparkle of wit, a jubilant playfulness, a child-like glow and fervor, very free, very delight-

ful, and never approaching anything that could disturb the most sensitive delicacy or the profoundest reverence.

The following brief extracts are taken from Dr. Hale's funeral address as reported in the newspaper: —

How much I have gained from the privilege of his friendship I will not try to say. Even in his student days he was a leader, impelled to take the lead by his utter conscientiousness, and granted that lead by those who saw with what ability and devotion he addressed himself to every duty. In his college career he entered with enthusiasm into the studies of the classical course, and clear to the very end of his life he showed that he had never lost that enthusiasm. . . . Into the great catholic charities he brought that wonderful business power which he always had, and which I suppose he inherited from some ancestor. He brought in his determination to make himself of no reputation that he might serve the cause of Christ.

The following is taken from a newspaper report, giving substantially what Dr. Peabody said in his commemorative sermon: [1] —

[1] For the discourses in full, as written by Drs. Hale and Peabody, and subsequently printed, see "A Memorial of Rev. Rufus Ellis, D. D.," prepared by a Committee of the First Church. — ED.

At college, Dr. Ellis was at the head of his class, and showed himself to be a diligent student, with a love for the best literature, that followed him through life, and so made him an accomplished scholar. His was a leading mind at college; and since that time men's minds had [have] often been directed in the line to which his best thought was given. But he was at that time far in advance, even with such a training as he had. Henry Ware's saintly spirit gave a fragrant odor to his mind; but, besides this, he had the assistance of so eminent a Christian as John Gorham Palfrey and Dr. Noyes, whose rich and profound learning lacked not piety, — fit ushers for a young man destined for religion. . . . His mind was original, for although he read largely he thought everything out for himself, and his style in writing and in speech only attested his convictions.

There was a quiet vein of humor in Rufus Ellis which oftentimes revealed itself in letters and in conversation. Some trivial circumstance might bring it forth. Sometimes it was a reminiscence of his boyhood days which had a special meaning for his own household; at other times it was the choice of a word or phrase which all would recognize as peculiarly appropriate. As Mr. Merriam says, "this trait (his conservatism), united as it was with simplicity, with shrewdness, and with a dry,

pervasive humor, gave a unique impress to his bearing and conversation. . . . In his letters, which lie before me, the turn of thought and phrase and handwriting is unborrowed."

As is so often the case with attempted biographies, many bright remarks which were made either in letters or in the course of conversation are either totally lost or too private and personal for publication. One of his friends, who has a keen sense of humor, and was always quick to respond and to draw him out when feeling in a kindred mood, recalls much that is characteristic of this side of his nature. One of these reminiscences is substantially as follows: A prim, precise little body, who seldom if ever hazarded a rash remark, once ventured to say to him, "Dr. Ellis, don't you think punctuality is a virtue?" Evidently expecting some ministerial reply, based on the maxims laid down in Miss Edgeworth's tales, what was her amazement when he responded from his position at the window, where, as his habit sometimes was, he had been looking out through the upper sash, "No, I don't think so, Miss ———; I have lost too much time by it in the course of my life." At a social gathering, being asked by his

hostess if some one, with whose lack of punctuality he was familiar as a family failing, had appeared on the scene, "No," was his reply, "you know she is one of the 'Latter Day Saints.'"

At the same time, those who knew Rufus Ellis well know how, like the late Dr. Gannett, he suffered from periods of despondency. Such struggles are constant in the lives of many ministers who strive to do conscientious service. The life of Rufus Ellis formed no exception. There are frequent indications in the entries in his diary of the clouds which gathered. That he fought manfully against these persistent obstacles is apparent from the success which attended his efforts not to obtrude his own sufferings upon the attention of others.

CHAPTER IX.

PREACHER AND PASTOR.

RUFUS ELLIS was not popularly known as a pulpit orator. He had neither the voice nor the presence to draw a multitude. His sermons, as it is said, read well, but while they seldom if ever fell short of the mark, not infrequently went over the heads of a popular audience. Some persons will find in them a studied, it might be called a nervously conscientious, effort to keep on a high level. Still, in spite of the careful and scholastic method of composition which was characteristic of most of his written discourses, it has been truly said that they had in them a reserved power which some gifted orator might have so brought out as to attract large and general interest. As is generally the case, Dr. Ellis found that his extemporaneous preaching was much more effective. To those persons who looked behind the mere

delivery and saw the real earnestness in the man, the absence to a large extent of the gift of persuasiveness in tone and manner was forgotten in their interest in what he was saying. On certain times and occasions of special importance his discourses satisfied what would be called a more popular demand. But while Rufus Ellis did not at any time have any great following as a pulpit-orator, his power as a writer of sermons was fully recognized. His capacity to supply what was necessary in this respect was severely tested both early and late in life. Among the congregations over which he was settled were men and women of the highest intellectual gifts. Some of the names of these parishioners had more than a national recognition, while others, if less widely known, sustained great weight and influence. Wherever he was settled, — whether in the new western city of Rochester, in intellectual Northampton, or in the older if not more cultivated Boston, — he found numbers of men and women who "found something in him," as we say, which made them members of Mr. Ellis's congregation. It was this gift, if you please so to call it, higher than any pulpit

eloquence, which Rufus Ellis had in an eminent degree. It had a certain quality which attracted alike the highly cultivated and stirred the hearts of humble every-day men, women, and children. It was this spirit which started and maintained a church at Rochester, which revived an old society in Boston, becoming wasted from lack of a minister for a long time.

This spirit of earnestness and devotion which was displayed in what he wrote and preached was specially apparent in the pastoral office, that important part of a minister's work once more prominent than it now is.

The following extract was contained in a sermon by Rev. Howard N. Brown, of Brookline, preached on the Sunday after his death. It is headed "Gentleness, Goodness, Faith."

Never has the bustling world looked with more supreme disdain upon powers that work only through gentleness and faith. But whenever and wherever we pause to reckon up results, we shall infallibly find that those qualities which are the fruit of the spirit have dropped more fruitful seed into the life of the world for coming time to ripen than all the oceans of frothy rhetoric and sensation have ever cast ashore.

I cannot refrain from pointing the lesson I am seeking to draw by reference to one particular life, whose modest bearing and gentle strength might claim for it exemption from public notice had not death given us the right to speak the needful word of praise. News has come across the water that one who for many years served faithfully in the ministry of a neighboring church, and whose voice will be well remembered in this place, must be to us henceforth a memory and a finished example. We might search long for one to illustrate more fittingly the success which follows a calm and close fidelity to the deep things of the spirit; for one whose work had in it less of the cheap and unstable elements that time speedily washes away, or whose power, whatever the sum of it may have been, was more true and genuine and abiding. Small art or liking had he to please the ear with empty nothings, which seem to be somewhat while their sound still lingers, but which leave no mark upon the soul. Small was his desire (and this is perhaps the essential point), little care had he, to heap up mounds of sand for the floods to level, and take for pay the interest which idle minds are ready enough to give to such employment. There was in him, as in every true soul, a passionate wish to do work that should endure; to build for no momentary fancy, but as Christ built, — somewhat against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, and which no tides of change can undermine. He had this wish, and with it the wis-

dom, to see that no cheap methods can help on such an erection, but only those faithful arts which the spirit knows and teaches. Contrast his unobtrusive career, rich in the springs of all good influence, with the hollow and barren lives of some men whose names have been sounded from ocean to ocean, and how naked in its meretricious finery stands that thing that men call fame! It does not signify on how many winds mere foolish echoes are blown abroad; be they blameful or laudatory, no wise man listens to their distracted murmurs. It only signifies that underneath the blare and jargon of earth's noises the silent power of holy thoughts and sublime ideals should win men more and more to gentleness, to goodness, and to faith.

Few ministers were more faithful in their pastoral relations than Rufus Ellis. Brought up at the Divinity School under Henry Ware, Jr., who had a special course partially devoted to that subject, and a frequent visitor in the house of his instructor in Cambridge, — it would not be strange that a man of Dr. Ellis's temperament, naturally inclined to be considerate and sympathetic, should fulfil what was required of him as a pastor. That he was attentive, constant, and systematic in this portion of his ministry is to some extent revealed by the record which he kept in

his little diaries. Not regular and constant enough, perhaps, would be his judgment; but it is believed that few of his parishioners would share that view. Rich and poor alike were included in his attentions. A large number of families were identified in one way or another with his Boston church. Christenings, weddings, funerals, and the various parish visits made frequent calls upon his time. In all these manifold duties he has left behind the memory of a faithful pastor. All who came to his church were made to feel by his manner that they belonged to it in some true sense, and whether they joined the body of parishioners or were drawn to the church through the Sunday-school, that they were members of what he called "his larger household."

Not only within but also outside of the church was he constantly employed in philanthropic work, — not, however, to the neglect of his regular duties. The list of charitable and kindred organizations with which he was more or less prominently identified was a large one; and considering the conscientious manner in which he performed his offices of preacher and pastor, the record was

remarkable. As Dr. Hale said at the funeral, in carrying on this work he showed clear, business-like methods. At the same time his systematic treatment was combined with a warm sympathy. "We never do ourselves so much good as when we are, at least, trying to do good to others," was not only written but practised by him. In an account of a visit to "the Unitarian Autumnal Convention" in New York, in 1862, are these characteristic sentences: —

> The Rev. O. B. Frothingham illustrated, by some touching instances, the honor and honesty, the kindliness and self-sacrifice and patience, of the people, — the common people, the people that have only two mites to give, and give them; only one bed to offer, their own, and offer it. These, as well as the rich and strong, have quitted themselves well in this war. It is a beautiful topic, I think, and one too little dwelt upon, — the marvellous *patience* of the poor. We talk sometimes about their ingratitude, and think it very strange that they are not devoutly thankful for being just kept alive upon an order for 'fifty cents' worth of groceries' per week, in some dismal, stifling attic. But what of their patience, — their acquiescence in an order of the world which gives to their visitors every luxury, and to them the merest necessaries of a most limited life?

The years of Rufus Ellis's ministry in Boston were marked by a wonderful growth in the charities of the church. In carrying out this work, great executive ability and untiring devotion were enlisted. In all enterprises of this sort, which realized to a large extent his idea of what a church should be, — namely, "a centre of charities," — he was heartily in sympathy.

The following account of his life-work as "preacher and pastor" is contributed by his brother, the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis: —

"Among the many changes which have passed rapidly and radically over the tenure and usages of the ministry in our old Congregational body, especially in the liberal element of it, when and since Mr. Ellis entered upon it, have been two which have greatly qualified if not impaired and reduced its professional standing and influence. In the generation preceding his own, the tenure of a minister's connection with his parish was prevailingly a permanent one, expected to continue for life, or while he was capable of active service. He was supposed to have cast in his lot with his people. The old were

to continue and the young were to grow up under his ministrations. Where the conditions of character, ability, and fidelity on his part were reasonably met, much excellent personal influence wrought in with his professional work. The ease and frequency of changes from one parish to another have brought it about within recent years that whereas many of the old ministries ran on for half a century in one parish, the cases are now exceptional in which those who have served for only a score of years have done so to the same flock.

"It is very evident that all Mr. Ellis's attachments and preferences would have held him to his first, his country, parish, certainly for a longer term of years, had he been perfectly free to follow his own feelings. Limited and narrow as was his field of service, it had much to endear it to him, and it was not without stimulating and satisfying influences. It would have been then difficult to find, even in the largest and most privileged of city congregations, a group of cultivated and appreciative persons to whose sympathetic and earnest demands a right-hearted man could find a higher gratification in ministering than

presented itself in his little flock in Northampton. But the conditions of its existence and membership precluded any increase of it. He would not have consented that by any severer draught upon their frugal means they should relieve him of the necessity of eking out his resources by instructing private pupils in his own household. As his family was growing up, his wish could not fall short of a purpose to give to each of his sons the full privileges of such an education as he had himself enjoyed. But his salary would not have sufficed for the annual support of a boy in college. So he reconciled himself to the necessity which compelled him to yield the well-appreciated delights of a simple country home. That he should have fulfilled a city ministry afterwards of thirty-three years, closing it only with his life, wellnigh assigned to him the old ministerial tenure of office.

"The other strongly marked change which has greatly modified the relations and work of a minister, especially in the Liberal fellowship, is that which has affected the proportions between his two former offices as preacher and pastor. A reminder of the old significance of these two-fold relations of a

minister to his flock is occasionally found when in a gathering of ministers for professional discussion one of the brotherhood refers to the views or wishes on some subject of 'my people.' Privileged is he who can now use that confidential and affectionate term of appropriation, personally, of those to whom he ministers. 'My hearers' is now the nearest approximation to the term which the truth warrants. Once the expression 'my people' was as natural and fitting a term to be applied by a preacher to his flock as was the term 'my family' to be used by the head of a household. The old relations of a minister as a pastor as well as a preacher carried with it the whole aptness of the term.

"There are those still living in this city who well remember the time and the conditions when every self-respecting family however humble in circumstances, and every self-respecting unmarried man and woman in mature years, regarded it as a condition of decent relations to others and to the community to have a place in some religious society as an habitual attendant, and so to have a claim upon the personal interest and service of a

minister for private needs of advice, sympathy, and official help in sickness and affliction. If in a full review of the long history of the ministerial relation in this old Puritan heritage one should ask whether the preacher or the pastor had stood for the most and the chiefest and most comprehensive of the offices held by one person, the decision would doubtless be that down to a recent period the pastoral office had prevailed, and that the preacher's office now has the pre-eminence. Under the former rule the minister as pastor held the closest relations to 'his people.' He knew intimately the parents and the children of his flock. So far from being a stranger in any of their homes, or needing to be summoned to them in any of the straits of life, he felt natural drawings of interest and duty which brought him spontaneously to them. And so he acquired within the fair bounds of reason and courtesy an authority in suggestion and advice, and, not infrequently, of interposition and interference. He felt literally that he had responsibility in the watch and care of souls.

"In all the Protestant churches of every denomination in Boston and its suburbs there

is but a single exception to the statement that all their present ministers have served in some previous parish. Doubtless this fact, indicating shorter and varied pastorates, has acted both as a cause and an effect in the marked change observable in the relations of ministers in their two-fold offices as preachers and pastors to their flocks. The ideal of the profession would be that a minister should have equal regard to his zeal, labor, and fidelity in both offices. But practically ministers themselves have come to hold very different estimates of the relative importance, exactions, and actual influence for good of either function of their profession. Some of them, more or less guided by their own temperament, habits, and preferences, will exalt the preaching office with its opportunities of direct and earnest address to a congregation on high themes with well-studied and laboriously wrought sermons, whether written out or delivered extemporaneously; and these will urge that they cannot fritter away their time and strength by attending to the petty or even the more serious forms of pastoral duty. And on their side it may be added that the changes which have come about in family

life, and in the habits and tastes of those who compose our congregations, would make unwelcome and intrusive to them the proffered interposition or advice in their private affairs formerly regarded as the legitimate and expected duty of a pastor. When Mr. Ellis was in his theological course at Cambridge he listened to the series of instructions from Henry Ware, Professor of Pastoral Care and Pulpit Eloquence. Those instructions proceeded upon the traditional views of the private personal obligations of a minister to the families and the individual members of his flock. If a minister in these days should volunteer and assume many of the functions thus indicated, he would probably be reminded, with more or less of courtesy, that when his advice was desired it would be sought for. Services of this kind, even when solicited of a minister, are now often regarded as irksome and embarrassing. While the office of a minister as a preacher has thus come to be viewed as taking precedence of his duty as a pastor, it may be of use to keep in memory the fact that in the history of the Christian ministry in New England many of the names enshrined and endeared in the

fields of their service are those of men who, of inferior power and interest as preachers, did their most acceptable and effective work as pastors.

"Though with a full scholarship and a richness and fulness of mental culture which few of his contemporaries possessed, Mr. Ellis set for himself a high standard in his preparations for the pulpit; it may be said of him, that, while putting his mind into his sermon, he gave a warm and a devout heart to his office as a pastor. Indeed, justice would be done to him only when we say that public and private exercises of his ability and his affections demanded of him and received an equal and earnest devotion. Many whose circumstances or infirmities prevented their attendance in the church really knew him more intimately, and held him in closer and tenderer ties, than some of those whom he saw before him in the pews. There was nothing professional, assuming, or official in his heart intimacies, or in the methods, manners, and speech by which he sought to guide, to comfort, and to cheer those whom he would have regard him as a wise and true friend."

CHAPTER X.

DEVELOPMENT OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

THE religious teaching and influences under which the earlier years of Mr. Ellis were passed were those identified with what was then known as Liberal Christianity, in that form and earlier type of it which was conservative of opinions and beliefs now to a great extent outgrown and left behind by the present Unitarian fellowship. The word "evolution," and the process and results indicated by it, have a most practical application in the development of religious thought and belief in that fellowship designated as Liberal Christians, or Unitarians. Unitarians have often been called the most Protestant of Protestants, and they have generally accepted the title. The fundamental principle of Protestantism committed it to a reception of the Scriptures as the substitute for all the authority and uses in religious belief and prac-

tice which, before the Reformation, had been identified with the supreme and exclusive priesthood of the Church of Rome. Doubtless some of the earliest master-spirits of Protestantism firmly believed that they had in the Bible a sufficient and ultimate authority, divine and infallible in its teaching. Faintly, if at all, did the great leaders of Protestantism apprehend that an infallible book without an infallible interpreter would mislead rather than guide its most devout readers, who looked to it with the assurance that they could draw from it a creed and a system of doctrines that would command, even if they failed to secure, the according belief of Christians. Very soon such an expectation was once and for all discredited, not only by the multitude and the zeal of sects, but by the manifold forms of eccentric and individual opinions, all claiming to find a Scriptural sanction. So we are left to trace in Protestantism simply the steps and stages of development in opinions, whether progressive, enlarging, and liberalizing, or disintegrating and destructive.

As the process advanced in our New England churches, leading to a rupture between

the Trinitarians and the Unitarians in the original Congregational fellowship, it is noteworthy that the controversy was started, and for a time restricted, by a simple question of the interpretation of Scripture, — by grammar and dictionary and intelligent scholarly criticism. Did Scripture yield and teach a Calvinistic or a Liberal system of religious faith? The early disputants on the Liberal side made no dissent from accepting the then popular view of the Bible as a divinely inspired and infallible book; qualifications and denials of this belief came later on in the controversy. That eminent jurist and law-professor Justice Joseph Story, who had renounced the Calvinism in which he had been educated, and become an early and earnest advocate of Unitarianism, writing in 1824 to a distinguished friend who had sought information from him about his belief, which had been calumniously misrepresented, makes the following distinct and positive statement: —

> Unitarians all believe in the divine mission of Christ, the credibility and authenticity of the Bible, the miracles wrought by our Saviour and his apostles, and the efficacy of his precepts to lead men to salvation. They consider the Scriptures the true

rule of faith and the sure foundation of immortality. *In short, their belief is as complete of the divine authority of the Scriptures as that of any other class of Christians.* They principally differ from other Christians in disbelieving the Trinity, for they think Christ was not God, but in the Scripture language "the Son of God."[1]

I have italicized an emphatic sentence in the above extract. It expresses the early conservative view held by the Unitarians concerning the Scriptures. They gave abundant proof of their loyalty at that time to that view, by many diligent, laborious, and learned works devoted to the authentication and exposition of the Scriptures. But scholarship soon opened its work of discrimination and qualification. It seems, however, as if we were looking back further than those nearly seventy years when Justice Story made those affirmations concerning the belief of Unitarians in the Scriptures and the miraculous attestation of Jesus Christ, as we note the development of opinion up to our own time. The assertion by Justice Story of the full harmony of opinion between the Orthodox and the Liberal parties as to the Divine au-

[1] Life and Letters of Joseph Story, vol. i. p. 442.

thority of the Bible was made at that time, and in that stage of controversy, in perfect good faith and in full sincerity; but in the progress and development of the controversy it soon ceased to express the full truth. The variances between the views of the earliest champions on either side appeared first in, and were chiefly confined to, the interpretation of certain detached texts of Scripture regarded as inspired and infallible utterances, the questioning of which, or the dealing with them by discriminations or objections of reason, were not then allowable. And at this point the earliest champions of Liberal views were at a disadvantage when arguing with the trained logical and textual champions of the old Calvinism. Orthodoxy had an immense prestige in its long prevalence and ascendency with associated beliefs and interpretations. The divine authority attributed to the whole Bible warned off any free dealing with its literalisms of fondly cherished texts, each to be regarded by itself, without harmonizing or balancing of passages. The Bible with these unqualified views of its authority, inspiration, and inerrancy, its supposed unity in all its parts, and by the associations so long identi-

fied with many of its disconnected texts, had become an Orthodox book. Any questioning of it on either of these points was regarded as venturesome, irreverent, rash, and so as unallowable. There were many texts of which the interpretation proposed by the Liberals was not only over-ingenious, but constrained and forced. For example, it was difficult, by any simple and obviously fair process, to clear out the Calvinism found in the text, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins." (1 John ii. 1–2.) Did not the text plainly teach that sinful man could not go direct to the Father for forgiveness, but needed the more merciful propitiatory intervention of Jesus Christ? What art and ingenuity of interpretation could meet this question? Very soon, however, the later champions of Liberal views frankly, and with arguments and demonstrations of cogent reasoning, avowed that they did not accept or follow the estimate and mode of dealing with the Bible which had had so venerated and inveterate a hold upon the beliefs of Christians. Then, for the first time, we meet the phrase, "the human element in the Bible."

We have become familiar with it, though all are not yet reconciled to it; to many it is an offence and even a blasphemy. The early Liberals found their deliverance and help in it. In this they have been wisely followed by representatives of their former opponents. It has come to do good service for the "progressive" theologians of Andover, and for the learned and bold professor in the Union Seminary of Presbyterianism. But it is to be remembered that Unitarians, now in their succession as a fellowship of Christians, have furnished only their proportionate share in the amazing and radical development of opinion that has been advancing among leading teachers, — the learned, the scholarly, and the free-minded, in and outside of all religious fellowships, — as to the authorship, the inspiration, and the infallibility of the Scriptures. Niebuhr and Grote in their histories of Rome and Greece have lucidly recognized the legendary and mythological elements in those ancient annals, not as fraudulent and falsifying, but as the adornments of a fond credulity. It was inevitable that the same process should be applied to, and the same recognition should be made in, the Hebrew Scriptures. Unita-

rians may have been pioneers in that field of critical scholarship, but they have had abundant aiders and followers. There are devout Christians among us who are still shocked when told that Joshua did not arrest the course of the sun, and that the books of Job and Jonah are not veritable personal narratives. When, about sixty years ago, Dean Milman, one of the most scholarly English divines, wrote his "History of the Jews," freely criticising and discrediting the miraculous element in their sacred books, and Murray published the three volumes for popular circulation iu his "Family Library," a general dismay and protest nearly brought about their suppression. The development on that line of Biblical criticism since has wholly ceased to startle, though it still encounters earnest protests. The representatives of the progressive Andover theology now freely admit that there are unhistorical and legendary elements even in the New Testament. Now, the intrusion of such elements in the Scriptures once allowed, the identification of them becomes simply a question of more or less of them, according to the judgment and apprehension of the critic and interpreter.

In the development of opinion concerning the miraculous element in the life and manifestation of Jesus Christ, Unitarianism in its present modification of opinion, though not finding, as in their views of the Bible, accord and sympathy in other fellowships of Christians, commits itself to the critics and philosophical speculators outside of all Christian folds. The view now largely prevalent among Liberal Christians has left far behind the belief on this point so sharply defined by Justice Story. A few years after he wrote the letter above quoted, Professor Norton of Cambridge and James Martineau of England, then leading champions of Unitarianism, both stated, in the strongest terms of language, that all the distinctive authority and value of Christianity as a revealed religion were committed to the miraculous in the manifestation of Jesus Christ. Whether Mr. Norton, the most severely critical of scholars, had his life not closed, as it did, nearly forty years ago, would have shared in that entire change of belief and affirmation on this vital point which Dr. Martineau, who still survives, has avowed, can be no other than a matter of curious speculation.

What has come in these days to represent here the Liberal Christianity of the beginning of the century would largely depend for its distinctive definition upon which of those two words, "Liberal" or "Christian," we should lay the stress of emphasis. Shall the term "Christian" be held in any way to limit the scope of liberality in sentiment or opinion; or is the utmost freedom of speculation and belief concerning the historic elements of Christianity consistent with a loyal discipleship of Christ? There is one very strongly distinguishing feature by which we may identify even the most advanced and radical style of Unitarianism of our days with the denominational tenets of the ministers and laymen who were first known as Liberal Christians. The late Dr. Hedge gave, in a public address, a fit expression to this identifying element when he said that "Humanitarianism" should have had preference to "Unitarianism" as a denominational title. If one should look through the early controversial literature, and especially the series of tracts issued by the American Unitarian Association, he would find that creeds, dogmatic beliefs, and systems of defined doctrines are always subordinated

in their relative importance to Christian rules and principles for character and life. "Righteousness the central truth of Christianity;" "Character, not Creeds;" "Practical Christianity;" "A good Life the true discipleship," are the themes on which the changes are rung in sermons and pamphlets. So the ethical and humane, the reformatory and benevolent elements which draw their quickening inspiration from the great Teacher have come to displace all dogmatic teachings concerning him. Those who ask the cynical question, "Has not Christianity proved a failure?" are readily confounded with the answer that "the world has never yet put true and essential Christianity to the trial." The doctrinal, ecclesiastical, and sectarian inventions and devices which have been grafted upon it and substituted for it have withstood the benedictive influence of its simple primitive truths and forces. Humanity in its truest, fullest compass, as the agency of a practical religion for the relief, the redemption, the edification, and the salvation of our race, now takes the place of theology in the thoughts and hopes of men.

So Jesus has come to be regarded as the

exemplar and inspiration of humanity for all its needs and service. His pre-eminence, his consummate perfectness for that ministry, his divinity in manifestation and power, comes of the fulness of his adaptation to our humanity. To make him other than this is to confound or impair his uses for the world of men. The terms of language which he uses concerning himself, "The Son of Man," "The light of the world," "The good shepherd," "The physician," "The way, the truth, and the life," — all are taken as expressing his nearest relations to men, the most potent of his energies for humanity. This view of him finds ardent expression in the latest development of belief among Unitarians, as well as among that vast and uncounted multitude of free-minded and earnest men who care nothing at all for the variances and contentions within the Christian folds. These are jealous and even scornful of all the traditions, beliefs, theories, and legends that have grown around the personal life of Jesus, as in its historic identity manifested under the conditions and limitations and possibilities of humanity. They admit it, as the most natural and reasonable of all things, that his simple perfec-

tion and fulness in manifestation should have gathered around it the lavish adornments of a fond, admiring credulity, in prodigy and marvel. They recognize not as unseemly or misleading, but still as unhistorical, the element of legend wrought into the many earliest records of his life and ministry, from which our Gospels were selected. The Virgin birth of Jesus, — a feature common to Oriental faith, — the appearance to the shepherds, the song of the angels, the Star of Bethlehem, the visit of the Magi, have for them an ideal and lovely verisimilitude which make them hesitate in their probing of the vitalities of truth. More pronounced is their incredulity as to other less seemly intrusions of legendary invention, — such as Herod's "Slaughter of the Innocents," the angel at the pool of Bethesda, the darkness and earthquake at the crucifixion, the coming into Jerusalem of the dead from their tombs, the destruction by demons of the herd of swine, and like portents. These creations of a marvel-loving spirit, in the view of those whose development of critical thought we are tracing, so far from exalting the full humanity of Jesus, really belittle and profane the narrative by imitating the element of prodigy and mythology in the old ethnic religions.

In tracing these latest developments of opinion and belief in the succession of the fellowship of Liberal Christianity, it is to be noted that Mr. Ellis was content to be an observer of the movement without taking any active or earnest part in approving or opposing it. His own well-understood position was conservative of the old beliefs. His most intimate professional relations and sympathies were with the liberal-minded men, scholars, and ministers of the elder denominations, like Dr. Washburn (his classmate) of Calvary Church, New York, and Professor Diman of Brown University. Two of those who had been nearest to him in college and ministerial relations left the Unitarian for the Episcopal communion. Mr. Ellis was wont to speak of himself as holding the somewhat trying and exacting position of "a conservative among the Liberals."

CHAPTER XI.

RELIGION.

THE story of the growth and spread of the Liberal movement in New England until it ended in the "Unitarian controversy" and split in the Congregational body, has become familiar to readers of church history. Some of the men who were reckoned among the "come-outers," retained by inheritance from Puritan ancestors some of their serious, devout, and conscientiously conservative characteristics.[1] In the interesting memoir of Ezra Stiles Gannett, by his son William C. Gannett, this clinging to the past is shown as one of the marked traits of his father. Rufus Ellis, entering the ministry nearly a generation later than Ezra Gannett, had in certain ways the same religious temperament. Such an upheaval of old institutions, violent as it was,

[1] No attempt will be made to add to the brief account of this period in the preceding chapter by its ablest living exponent. See Preface. — ED.

could not wholly obliterate a feeling of reverence towards what had stood the test of so much experience. In spite of a spirit of liberality which welcomed light on all the mysteries of religion, Rufus Ellis was steadily through life drawing nearer to, rather than going away from, old-fashioned Unitarianism. He constantly emphasized the importance of relying upon the divinity, as well as upon the humanity, of Christ. "No *man*," he said, "however exalted and wonderful, however inspired and pure, can be the saviour of all men, in all time."

The human side of Christ should appear in the practice, not in the profession, of religion. Numerous extracts might be made from his sermons and writings to show what his position was; but perhaps the mere repetition would not make it any clearer. What Rufus Ellis said of his co-editor, Dr. Sears, after his death, might to a great extent be said of himself, it defines his religious attitude so well. It is contained in the "Unitarian Review" for February, 1876. See also article by Dr. Peabody, in the same magazine for December, 1885, for a good statement of the life-work and religious position of Rufus Ellis.

In his Divinity School days, in common with other young men, he felt a certain attraction in listening to the utterances of Emerson. But to judge from what was written in later life, it must have been the fascination of the man, rather than his doctrine, which drew him.

Of Buckminster and Channing we have no experience, — they were before our day; but of what was known somewhat vaguely and often incorrectly as "Transcendentalism" we have experience. Our lines were appointed in the very midst of it. Eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, at home and abroad, at Cambridge and in Boston, and all the way from the one to the other, we had our conversation with it. Our first parish had had it very badly. The Divinity School in our time was characterized by the somewhat famous distribution into "Sceptics, Mystics, and Dyspeptics." They were sad days, — instructive, doubtless, but fearfully sad; and the fact that any who passed through them still remained in the ministry may be taken for pretty good evidence that it was meant they should, and that they did not act "out of their own minds."

Writing from Lucerne, Aug. 14, 1870, he says: —

What your mother reports of ——— and ——— stirred me considerably, though I always felt that ——— was a man of that way of thinking. There was a kind of patronizing self-sufficiency about him in his presiding at conventions, which satisfied me that he had really come to the conclusion that as a matter of logic it was all over with Christianity. I wish these assertions might be more thoroughly rebuked. How does it appear that the *argument* for Christianity is broken down? I admit nothing of the kind. As a faith, as a matter of history, as a piece of reasoning, it is good now as ever, and never stood as well in and of itself, letting alone all the fardels that have [been] bound upon it, as it does to-day.

Still later, at Bar Harbor, Sept. 11, 1878, and Aug. 8, 1879, he writes: —

BAR HARBOR, Me., 11 Sept., 1878.

MY DEAR C., —. . . One of the questions which you put to ——— lately as to the beliefs of the Unitarians, I am moved to answer myself in a few words. The lines which once divided Unitarians from Trinitarians are becoming very faint, because Christians have really moved forward, and are not much interested any more in the old issues. I find that those who profess to believe in the Trinity, and say that there are three *persons* in the Godhead, really mean only that God is *manifested* in three ways, and do not

use the word "person" as it is commonly used. The only practical question any more is this: Was Jesus really and truly human; and are we to understand his divinity in any such way as to overshadow his humanity and make it unreal, or, as the phrase is, phenomenal? Trinitarianism says Jesus had two natures, divine and human, and *one* person, and that one person was divine. He knew that he was God, though he seemed to be a man; he knew that he was God, though he was truly tempted, as the Bible says "God *cannot* be;" he knew that he was God, though there were things of which he was ignorant, — as, for example, of "the day and hour" of the world's end. His divinity was personal; his *humanity* was impersonal. Now, to me such a humanity is wholly unreal; I can make nothing of it. It would be no example to me. Such a being would be only God playing a part, — *seeming* to pray, to exercise *faith*, etc. Now, I believe, on the contrary, that the humanity of Jesus was a perfect humanity, and that a part of his perfection consisted in this, — that he was perfectly at one with God, conscious of being absolutely guided, controlled by Him, filled with all His blessed fulness, so that he was indeed for us the true light. It was a difference between him and others, not indeed of quality, but of quantity of being; and yet there may be a difference of quantity which *practically* amounts to a difference of quality. Jesus was so pervaded and possessed by the holy love which said He is Our Father, and to whom he

bids us pray (not to himself), that the distance between himself and God wholly disappeared, and he said, "I and my Father are One," — recognizing his own personality, which was human, by saying "I;" confessing God, not as another self, but as his Father when he rejoiced to be at one with Him. So he manifests the Holy Love and Divine Wisdom. God, so far forth as He is the perfect Holiness, dwells in him. When we see him we see the Father. God is no longer unknown. We worship God in Christ. God in Christ reconciles us unto Himself. God in Christ forgives us. And we also see what man was meant to be; that it is the perfection of our nature *not* to yield to temptation, to be holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners; that sin is not a necessity (would it be sin if it were? Is a sour peach to blame for being sour? Is it not of the very essence of sin that we are not doing as well as we might?). I think that all *Christian* Unitarians will gradually come together in magnifying "the Man Christ Jesus" as the one of all who have lived on earth in human form in whom the Word (that is, the God who manifests or "utters" Himself) becomes flesh; that is truly human, lives our life, shares our limitations, encounters our temptations, bears our sorrows, finds the way of Nature sometimes hard to bear, dies our death, and goes up again into the life of God. Jesus was all this, and yet was not God. I have seen and known two men who claimed to be so possessed by God; but they soon lost their mental bal-

ance and became insane. They lost their human personality; Jesus retained his, — was the best balanced human personality that the world has ever known, and because God was in him and with him, gathered and inspired and now masters a society which is destined to gather into its beneficent fellowship all the earth. I am a Unitarian because I affirm, for this world and for the world to come, the proper personality of Jesus, and through him and with him, when I pray, say "Our Father.."

The Catholic Newman's book on "Development" has especially interested me, and has confirmed me in the persuasion that between the very broadest Christianity and the very strictest Roman Catholicism there is no middle ground, no real resting-place, for any one who like Newman follows the historic method and sees things as they are.

At the same time, granting what was generally regarded as his reserved attitude as a Liberal minister of the Gospel, it is important to state that toward the less conservative element in his denomination Dr. Ellis felt no lack of brotherly regard, and that even with the extreme radicals he had certain bonds of attachment. The following extract from a letter which was written after his death by one who knew him well bears out this view,

and is believed to be a good statement of his position in other respects: —

There is a part of any representation of [Rufus Ellis] that I feel anxious should be as exact as possible, because I think his position was one that he held almost alone. He had of late years great sympathy with those called "radicals;" not only was he fond of many of them as men, but he had great sympathy with their doubts and difficulties. In this he had changed, I know, as years went on; for he used not to wish to have anything to do with men of that type. Even to a man like ———, who had arrived at the conclusion that there was no personal God, but that he could pray just as well as if he were praying to a personal God, his feelings were very tender, because he liked the man's character so much. He regretted very much their giving up what people call the "supernatural," and always held to the miracles himself, at least to the main body of them; though I think he found one or two of them perplexing, and, as it were, held himself in reserve about them, for his interpretation of Scripture was very free. He held that some things had crept in afterwards, and, moreover, that the disciples had not the spiritual discernment fully to understand what their master meant, and therefore that we have written down in the New Testament a not perfect transcript of the mind of Jesus. He was constantly thinking over these subjects, and reading the latest German

books, besides the speculations, more or less valuable, of most people who wrote on these topics. It was all interesting to him, and he always chose to read everything on the other side from his own, and allow it full weight. I think he was generally regarded as a more conservative man than he really was. . . . His mind was always moving; in essentials he was fixed, but about many things which many rank among essentials, and which he did not, he was movable. . . . I don't think with ———, that he would have been the one to head a movement for a new kind of Unitarianism; but I think for his strong hold on what was vital, and freedom about the rest, he almost stood by himself. He wanted this freedom for himself; and when others demanded much more freedom, and swung off to extremes, he thought "How can I sit in judgment on them, when to a certain extent I am walking in that same way?" I believe it is Merriam that says that he never preached any of his questionings to his people. This I consider to have been from no want of frankness or from cowardice, but because he thought it unprofitable.

The following statement is from one who was "near to him": —

He remained in the Unitarian body, though he was not an ardent Unitarian, and always preferred to call himself an Independent Christian minister; he said that if he had been brought up in the (so called)

Orthodox Congregational or Episcopal churches, he should probably have remained with them, and have had more satisfaction in being a Liberal among Conservatives, than a Conservative among Liberals. He had friendly and sympathetic relations with Broad Churchmen and Liberal Orthodox ministers, besides finding much that was good and helpful in the other Protestant sects, and in the Roman Catholic Church.[1] He was not interested in propagating Unitarianism, merely as Unitarianism, nor any kind of sectarianism, but thought it of the first importance to preach the simple primitive Christianity contained in the four Gospels and some of the Epistles, and leave the theology which crept into the Church afterward to the few people who are interested in such questions; he considered practical Christianity more necessary than theology. He regretted the split that took place in the Congregational body many years ago, and was at one time associated with members from both sides appointed to discuss the possibility of closing the breach and bringing the two halves together again. At one of the Conferences at Saratoga, he laid much stress upon the motion that the Conference should be called "A Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches." What is said in the letter, written by a friend, about his great sympathy with radicals, and his position with regard to the miracles, is also very true. He would say to a person who

[1] Late in life, he was one of a number of ministers who lectured in a Jewish synagogue in Boston.

found the miracles incredible, that belief in them was not essential to belief in Christianity, but that the seekers after truth had not fathomed all the mysteries of this universe yet, and that we were still too ignorant to say positively that miracles might not sometimes happen. He said to a friend, in regard to something they were discussing, "Yes, I believe that to-day, but I may not to-morrow."

Although Rufus Ellis has left no great literary work which is identified with his name, his published writings, aside from the vast amount of sermons which he was obliged to prepare, were by no means insignificant. For many years he was a contributor to the "Monthly Religious Magazine," and for twelve years, — namely, from 1859 to 1870, — he was associate editor with Dr. Sears in the publication. During his editorship, many contributions signed by his name or initial appeared in this periodical. The papers on secular subjects, especially the letters and short articles which were generally included in the "Random Readings," are bright and entertaining. Eulogies on distinguished parishioners in Northampton and Boston, and four historical discourses on the First Church in Boston, are written with great ability. Although the sum-total of his

publications is not large, enough that is characteristic can be produced to show that if time had allowed he might have acquired considerable reputation as an author, either on religious or secular subjects. He had a certain taste and discrimination in the choice of words and phrases, which can be fairly called "original." The following words which he used in commemorating the work of Dr. Sears would apply to his writings:

> His "Random Readings" in this [Monthly Religious] Magazine revealed through their sometimes trenchant, but oftener tender and playfully humorsome, style his close contact with every-day life, and you asked yourself how ever did this man of books, this student, this close and careful reader, this mystic, this almost pietist, ever see and hear so much of men, women, and children? Well, he saw what he brought means of seeing; and he brought means of seeing much and many things, great and small, because his life was so truly centred in the Life of lives, and his being so rooted and grounded in love, and so bathed in the Light of lights. We have sometimes thought that he would have succeeded as well in a novel as in a sermon or an essay, and he did come very near it.

Thus closes this imperfect account of the life-record of Rufus Ellis. The letters which

are interspersed, it is believed, will be worth reading as characteristic of the style of the writer. Selections from sermons were made by the compiler with a view to printing, but in order not to make too large a volume, it seemed best to refrain from adding them.

Memorial Letters.

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL NEW YORK,
SYRACUSE, N. Y. (99 JAMES STREET),
Oct. 3, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,[1] — On a journey from which I have just returned I received the sad intelligence of the death of our dear friend at Liverpool, and on my return I find your letter with its touching request. I had already asked myself anxiously whether I should be able to attend the funeral. Under any ordinary circumstances I should expect to be present. As it is, I could not be there without breaking four public engagements of such importance that I feel compelled to fulfil them. A painful regret is thus added to the deep sorrow and sense of loss in my heart. It would be a mournful satisfaction to render some tribute of affection and honor to that pure and godly man, that elevated and noble character,

[1] This letter from Bishop Huntington and the one on page 298 from Dr. Duryea were addressed to Dr. James C. White, who represented the First Church in Boston in arranging the funeral services. — ED.

that modest yet eminent servant of the Master. The friendship between us was begun at Cambridge forty-six years ago, and I shall always hold it as one of the most precious treasures of my life.

Begging you to assure Mrs. Ellis and her children of my loving sympathy, I am

Very gratefully and faithfully yours,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

32 UNION PARK, Oct. 9, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE, — It is with great regret I find that the funeral service for your late pastor was held while I was absent from the city and moving from place to place so steadily and rapidly that neither papers nor letters could reach me. I find now, on my return a short time since (two hours), among a large number of letters just read and finished this moment, your kind invitation to be present at the funeral and act as a pall-bearer. I would have rejoiced at the opportunity to manifest my reverence and love for Dr. Ellis by the acceptance of the invitation. I have been in continual sorrow since I heard of his departure, and shall miss him as long as I live in Boston. He was one of the rare men who seem to be fewer than they ought to be in this century of Christianity, who are developed symmetrically, and present the aspect of completeness all round.

I am glad now that all last fall and the early winter I used to creep into the gallery of the church

on Sunday afternoons and listen quietly to his instructive and animating discourses.

I beg you to explain my failure to respond to your note to those associated with you on the committee of arrangements.

Yours fraternally,

JOSEPH T. DURYEA.

ROSSLYN MANSE, HAMPSTEAD, Oct. 24, 1885.

DEAR MRS. ELLIS, — I do not know how to put into words what it is in our hearts to say to you of sorrow and sympathy at the tidings of what happened only two days after we took leave of your beloved husband, who then was apparently well and strong. No particulars of any kind have reached us, but only some verses which show that after your arrival at Liverpool, and just as you were about to return to Boston, he was suddenly called away from this world. I take for granted that you did return in the intended vessel; for I feel sure that you would have sent to me if you had thought I could be of any use or comfort to you. Since I have known your husband he has been among my dearest friends. My opportunities of personal intercourse with him were infrequent, and not for long at a time, but such as they were, they with the printed sermons I received from him made me feel that I was acquainted with his inmost being; and there is no man with whom I felt a closer fellowship. It was delightful to me to hear him and to read his writings, because

the whole tone of his thought and feeling had in me the warmest response. He was so candid and free, and open to light, and yet so reverent and devout, and appreciative of all that is of abiding worth in the piety of the past. Then with all those sterling qualities which go to form a manly character, and which are a title to esteem and honor, there was in him an affectionateness rarely to be met with even in the best of men. He seemed to me a model of the sort of ministers required to win respect for the Liberal churches, and to establish a grand Liberal Church of the future.

That he should have been here, in the fulness of his power and sympathy, on the 20th of September, and only two days after should be gone beyond all recall, is more than we can realize; but so far as we can realize it by degrees, the very suddenness of the change brings home to us the certainty that for him it is only a change from one state of existence to another. We can no more believe that he himself has shared the fate of his mortal part than we can cease to think of him or cease to love him. Yet though the loss is only for a time, I know not what we can answer if we ask ourselves how you are to bear it. But I think in such a loss it is better not to ask any such question. The only thing for us to do is to yield ourselves up to the hands of our Heavenly Father, trusting that he will not lay upon us any trials which he will not enable us to bear. And if we always keep in mind that all our love has

His love as its source, the love which causes our grief will be itself our greatest consolation; for it will lead us to Him who is greater than our hearts, and who can do all things.

Dear Mrs. Ellis, you will be in our thoughts and in our prayers. When I say *you*, I mean both you and yours; and we think especially of your daughter, who to us is most associated with her father and yourself, from having been with you both at Hampstead.

With our affectionate regards, believe me to be always most sincerely yours,

T. SADLER.

CASA CORAGGIO, BORDIGHERA,
RIVIERA DI PONENTE, Dec 13, 1885.

DEAR MRS. ELLIS, — I have heard of your sudden grief. But you have not lost him; you have only lost sight of him, as the disciples lost sight of their and our Master. I know there are many who would scorn to take such words as containing any comfort; but those who believe that God cares for us, and that the Son of God has visited us, died and rose again, and is with us always, will be willing to take the same kind of comfort he gave his disciples when about to be taken from them, — that they would see him again, and their hearts should rejoice. Ah, we are poor, forsaken, wretched, creatures without this faith and hope. But I have great hope, — more hope than faith, if that be possible; and I keep

looking forward to that which is to come. True, I do not yet know quite what grief such as yours must be; but I have children and parents in the new old world, and I go on hoping to find them and love them ten times more than when here. You know I loved and do love your husband. He is among the men I love most, and I look one day to meet him heart to heart. Our Lord will give us all to each other with himself. Take my love and sympathy. May the Father of us all keep you and make you grow and grow and get ready for the time of meeting again. My wife joins me in love and sympathy for you and yours, especially G. Never shall we forget your great, true, perfect kindness to us when we were with you. My dear friends of that time are drifting one by one over the horizon line; but all live unto Him; and surely they live more than we live, for they are with the Lord somehow more than we, I trust, — as we shall be soon.

God bless and comfort you.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE MACDONALD.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, Feb. 25, 1886.

DEAR MRS. ELLIS, — Will you let me say how truly and deeply I value your kindness in sending me the touching and beautiful memorial of Dr. Ellis? I had for him the truest honor and esteem. May I say also that I had and still have a sincere

affection? It will always be a joy to me that I have had the privilege of knowing him and of receiving for so many years the constant tokens of his kindness.

I did not need these words of his friends to make me remember him with gratitude and love, yet none the less I shall treasure them as the fit utterance of what so many feel who were helped and inspired by his life.

I am, dear Mrs. Ellis,

Ever sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

JAMAICA PLAIN, March 7, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIS, — Thank you much for the memorial volume which I found to-day on the table at my church. Your husband was a man whom we all loved and honored. We honored him for his fidelity to his convictions, his adherence to the good old New England traditions in the ministry, his devoted labors, his loyalty to the church, and his deeply religious spirit. We loved him for the sweetness which was joined to his strength, the playful freedom of his thought, his unselfish, unegotistical spirit, willing to find good in every one, envying no man's popularity, sympathizing with all honest efforts for good. I think the modest manliness of his nature especially appeared in what he did and refrained from doing in the last Presidential campaign. He did enough to fully commit himself to the cause in which he believed, and to expose himself to

partisan censure. He abstained from doing what seemed to him to lie outside of his work.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
March 13, 1886.

MY DEAR MISS GERTRUDE, — The memorial sketch of your greatly honored and sincerely beloved father reached me yesterday. Let me thank your mother for it most sincerely. I shall read it with great interest. Your father filled a most important and difficult position with eminent success, and won the honor and love of very many outside of his own church and fellowship, and will long be remembered. As you know, I valued his friendship very highly, and shall always tenderly cherish his memory. Those who were dear to him are dear to me; and I hope to know where you find a new home, that possibly I may find you at some time when I am in Boston. With sincere regards for your mother and yourself, I am

Your cordial friend,

N. PORTER.

ROSSLYN MANSE, HAMPSTEAD, N. W.,
March 13, 1886.

DEAR MISS ELLIS, — . . . Give my best thanks to Mrs. Ellis for the memorial volume. I have read it with the deepest interest, especially the

part of the sermon by your father, which on its completion he intended to deliver the first Sunday after his return. This fragment seems to me to have in it all the beauty of a poem, and is well fitted to be his last utterance before joining those who "are all gone into the world of light." I have also to thank you for the letter in which you tell me all that took place from hour to hour during your father's short illness at Liverpool. It was just what I wished to know, and enabled me almost to feel as if I had been with you. How little did we think that the rose and sprig of jasmine from our garden would lie on his breast, and be laid with him in the grave! The value to us of the memorial volume is greatly increased by the very characteristic photograph.

Our enlarged chapel was reopened by a sermon from Stopford Brooke, and is now universally regarded as a very beautiful place of worship. But we have had a heavy loss in the death of Dr. Carpenter. For nearly the whole of my Hampstead ministry he had been a chief pillar of the congregation, and one of our dearest friends. On the last Sunday on which he was with us he was talking with much interest of the alterations, and saying where he would sit in the chancel at the communion, if others would join him. The next evening, while he was taking a hot-air bath, the vessel containing spirit was overturned by accident, and he was so burned that he died in a few hours. I will send you the sermon preached on the occasion. I will also beg your ac-

ceptance of a little book of prayers, which I have recently published. As I had prepared my sermon for last Sunday morning, but was prevented from delivering it by a cold which made me a prisoner, I have had a leisure week, which I have devoted to an article on George Eliot's religious position. This is to me a deeply interesting subject, and perhaps there is hardly any one who has all my advantages for forming a just estimate of her point of view. I write my article without any distinct purpose. Probably I shall read it before some Society; and if it should be printed, you will have a copy. Mrs. Sadler joins me in kindest regards to your mother and yourself.

Believe me to be, dear Miss Ellis, always very sincerely yours,

T. SADLER.

296 BEACON STREET, March 29, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIS, — You will pardon me I know for my delay in thanking you for the copy of the Memorial of your honored and lamented husband which you kindly sent me. I have been very much occupied of late, and I could not help deferring my acknowledgments to many friends for their favors, but to no one among them all who would not justly yield precedence to yourself. I think all who knew Dr. Ellis counted him as one of the most spiritually-minded and thoroughly devout Christian gentlemen they ever knew in any com-

munion. It was beautiful to hear the words of eulogy from the clergy of other denominations, — to find that though not technically *evangelical* he was recognized as a true brother in the faith by men whose "confessions" and creeds would seem to separate them from him by an impassable gulf.

What more could be said of any uncanonized saint than his ministerial brethren said of him? But I have known what he was in the pastoral relation to some of those I loved, — especially to that faithful and noble woman, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Paine, and her daughters.

The tributes in this Memorial are characteristic of the sincere and earnest men who uttered them, — the apostolic Mr. Hale, the saintly Dr. Peabody, and the sweet-souled son of our former beloved minister of King's Chapel. So far as there is consolation in any human words, I am sure that you must have found it in these tender expressions of love and veneration. We all feel the loss to the community, but it is a noble recollection that such as he have lived among us and left us their priceless memories.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Ellis, sincerely yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

ROSSLYN MANSE,
HAMPSTEAD, N. W., Sept. 25, 1886.

DEAR MISS ELLIS, — I have been long wishing to write to you to thank you, and Miss W. through you, for sending me a copy of your father's

sermons and of his little book of prayers. But first I wanted to become well acquainted with the books before writing; and then I thought I should like to write in the quiet of our holiday, and accordingly took your letter with me into the country. By some mistake the letter was not your last, and did not contain your present address. So there was a further postponement, which however I did not regret when I found myself drawing near the time of year at which I last saw your father within so short a time of his departure from this world. We have thought of your mother and you, and *felt* with you a great deal in these days; and you both were brought especially to my mind when I received a letter from a young friend whom I married three years ago. She had just lost her husband, and she wrote: "I am a young childless widow, and most people would think me very poor; but I feel so very, very rich." So the riches of the heart depend not on the time of temporary separation, but on what those whom we love are in themselves and to us, and what they will be forever. How rich you are in the abiding possession of such a father as yours!

The sermons were to me among the best that have been preached, and especially adapted to family reading; and there is this about them that makes me like them better, — they are so characteristic. One feels where they come from, so that there is a kind of personal presence in them; and while I read them I almost hear his voice. The prayers, too, I

like very much; I have made use of some of them in the pulpit, and others at funeral services, at which they expressed just what I wished to say.

My paper on George Eliot's religious position remains in my desk. Some day I hope to do something with it; but it requires corrections and additions, for which at present I have no leisure. The bearing of "Romola" on the subject needs more consideration than I have given it. I may have mentioned to you that when George Eliot sent me a copy of her Works, she asked me whether there was any one in particular in which I should like her to write my name. I replied that I should wish the choice to rest with her, and she wrote my name in "Romola." I think that was the work which she considered her best. It cost her most in time and thought, and took most out of her.

My wife joins me in kindest regards to Mrs. Ellis and yourself.

Always most sincerely yours,

T. SADLER.

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 10, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIS, — I trust you will pardon my seeming tardiness in acknowledging the volume of sermons by Dr. Ellis so kindly sent by you. It came during our long absence in vacation, and was not forwarded to me. It is only since our recent return, therefore, that we have received and read it. Mrs. Packard joins me now in sincere thanks for your

kind remembrance of us, and for these discourses. They treat with great delicacy and insight fundamental truths of our common faith; and we have been quickened in true Christian interest and sympathy as we have read them. Such words have added value and weight with those who had opportunity to learn something, as we did, of the genuine and earnest catholic spirit by which Dr. Ellis was so eminently characterized as a Christian thinker and minister, and who recall, as we do, the charm of his personal intercourse and friendship.

We cannot forget his and your sympathy and help in our time of trial; and we are glad of this opportunity to assure you again how truly we sympathize with you in your great bereavement. If you have the poems of F. W. Faber I am sure you find the one entitled "Grief and Loss" giving wonderfully just expression to the experience that follows after the first shock of sorrow.

Mrs. Packard joins me in the kindest remembrances to you and to your daughter.

Ever very sincerely yours,

WM. A. PACKARD.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1890.

DEAR ARTHUR,— . . . I should consider it an honor to be permitted to contribute ever so little to the enduring memory of a friend whom I think of every day of my life as one of the most perfect and

saintly characters I have ever known. His absolute reverence towards the holiest things, his depth of sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, his childlike purity of soul, his absolute truthfulness, always made him seem to me nearer to God than almost any man I have ever known. And, oh! who can do justice to his delicious humor, which made him such a choice companion! One can't seem to convey an idea of it to those who did not know him.

Well, I am under great pressure now from many sources, and it would be a real refreshment to me to lay it down to strew some flowers on the grave of my early and life-long friend. . . .

Give my best love to your mother and Gertrude.

From your faithful friend,

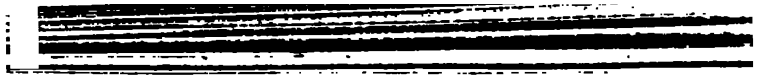
SUSAN I. LESLEY.

MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

1630–1891.

1630–1667.	John Wilson	King's — Cambridge.
1633–1652.	John Cotton	Trinity — Cambridge.
1656–1663.	John Norton	Peterhouse — Cambridge.
1668–1670.	John Davenport	——— — Oxford.
1668–1710.	James Allen	Magdalen — Oxford.
1670–1674.	John Oxenbridge . . .	Magdalen — Oxford.
1684–1697.	Joshua Moodey	Harvard College.
1693–1697.	John Bailey [1]	——— ———.
1696–1725.	Benjamin Wadsworth .	Harvard College. [Elected President in 1725.]
1705–1715.	Thomas Bridge	——— — Oxford.
1717–1769.	Thomas Foxcroft . . .	Harvard College.
1727–1787.	Charles Chauncy, D.D. .	Harvard College.
1778–1798.	John Clarke, D.D. . . .	Harvard College.
1799–1811.	William Emerson . . .	Harvard College.
1813–1814.	John Lovejoy Abbot . .	Harvard College.
1815–1850.	Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, D.D. . . .	Harvard College.
1853–1885.	Rufus Ellis, D.D. . . .	Harvard College.
1886–	Stopford Wentworth Brooke	University — Oxford.

[1] If further search was made, it might prove that Bailey was entered at some college. No such record has been discovered. It seems, however, that "he was offered preferments, even a bishopric, upon the first vacancy," but felt obliged to decline, on account of conscientious scruples.



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